

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY
A H BULLEN, B A

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIFTH



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A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

*A Chast Mayd in Cheape side A Pleasant concerted Comedy neuer
before printed As it hath beene often acted at the Swan on the
Banke side, by the Lady Elizabeth her Seruants By Thomas
Midelton Gent London, Printed for Francis Constable dwelling
at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church yard 1630 4to*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND
SIR OLIVER KIX
TOUCHWOOD *senior*
TOUCHWOOD *junior*
ALLWIT
YEI LOWHAMMER, *a goldsmith*
TIM, *his son*
Tutor to Tim
DAVY DAHANNA,¹ *Sir Walter's poor kinsman and attendant*
Parson
WAT, } *sons to Sir Walter by Mistress Allwit*
NICK, }
Two Promoters
Porter, Watermen, &c

LADY KIX
MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD, *wife to TOUCHWOOD senior*
MISTRESS ALLWIT
MAUDLIN, *wife to YELLOWHAMMER*
MOLL, *her daughter*
Welshwoman, mistress to SIR W WHOREHOUND
Country Girl
SUSAN, *Maid, Midwife, Nurses, Puritans and other Gossips, &c*

SCENE, LONDON

¹ Here, and occasionally in the text old ed gives ' Dahunna.

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

—o—

ACT I

SCENE I

YELLOWHAMMER'S *Shop*

Enter MAUDLIN and MOLL

Maud Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?¹

Moll Yes

Maud Yes? you are a dull maid a' late, methinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness—do you weep?—a husband had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire² To see the difference of these seasons¹ when

¹ A musical instrument resembling a spinnet

² Among the street cries enumerated in the first of the two songs printed at the end of Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* we find —

I ha *rock samphire* I ha *rock samphire*!¹
Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town
First they go up street, and then they go down

I was of your youth, I was lightsome and quick two
 years before I was married You fit for a knight's bed '
 drowsy browed, dull eyed, drossy spirited ' I hold my
 life you have forgot your dancing when was the dancer
 with you ? 11

Moll The last week

Maud Last week ? when I was of your bord '
 He miss'd me not a night, I was kept at it,
 I took delight to learn, and he to teach me,
 Pretty brown gentleman ' he took pleasure in my com
 pany
 But you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you,
 You dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve 20
 Two thousand pound in lead to your marriage,
 And not in goldsmith's ware

Enter YELLOWHAMMER

Yel Now, what's the din
 Betwixt mother and daughter, ha ?

Maud Faith, small,
 Telling your daughter, Mary, of her errors

Yel Frrows ? nay, the city cannot hold you, wife,
 But you must needs fetch words from Westminster
 I ha' done, i'faith
 Has no attorney's clerk been here a' late,

¹ So the old ed.—Dyce reads *board* which gives no sense.
Bord is a corruption of "bore" (the calibre of a gun) which is used
 metaphorically in the sense of *capacity, quality*. We have the form *bord*
 in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III 2 — 'He plants a brazen
 piece of mighty *bord*'

And chang'd his half crown piece his mother sent him,
Or rather cozen'd you with a gilded twopence, 30
To bring the word in fashion for her faults
Or cracks in duty and obedience?

Term 'em even so, sweet wife,
As there's no woman made without a flaw,
Your purest lawns have frays, and cambrics bracks¹

Maud But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks

Moll What, is he come, sir?

Yel Sir Walter's come he was met
At Holborn Bridge, and in his company
A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess,
By her red hair and other rank descriptions, 40
To be his landed niece, brought out of Wales,
Which Tim our son, the Cambridge-boy, must marry
'Tis a match of sir Walter's own making,
To bind us to him and our heirs for ever

Maud We're honour'd then, if this baggage would be
humble,

And kiss him with devotion when he enters
I cannot get her for my life
To instruct her hand thus, before and after,—
Which a knight will look for,—before and after
I've told her still 'tis the waving of a woman 50
Does often move a man, and prevails strongly
But, sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge? has Tim word on't?

Yel Had word just the day after, when you sent him

¹ Crack, flaw —So in the epilogue to Fletcher's *Valentinian* —

Let not a *brack* i' the stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general fault appear

The silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall
 Amongst the gentlemen commoners

Maud O, 'twas timely

Enter Porter

Yel How now?

Por A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge

[*Gives letter to YELIOWHAMMER*]

Yel O, one of Hobson's¹ porters thou art wel
 come —

I told thee, Maud, we should hear from Tim [*Reads*]
*Amantissimus carissimusque ambobus parentibus, patri et
 matri* 61

Maud What's the matter?

Yel Nay, by my troth, I know not, ask not me
 He's grown too verbal, this learning's a great witch

Maud Pray, let me see it, I was wont to understand
 him [*Reads*] *Amantissimus carissimus*, he has sent the
 carrier's man, he says, *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of
 boots, *patri et matri*, pay the porter, or it makes no
 matter 69

Por Yes, by my faith, mistress, there's no true con-
 struction in that I have took a great deal of pains, and

¹ Hobson was the Cambridge carrier "who sickened in the time of his vacancy being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague." Milton has immortalised him in a couple of epitaphs. He died in January 1630-31. There are several epitaphs on him in *Wit's Recreations*. It is said that he never allowed his customers to select their horses but let out the animals to hire in succession hence the proverb *Hobson's Choice*.

come from the Bell¹ sweating Let me come to't, for
 I was a scholar forty years ago, 'tis thus, I warrant you
 [Reads] *Matri*, it makes no matter, *ambobus parentibus*,
 for a pair of boots, *patri*, pay the porter, *amantissimus*
carissimus, he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims,
 and there he says true, forsooth, my name is Sims
 indeed, I have not forgot all my learning a money
 matter, I thought I should hit on't 79

Yel Go, thou'rt an old fox, there's a tester² for thee
 [Gives money]

Por If I see your worship at Goose fair, I have a dish
 of birds for you

Yel Why, dost dwell at Bow?

Por All my lifetime, sir, I could ever say bo to a
 goose Farewell to your worship [Exit]

Yel A merry porter!

Maud How can he choose but be so,
 Coming with Cambridge letters from our son Tim?

Yel What's here? *maximus dilgo*, faith, I must to
 my learned counsel with this gear,³ 'twill ne'er be dis-
 cerned else 91

¹ Qy the Bull?

He is not dead but left his mansion here
 Has left the *Bull* and flitted to the Beare

First Epitaph on Hobson—Wit's Recr p 249

This memorable man [Hobson] stands drawn in fresco at an inn
 which he used in Bishopsgate Street, with an hundred pound bag under
 his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag

The fruitful mother of an hundred more *

The Spectator, No 509"—Dyce

² Sixpence

³ Business

Davy Pure Welsh virgin !
She lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire [*Aside*
Sir Wal I hear you mumble, Davy
Davy I have teeth, sir , 110
I need not mumble yet this forty years
Sir Wal The knave bites plaguily !
Yel What's your price, sir ?
Gent A hundred pound, sir
Yel A hundred marks the utmost ,
'Tis not for me else —What, Sir Walter Whorehound ?

[*Exit* Gentleman

Moll O death !

[*Exit*

Maud Why, daughter—Faith, the baggage [*is*]
A bashful girl, sir , these young things are shamefac'd ,
Besides, you have a presence, sweet sir Walter,
Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city
A brave court spirit makes our virgins quiver,
And kiss with trembling thighs , yet see, she comes, sir

Re enter MOLL

Sir Wal Why, how now, pretty mistress? now I've
caught you 121
What, can you injure so your time to stray
Thus from your faithful servant ?

Yel Pish, stop your words, good knight,—'twill make
her blush else,—
Which wound ¹ too high for the daughters of the freedom
Honour and faithful servant ! they are compliments

¹ The text is unsatisfactory —Dyce suggests "sound "

For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich ,
 E'en plain, sufficient subsidy words serves us, sir
 And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece ?

Sir Wal You may be bold with her on these terms,
 'tis she, sir, 130

Heir to some nineteen mountains

Yel Bless us all !

You overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches

Sir Wal And all as high as Paul's

Davy Here's work, i'faith ! [*Aside*]

Sir Wal How sayst thou, Davy ?

Davy Higher, sir, by far ,

You cannot see the top of 'em

Yel What, man !—

Maudlin, salute this gentlewoman, our daughter,
 If things hit right.

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior

Touch jun My knight, with a brace of footmen,
 Is come, and brought up his ewe mutton to find
 A ram at London , I must hasten it,
 Or else pick ¹ a' famine , her blood is mine, 140
 And that's the surest Well, knight, that choice spoil
 Is only kept for me [*Aside*]

Moll Sir——

Touch jun Turn not to me till thou mayst lawfully ,
 it but whets my stomach, which is too sharp set already
 Read that note carefully [*giving letter to MOLL*], keep

¹ Peak dwindle

me from suspicion still, nor know my zeal but in thy heart

Read, and send but thy liking in three words,
I'll be at hand to take it

Yel O turn, sir, turn

A¹ poor, plain boy, an university man, 150
Proceeds next Lent to a bachelor of art,
He will be call'd sir Yellowhammer then
Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight

Maud Please you, draw near
And taste the welcome of the city, sir

Yel Come, good sir Walter, and your virtuous niece
here

Sir Wal 'Tis manners to take kindness

Yel Lead 'em in, wife

Sir Wal Your company, sir?

Yel I'll give't you instantly

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, Sir W WHOREHOUND,
Welshwoman, and DAVY*]

Touch jun How strangely busy is the devil and
riches!

Poor soul! kept in too hard, her mother's eye 160
Is cruel toward her, being to him

'Twere a good mirth now to set him a work
To make her wedding ring, I must about it
Rather than the gain should fall to a stranger,

'Twas honesty in me t' enrich my father [Aside]

Yel The girl is worldrous peevish I fear nothing

¹ Before these lines something appears to have dropped out

But that she's taken with some other love,
Then all's quite dash'd that must be narrowly look'd
to,

We cannot be too wary in our children — [*Aside*
What is't you lack? 170

Touch jun O, nothing now, all that I wish is
present

I'd have a wedding ring made for a gentlewoman
With all speed that may be

Yel Of what weight, sir?

Touch jun Of some half ounce, stand fair
And comely, with the spark of a diamond,
Sir, 'twere pity to lose the least grace

Yel Pray, let's see it

[*Takes stone from TOUCHWOOD junior*

Indeed, sir, 'tis a pure one

Touch jun So is the mistress

Yel Have you the wideness of her finger, sir?

Touch jun Yes, sure, I think I have her measure
about me

Good faith, 'tis down, I cannot show it you, 180
I must pull too many things out to be certain
Let me see—long and slender, and neatly jointed,
Just such another gentlewoman—that's your daughter,
sir?

Yel And therefore, sir, no gentlewoman

Touch jun I protest

I ne'er saw two maids handed more alike,
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir

Yel If you dare venture by her finger, sir

Touch jun Ay, and I'll bide all loss, sir

Yel Say you so, sir?

I et us see — Hither, girl

Touch jun Shall I make bold

With your finger, gentlewoman?

Moll Your pleasure, sir

190

Touch jun That fits her to a hair, sir

[*Trying ring on MOLL's finger*]

Yel What's your posy now, sir?

Touch jun Mass, that's true posy? i'faith, e'en thus,

sir

Love that's wise

Blinds parents' eyes

Yel How, how? if I may speak without offence,

sir,

I hold my life——

Touch jun What, sir?

Yel Go to,—you'll pardon me?

Touch jun Pardon you? ay, sir

Yel Will you, i'faith?

Touch jun Yes, faith, I will

Yel You'll steal away some man's daughter am I
near you?

Do you turn aside? you gentlemen are mad wags!

I wonder things can be so warily carried,

200

And parents blinded so but they're serv'd right,

That have two eyes and were so dull a' sight

Touch jun Thy doom take hold of thee! [*Aside*]

Yel To morrow noon

Shall show your ring well done

Touch jun Being so, 'tis soon —
Thanks, and your leave, sweet gentlewoman

Moll Sir, you're welcome —

[*Exit TOUCHWOOD junior*

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee ¹ [*Aside*

Yel Come now, we'll see how the rules ¹ go within

Moll That robs my joy, there I lose all I win

[*Aside* *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A Hall in ALLWIT'S House

Enter DAVY and ALLWIT severally

Davy Honesty wash my eyes ¹ I've spied a wittol

[*Aside*

Allwit What, Davy Dahanna? welcome from North
Wales, i'faith ¹

And is sir Walter come?

Davy New come to town, sir

Allwit In to the maids, sweet Davy, and give order
His chamber be made ready instantly
My wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy, and longs
For nothing but pickled cucumbers and his coming,
And now she shall ha't, boy

¹ Sports — Stevens considered that the word "rule" in this sense was a corruption of "revel" but it is more probable that the original meaning was *behaviour* — then *riotous behaviour*. See notes of the commentators on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii 2, — "What *night rule* now about this haunted grove"

Davy She's sure of them, sir

Allwit Thy very sight will hold my wife in pleasure
Till the knight come himself, go in, in, in, Davy

[*Exit* DAVY 10

The founder's come to town I'm like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
As mine is still to me, prays for the founder,—
Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life !
I thank him, has maintain'd my house this ten
years,

Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me
And all my family, I'm at his table
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Monthly or weekly, puts me to nothing, rent,
Nor church duties, not so much as the scavenger 20
The happiest state that ever man was born to !
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter,
Look in my coal house about midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up,
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water house and the windmills I say nothing,
But smile and pin the door When she lies in,
As now she's even upon the point of grunting, 30
A lady lies not in like her, there's her embossings,
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops¹

¹ Shops where finery is sold

In Gresham's Burse¹ about her, then her restoratives,
 Able to set up a young pothecary,
 And richly stock the foreman of a drug shop,
 Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets
 I see these things, but, like a happy man,
 I pay for none at all, yet fools think's² mine,
 I have the name, and in his gold I shine 40
 And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
 Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs
 To deck their night piece, yet all this being done,
 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone,—
 As what affliction nature more constrains,
 Than feed the wife plump for another's veins?—
 These torments stand I freed of, I'm as clear
 From jealousy of a wife as from the charge
 O, two miraculous blessings³ 'tis the knight 50
 Hath took that labour all out of my hands
 I may sit still and play, he's jealous for me,
 Watches her steps, sets spies, I live at ease,
 He has both the cost and torment when the string⁴
 Of his heart frets, I feed, laugh, or sing,
La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo ' [Sings

Enter two Servants

First Ser What, has he got a singing in his head now?

¹ The Royal Exchange built by Sir Thomas Gresham

² I think these things is [are] mine

³ Old ed 'strings'

Sec Ser Now's out of work, he falls to making dildoes

Allwit Now, sirs, sir Walter's come

First Ser Is our master come?

Allwit Your master! what am I?

First Ser Do not you know, sir? 60

Allwit Pray, am not I your master?

First Ser O, you're but

Our mistress's husband

Allwit *Ergo*, knave, your master

First Ser *Negatur argumentum*—Here comes sir
Walter

Enter SIR WALTER and DAVY

Now 'a stands bare as well as we, make the most of
him,

He's but one peep above a serving man,
And so much his horns make him

Sir Wal How dost, Jack?

Allwit Proud of your worship's health, sir

Sir Wal How does your wife?

Allwit E'en after your own making, sir,
She's a tumbler, 'afaith, the nose and belly meets

Sir Wal They'll part in time again 70

Allwit At the good hour they will, and please your
worship

Sir Wal Here, sirrah, pull off my boots—Put on,¹
put on, Jack [Servant *pulls off his boots*

¹ *i.e.*, put on your hat

Allwit I thank your kind worship, sir

Sir Wal Slippers ! heart, you are sleepy !

[*Servant brings slippers*]

Allwit The game begins already [Aside]

Sir Wal Pish, put on, Jack

Allwit Now I must do't, or he'll be as angry now,
As if I had put it on at first bidding,
'Tis but observing,

'Tis but observing a man's humour once,
And he may ha' him by the nose all his life [Aside]

Sir Wal What entertainment has lain open here ? so
No strangers in my absence ?

First Ser Sure, sir, not any

Allwit His jealousy begins am not I happy now,
That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts ? [Aside]

Sir Wal How do you satisfy me ?

First Ser Good sir, be patient !

Sir Wal For two months' absence I'll be satisfied

First Ser No living creature enter'd——

Sir Wal Enter'd ? come, swear !

First Ser You will not hear me out, sir——

Sir Wal Yes, I'll hear't out, sir

First Ser Sir, he can tell himself——

Sir Wal Heart, he can tell ?

Do you think I'll trust him ? as a usurer
With forfeited lordships —him ? O monstrous injury ! 90
Believe him ? can the devil speak ill of darkness ?—
What can you say, sir ?

Allwit Of my soul and conscience, sir,

She's a wife as honest of her body to me
As any lord's proud lady [e'er] can be !

Sir Wal Yet, by your leave, I heard you were once
offering

To go to bed to her

Allwit No, I protest, sir !

Sir Wal Heart, if you do, you shall take all ! I'll
marry

Allwit O, I beseech you, sir !

Sir Wal That wakes the slave,

And keeps his flesh in awe [*Aside*

Allwit I'll stop that gap

Where'er I find it open I have poison'd 100

His hopes in marriage already [with]

Some old rich widows, and some landed virgins ,

And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him ,

He's yet too sweet to part from [*Aside*

Enter WAT and NICK

Wat God den,¹ father

Allwit Ha, villain, peace !

Nick God den, father

Allwit Peace, bastard !

Should he hear 'em ! [*Aside*]—These are two foolish
children,

They do not know the gentleman that sits there

Sir Wal O, Wat—how dost, Nick ? go to school,
ply your books, boys, ha ?

¹ Good evening

Allwit Where's your legs, whoresons?—They should
kneel indeed, 110

If they could say their prayers

Sir Wal Let me see, stay,—

How shall I dispose of these two brats now

When I am married? for they must not mingle

Amongst my children that I get in wedlock,

'Twill make foul work that, and raise many storms

I will bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith,

My father Yellowhammer, as fit as can be,

Nick with some vintner, good, goldsmith and vintner,

There will be wine in bowls, i'faith [Aside

Enter MISTRESS ALLWIT

Mis All Sweet knight,

Welcome! I've all my longings now in town, 120

Now welcome the good hour!

Sir Wal How cheers my mistress?

Mis All Made lightsome e'en by him that made me
heavy

Sir Wal Methinks she shows gallantly, like a moon
at full, sir

Allwit True, and if she bear a male child, there's the
man in the moon, sir

Sir Wal 'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, goodman
calf

Allwit There was a man, the boy had ne'er been
there else

Sir Wal It shall be yours, sir

Allwit No, by my troth, I'll swear
It's none of mine, let him that got it keep it!—
Thus do I rid myself of fear, 130
Lie soft, sleep hard, drink wine, and eat good cheer
[*Aside* *Exeunt*]

ACT II
SCENE I

A Street

Enter LOUCHWOOD senior and MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD

Mrs Touch 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from you,
But that necessity must be obey'd

Touch sen I would it might not, wile ¹ the tediousness
Will be the most part mine, that understand
The blessings I have in thee, so to part,
That drives the torment to a knowing heart
But, as thou sayst, we must give way to need,
And live awhile asunder, our desires
Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes
How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures ¹ 10
Some only can get riches and no children,
We only can get children and no riches
Then 'tis the prudent's[t] part to check our will,¹
And, till our state rise, make our bloods lie still
'Life, every year a child, and some years two ¹
Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckon'd,
This gear will not hold out

¹ Old ed "willes

Mrs Touch Sir, for a time
I'll take the courtesy of my uncle's house,
If you be pleas'd to like on't, till prosperity
Look with a friendly eye upon our states 20

Touch sen Honest wife, I thank thee! I never knew
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more
Than at this instant minute a man's happy
When he's at poorest, that has match'd his soul
As rightly as his body had I married
A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'scape it
'Mongst gentlewomen of our time, she would ha' hang'd
About my neck, and never left her hold
Till she had kiss'd me into wanton businesses,
Which at the waking of my better judgment 30
I should have curs'd most bitterly,
And laid a thicker vengeance on my act
Than misery of the birth, which were enough
If it were born to greatness, whereas mine
Is sure of beggary, though 't were got in wine
Fulness of joy showeth the goodness in thee,
Thou art a matchless wife farewell, my joy!

Mrs Touch I shall not want your sight?

Touch sen I'll see thee often,
Talk in mirth, and play at kisses with thee,
Anything, wench, but what may beget beggars 40
There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,
And dare not take them up

Mrs Touch Your will be mine, sir! [Exit

Touch sen This does not only make her honesty
perfect,

I'll carry it through the streets, and follow you
Your name may well be call'd Touchwood,—a pox on you!
You do but touch and take, thou hast undone me
I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate 70
For it from both the churchwardens

Touch sen I'll have
The parson's hand too, or I'll not yield to't
C Girl Thou shalt have more, thou villain! Nothing
grieves me
But Ellen my poor cousin in Derbyshire,
Thou'st crack'd her marriage quite, she'll have a bout
with thee

Touch sen Faith, when she will, I'll have a bout with
her

C Girl A law bout, sir, I mean

Touch sen True, lawyers use
Such bouts as other men do, and if that
Be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband,
I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle 80
To eat such mutton¹ with, and she shall choose one
Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me
Of this half yard of flesh, in which, I think,
It wants a nail or two

C Girl No, thou shalt find, villain,
It hath right shape, and all the nails it should have

Touch sen Faith, I am poor, do a charitable deed,
wench,
I am a younger brother, and have nothing

¹ A cant term that needs no explanation

C Girl Nothing? thou hast too much, thou lying villain,

Unless thou wert more thankful!

Touch sen I've no dwelling,
I brake up house but this morning, pray thee, pity me,
I'm a good fellow, faith, have been too kind 91
To people of your gender, if I ha't
Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it
That word has been of force to move a woman
There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't, wench
Some rich man's pouch to morrow before day,
Or else anon i' the evening, twenty devices
Here's all I have, i'faith, take purse and all,
And would I were rid of all the ware i' the shop so!

[*Gives money*]

C Girl Where I find manly dealings, I am pitiful
This shall not trouble you

Touch sen And I protest, wench, 101
The next I'll keep myself

C Girl Soft, let it be got first
This is the fifth, if e'er I venture more,
Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore!

[*Lxit*]

Touch sen What shift she'll make now with this piece
of flesh

In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine,
Flesh dare not peep abroad now I have known
This city now above this seven years,
But, I protest, in better state of government
I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of, 110

There has been more religious wholesome laws
In the half circle of a year erected
For common good than memory e'er knew of,
Setting apart corruption of promoters,¹
And other poisonous officers, that infect
And with a venomous breath taint every goodness

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX *and* LADY KIX

Lady Kix O that e'er I was begot, or bred, or born !

Sir Ol Be content, sweet wife

Touch sen What's here to do now ?

I hold my life she's in deep passion²

For the imprisonment of veal and mutton, 120

Now kept in garrets, weeps for some calf's head now

Methinks her husband's head might serve, with bacon

[*Aside*

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior

*Touch jun*³ Hist !

Sir Ol Patience, sweet wife

Touch jun Brother, I've sought you strangely

Touch sen Why, what's the business ?

Touch jun With all speed thou canst

Procure a license for me

Touch sen How, a license ?

¹ Informers who for prosecuting delinquents were rewarded with a part of the fines Citizens complained bitterly of the annoyance to which they were subjected by these informers See *Remembrancia*, p. 401

² Sorrow

³ Old ed *Lady*

Touch jun Cud's foot, she's lost else ! I shall miss
her ever

Touch sen Nay, sure thou shalt not miss so fair a
mark¹

For thirteen shillings foupence

Touch jun Thanks by hundreds !

[*Exeunt TOUCHWOOD senior and junior*]

Sir Ol Nay, pray thee, cease, I'll be at more cost
yet, 130

Thou know'st we're rich enough

Lady Kix All but in blessings,

And there the beggar goes beyond us O o o !

To be seven years a wife, and not a child !

O, not a child !

Sir Ol Sweet wife, have patience

Lady Kix Can any woman have a greater cut ?

Sir Ol I know 'tis great, but what of that, [sweet]
wife ?

I cannot do withal, ° there's things making,

By thine own doctor's advice, at pothecary's

I spare for nothing, wife, no, if the price

¹ A coin worth 13s 4d

² i e, I cannot help it —For the *double entendre* of Dry's *Isle of Gulls* III 1 —

Miso Ay ay Dorus, I tell thee in tears he hath not done
by me as a husband should do

Dorus 'Tis nothing to me I cannot do withal madam would I
could

Miso Yes marry, mayst thou Dorus thou mayst and shalt do
withal too, and thou wilt

In spite of Gifford's virtuous indignation I fear there is a similar play
on words intended in *Merchant of Venice* III 4 1 72

Were forty marks a spoonful, I would give 140

A thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness

It is but bating so many good works

In the erecting of bridewells and spittlehouses,

And so fetch it up again, for having none,

I mean to make good deeds my children

Lady Kix Give me but those good deeds, and I'll find
children

Sir Ol Hang thee, thou'st had too many !

Lady Kix Thou liest, brevity

Sir Ol O horrible ! dar'st thou call me brevity ?

Dar'st thou be so short with me ?

Lady Kix Thou deserv'st worse

Think but upon the goodly lands and livings 150

That's kept back through want on't

Sir Ol Talk not on't, pray thee ,
Thou'lt make me play the woman and weep too

Lady Kix 'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up Sir Walter,
None gets by your not getting but that knight,
He's made by th' means, and fats his fortunes shortly

In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter

Sir Ol They may be all deceiv'd, be but you patient,
wife

Lady Kix I've suffer'd a long time

Sir Ol Suffer thy heart out,

A pox suffer thee !

Lady Kix Nay, thee, thou desertless slave !

Sir Ol Come, come, I ha' done you'll to the
gossiping 160

Of master Allwit's child ?

Lady Kix Yes, to my much joy !
 Every one gets before me , there's my sister
 Was married but at Bartholomew eve last,
 And she can have two children at a birth
 O, one of them, one of them, would ha' serv'd my turn !
Sir Ol Sorrow consume thee ! thou'lt still crossing
 me,
 And know'st my nature

Enter Maid

Maid O mistress !—weeping or railing,
 That's our house harmony [*Aside*]
Lady Kix What sayst, Jug ?
Maid The sweetest news !
Lady Kix What is't, wench ?
Maid Throw down your doctor's drugs,
 They're all but heretics, I bring certain remedy, 170
 That has been taught and prov'd, and never fail'd
Sir Ol O that, that, that, or nothing !
Maid There's a gentleman,
 I haply have his name too, that has got
 Nine children by one water that he useth
 It never misses, they come so fast upon him,
 He was fain to give it over
Lady Kix His name, sweet Jug ?
Maid One master Touchwood, a fine gentleman,
 But run behind hand much with getting children
Sir Ol Is't possible !
Maid Why, sir, he'll undertake,

Using that water, within fifteen year,
For all your wealth, to make you a poor man,
You shall so swarm with children

180

Sir Ol I'll venture that, i'faith

Lady Kix That shall you, husband

Maid But I must tell you first, he's very dear

Sir Ol No matter, what serves wealth for?

Lady Kix True, sweet husband,

There's land to come, put case his water stands me

In some five hundred pound a pint,

'Twill fetch a thousand, and a kersten¹ soul,

And that's worth all, sweet husband I'll about it

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

Before ALLWIT'S House

Enter ALLWIT

Allwit I'll go bid gossips presently myself,
That's all the work I'll do, nor need I stir,
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth,
And air myself a little I am tied
To nothing in this business, what I do
Is merely recreation, not constraint
Here's running to and fro ' nurse upon nurse,
Three charewomen, besides maids and neighbours'
children

¹ A corruption of *Christian*

Fie, what a trouble have I rid my hands on !
It makes me sweat to think on't

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND

Sir Wal How now, Jack ? 10

Allwnt I'm going to bid gossips for your worship's
child, sir,

A goodly girl, i'faith ! give you joy on her,
She looks as if she had two thousand pound
To her portion, and run away with a tailor,
A fine plump black ey'd slut under correction, sir,
I take delight to see her —Nurse !

Enter Dry Nurse

Dry N Do you call, sir ?

Allwnt I call not you, I call the wet nurse hither
[*Exit* Dry Nurse]

Give me the wet nurse !—

Enter Wet Nurse *carrying child*

Ay, 'tis thou, come hither,

Come hither

Let's see her once again, I cannot choose 20
But buss her thrice an hour

Wet N You may be proud on't, sir,
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did

Allwnt Think'st thou so, nurse ? what sayst to Wat
and Nick ?

Wet N They're pretty children both, but here's a wench

Will be a knocker

Allwit Pup,—sayst thou me so?—pup, little countess!—

Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl
Ten thousand times and upward

Sir Wal I am glad

I have her for you, sir

Allwit Here, take her in, nurse,

Wipe her, and give her spoon meat

Wet N Wipe your mouth,¹ sir [*Exit with the child*]

Allwit And now about these gossips

Sir Wal Get but two, 31

I'll stand for one myself

Allwit To your own child, sir?

Sir Wal The better policy, it prevents suspicion,

'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons

Allwit Troth, I commend your care, sir, 'tis a thing
That I should ne'er have thought on

Sir Wal The more slave

When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame,
The fat of ease o'erthrows² the eyes of shame

Allwit I'm studying who to get for godmother,
Suitable to your worship Now I ha' thought on't 40

¹ 'Wipe your mouth' = gull yourself make a fool of yourself Cf
Fletcher's *The Pilgrim*, v 3 —

"Would he had but the patience to discern it
And policy to *wipe their lips* "

² Qy o'ergrows? —*Dyce*

Sir Wal I'll ease you of that care, and please myself
in't—

My love the goldsmith's daughter, if I send,
Her father will command her [*Aside*]—Davy Dahanna!¹

Enter DAVY

Allwrt I'll fit your worship then with a male partner

Sir Wal What is he?

Allwrt A kind, proper gentleman,
Brother to master Touchwood

Sir Wal I know Touchwood
Has he a brother living?

Allwrt A neat bachelor

Sir Wal Now we know him, we will make shift with
him

Despatch, the time draws near —Come hither, Davy
[*Exit with DAVY*]

Allwrt In troth, I pity him, he ne'er stands still 50
Poor knight, what pains he takes! sends this way one,
That way another, has not an hour's leisure
I would not have thy toil for all thy pleasure

Enter two Promoters

Ha, how now? what are these that stand so close
At the street corner, pricking up their ears
And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs
When the first course goes in? By the mass, promoters,

¹ Old ed. Dahumma.

'Tis so, I hold my life, and planted there
 T' arrest the dead corps¹ of poor calves and sheep,
 Like ravenous creditors, that will not suffer 60
 The bodies of their poor departed debtors
 To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex
 And stay the corps with bills of Middlesex
 This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweetbreads,
 And lard their whores with lamb stones what then golls²
 Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls
 The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
 Their chins³ will hang like udders by Easter eve,
 And, being stroak'd, will give the milk of witches
 How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in? 70
 Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly [*Aside*]—By your
 favour, gentlemen,

I am a stranger both unto the city
 And to her carnal strictness

First Pro Good, your will, sir?

Allwit Pray, tell me where one dwells that kills this
 Lent?

First Pro How? kills?—Come hither, Dick, a bird,
 a bird!

Sec Pro What is't that you would have?

Allwit Faith, any flesh,

But I long especially for veal and green sauce

First Pro Green goose, you shall be sauc'd [*Aside*]

¹ A plural

A cant term for hands

² A double chin was supposed to be the distinguishing mark of a bawd Cf *Northward Ho*, i 3 — O fie sir fie! the boy he does not look like a bawd, he has no double chin "

Allwit I've half a scornful stomach,
No fish will be admitted

First Pro Not this Lent, sir?

Allwit Lent? what cares colon¹ here for Lent?

First Pro You say well, sir, 80

Good reason that the colon of a gentleman,
As you were lately pleas'd to term your worship^[14], sir,
Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,
To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature
Were you directed hither to this street, sir?

Allwit That I was, ay, marry

Sec Pro And the butcher, belike,
Should kill and sell close in some upper room?

Allwit Some apple loft, as I take it, or a coal
house,

I know not which, i'faith

Sec Pro Either will serve

This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up 90
The bottom of the pocket of his apron — [*Aside*
You go to seek him?

Allwit Where you shall not find him
I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,
Sheep biting mongrels, hand basket freebooters¹
My wife lies in—a foutra² for promoters¹ [*Exit*

¹ The largest of the intestines Cf Dekker and Webster's *History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* — O poor shrimp how art thou fallen away for want of mouching! O colon cries out most tyrannically — Dyce's *Webster*, 1 vol ed p 193

² *z e*, a fig for So Pistol—"A *foutra* for the world and worldlings base"

First Pro That shall not serve your turn—What a
rogue's this !
How cunningly he came over us !

Enter Man with a basket under his cloak

Sec Pro Hush't, stand close !

Man I have 'scaped well thus far , they say the knaves
Are wondrous hot and busy

First Pro By your leave, sir,
We must see what you have under your cloak there 100

Man Have? I have nothing

First Pro No? do you tell us that? what makes this
lump

Stick out then? we must see, sir

Man What will you see, sir?

A pair of sheets and two of my wife's foul smocks
Going to the washers

Sec Pro O, we love that sight well !
You cannot please us better What, do you gull us?
Call you these shirts and smocks?

[Seizes basket and takes out of it a piece of meat]

Man Now, a pox choke you !

You've cozen'd me and five of my wife's kindred
Of a good dinner , we must make it up now
With herrings and milk pottage

[Exit

First Pro 'Tis all veal

110

Sec Pro All veal?

Pox, the worse luck ! I promis'd faithfully
To send this morning a fat quarter of lamb

To a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street¹

That longs, and how I'm crost¹

First Pro Let us share this, and see what hap comes
next then

Sec Pro Agreed Stand close again, another booty

Enter Man with a basket

What's he?

First Pro Sir, by your favour

Man Meaning me, sir?

First Pro Good master Oliver? cry thee mercy
i'faith!

What hast thou there?

Man A rack of mutton, sir, 120

And half a lamb, you know my mistress' diet

First Pro Go, go, we see thee not, away, keep
close!—

Heart, let him pass! thou'lt never have the wit

To know our benefactors

Sec Pro I have forgot him

First Pro 'Tis master Beggarland's man, the wealthy
merchant,

That is in fee with us

Sec Pro Now I've a feeling of him! [*Exit Man*]

First Pro You know he purchas'd the whole Lent
together,

Gave us ten groats a piece on Ash Wednesday

Sec Pro True, true

¹ A disreputable street in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell

First Pro A wench !

Sec Pro Why, then, stand close indeed

Enter Country Girl with a basket

C Girl Women had need of wit, if they'll shift
here, 130

And she that hath wit may shift anywhere [*Aside*

First Pro Look, look ! poor fool, sh'as left the rump
uncover'd too,

More to betray her ! this is like a murderer
That will outface the deed with a bloody band

Sec Pro What time of the year is't, sister ?

C Girl O sweet gentlemen !

I'm a poor servant, let me go

First Pro You shall, wench,
But this must stay with us

C Girl O you undo me, sir !

'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physic, sir ,
The doctor does allow my mistress mutton

O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman ! 140

I'll bring my master to you , he shall show you

A true authority from the higher powers,

And I'll run every foot

Sec Pro Well, leave your basket then,
And run and spare not

C Girl Will you swear then to me
To keep it till I come ?

First Pro Now by this light I will

C Girl What say you, gentleman ?

Sec Pro What a strange wench 'tis !—
Would we might perish else

C Girl Nay, then I run, sir
[Leaves the basket, and exit

First Pro And ne'er return, I hope

Sec Pro A politic baggage ! she makes us swear to
keep it

I prithee look what market she hath made 150

First Pro Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mutton
[Takes out a loin of mutton

What comes next under this cloth ? now for a quarter
Of lamb

Sec Pro Not, for a shoulder of mutton

First Pro Done !

Sec Pro Why, done, sir !

First Pro By the mass, I feel I've lost,
'Tis of more weight, i'faith

Sec Pro Some loin of veal ?

First Pro No, faith, here's a lamb's head, I feel that
plainly,

Why, [I'll] yet win my wager

Sec Pro Ha !

First Pro 'Swounds, what's here ! [Takes out a child

Sec Pro A child !

First Pro A pox of all dissembling cunning whores !

Sec Pro Here's an unlucky breakfast !

First Pro What shall's do ? 160

Sec Pro The quean made us swear to keep it too

First Pro We might leave it else

Sec Pro Villanous strange !

Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters,
That watch hard for a living?

First Pro Half our gettings
Must run in sugar sops and nurses' wages now,
Besides many a pound of soap and tallow,
We've need to get loins of mutton still, to save
Suet to change for candles

Sec Pro Nothing mads me
But this was a lamb's head with you, you felt it 170
She has made calves' heads of us

First Pro Prithee, no more on't,
There's time to get it up, it is not come
To Mid Lent Sunday yet

Sec Pro I am so angry,
I'll watch no more to day

First Pro Faith, nor I neither

Sec Pro Why, then, I'll make a motion

First Pro Well, what is't?

Sec Pro Let's e'en go to the Checker at Queen
hive,¹

And roast the loin of mutton till young flood,
Then send the child to Branford² [*Exeunt*]

¹ Queenhithe

² Brentford The name is usually written *Branford*

SCENE III

A Hall in ALLWIT'S House

Enter ALLWIT in one of Sir WALTER'S suits, and DAVY trussing¹ him

Allwit 'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy

Davy Always the kursning day,² sir

Allwit Truss, truss me, Davy

Davy No matter and you were hang'd, sir | *Inde*

Allwit How does this suit fit me, Davy?

Davy Excellent neatly,

My master's things were ever fit for you, sir,
E'en to a hair, you know

Allwit Thou'st hit it right, Davy

We ever jump'd in one this ten years, Davy,
So, well said —

Enter Man with a boy

What art thou?

Man Your comfit maker's man, sir

Allwit O sweet youth!

In to the nurse, quick, quick, 'tis time, I'futh
Your mistress will be here?

Man She was setting forth, sir | *Exit '10*

Allwit Here comes our gossips now O, I shall
have

Such kissing work to day —

¹ Tying the points of his breeches

Christening day

Enter two Puritans

Sweet mistress Underman

Welcome, i'faith

First Pur Give you joy of your fine girl, sir
Grant that her education may be pure,
And become one of the faithful !

Allwit Thanks to your sisterly wishes, mistress
Underman

Sec Pur Are any of the brethren's wives yet come ?
Allwit There are some wives within, and some at
home

First Pur Verily, thanks, sir [*Exeunt Puritans*]

Allwit Verily you're an ass, forsooth

I must fit all these times, or there's no music 20

Here comes a friendly and familiar pair

Enter two Gossips

Now I like these wenches well

First Gos How dost, sirrah ?

Allwit Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour,—and
how dost thou ?

Sec Gos Want nothing but such getting, sir, as
thine

Allwit My gettings, wench ? they're poor

First Gos Fie, that thou'lt say so,

Thou'st as fine children as a man can get

Davy Ay, as a man can get, and that's my master

[*Aside*]

Allwit They're pretty foolish things, put to making
in minutes,
I ne'er stand long about 'em Will you walk in, wenches ?
[*Exeunt* Gossips]

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior and MOLL

Touch jun The happiest meeting that our souls
could wish for ! 30
Here is the ring ready , I'm beholding
Unto your father's haste, has kept his hour
Moll He never kept it better

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND

Touch jun Back, be silent,
Sir Wal Mistress and partner, I will put you both
Into one cup
Davy Into one cup ? most proper ,
A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter [*Aside*
Allwit Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's
partner
In this day's business, master Touchwood's brother
Sir Wal I embrace your acquaintance, sir
Touch jun It vows your service, sir
Sir Wal It's near high time , come, master Allwit
Allwit Ready, sir 40
Sir Wal Wilt please you walk ?
Touch jun Sir, I obey your time [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

Before ALLWIT'S House

Enter Midwife with the child, I ADY KIX and other Gossips, who exeunt, then MAUDLIN, Puritans, and other Gossips

First Gos Good mistress Yellowhammer——

Maud In faith, I will not

First Gos Indeed it shall be yours ¹

Maud I have sworn, r'faith

First Gos I'll stand still then

Maud So, will you let the child

Go without company, and make me forsworn?

First Gos You are such another creature!

[Exeunt First Gossip and MAUDLIN]

Sec Gos Before me?

I pray come down a little

Third Gos Not a whit,

I hope I know my place

Sec Gos Your place? great wonder, sure!

Are you any better than a comfit maker's wife?

Third Gos And that's as good at all times as a
pothecary's

Sec Gos Ye lie! yet I forbear you too 10

[Exeunt Second and Third Gossips]

¹ Maudlin and the First Gossip are "straining courtesies," each entreating the other to take precedence

First Pur Come, sweet sister, we go
In unity, and show the fruits of peace,
Like children of the spirit

Sec Pur I love lowliness [*Exeunt Puritans*

Fourth Gos True, so say I, though they strive more,
There comes as proud behind as goes before

Fifth Gos Every inch, i'faith [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I

A Room in TOUCHWOOD junior's lodgings

Enter TOUCHWOOD junior and Parson

Touch jun O sir, if e'er you felt the force of love,
Pity it in me !

Par Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,
I've felt the force of love from good men's daughters,
And some that will be maids yet three years hence
Have you got a license ?

Touch jun Here, 'tis ready, sir

Par That's well

Touch jun The ring, and all things perfect, she'll
steal hither

Par She shall be welcome, sir, I'll not be long
A clapping you together

Touch jun O, here she's come, sir !

Enter MOLL and TOUCHWOOD senior

Par What's he ?

Touch jun My honest brother

Touch sen Quick, make haste, sirs ! 10

Moll You must despatch with all the speed you can,
For I shall be miss'd straight , I made hard shift
For this small time I have

Par Then I'll not linger,
Place that ring upon her finger

[TOUCHWOOD junior puts ring on MOLL's finger
This the finger plays the part,
Whose master vein shoots from the heart
Now join hands——

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and Sir W WHOREHOUND

Yel Which I will sever,
And so ne'er again meet, never !

Moll O, we're betray'd !

Touch jun Hard fate !

Sir Wal I'm struck with wonder !

Yel Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical baggage,
Thou disobedient strumpet !—And were [you] 21
So wise to send for her to such an end ?

Sir Wal Now I disclaim the end , you'll make me
mad

Yel And what are you, sir ?

Touch jun And you cannot see
With those two glasses, put on a pair more

Yel I dream'd of anger still —Here, take your ring,
sir,— [Taking ring off MOLL's finger
Ha ! this ? life, 'tis the same ! abominable !
Did not I sell this ring ?

Touch jun I think you did ,
You receiv'd money for't

Yel Heart, hark you, knight ,
Here's no ¹ unconscionable villany !
Set me a work to make the wedding ring,
And come with an intent to steal my daughter !
Did ever runaway match it !

Sir Wal This your brother, sir ?

Touch sen He can tell that as well as I

Yel The very posy mocks me to my face,—

Love that's wise

Blinds parents' eyes

I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us ,
We've good hope to recover our sight shortly
In the meantime I will lock up this baggage
As carefully as my gold , she shall see
As little sun, if a close room or so
Can keep her from the light on't

Moll O sweet father,
For love's sake, pity me !

Yel Away !

Moll Farewell, sir ,
All content bless thee ! and take this for comfort,
Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,
I'm ever thine, although we part for ever

Yel Ay, we shall part you, minx [*Exit with MOLL*]

Sir Wal Your acquaintance, sir,
Came very lately, yet it came too soon ,

¹ Ironical

I must hereafter know you for no friend, 50
 But one that I must shun like pestilence,
 Or the disease of lust

Touch jun Like enough, sir,
 You ha' ta'en me at the woist time for words
 That e'er ye pick'd out faith, do not wrong me, sir

[*Exit with* Parson

Touch sen Look after him, and spare not there he
 walks

That ne'er yet receiv'd baffling ¹ you are blest
 More than ever I knew, go, take your rest [*Exit*
Sir Wal I pardon you, you are both losers [*Exit*

SCENE II

A bed thrust out upon the stage, ALLWIT'S Wife in it

Enter Midwife *with the child*, LADY KIN MAUDLIN,
 Punitans, and other Gossips

First Gos How is it, woman? we have brought you
 home

A kursen ² soul

Mis All Ay, I thank your pains

First Pur And, verily, well kursen'd, i' the right way,
 Without idolatry or superstition,
 After the pure manner of Amsterdam ³

¹ Received baffling = endured insult See note 2, vol iv p 26
 Christened

³ See note 1 vol ii p 96

Mis All Sit down, good neighbours —Nurse

Nurse At hand, forsooth

Mis All Look they have all low stools

Nurse They have, forsooth

[*All the Gossips seat themselves*

Sec Gos Bring the child hither, nurse —How say you now, gossip,

Is't not a chopping girl? so like the father

Thurd Gos As if it had been spit out of his mouth! ¹⁰
Ey'd,¹ nos'd, and brow'd, as like [as] a girl can be,
Only, indeed, it has the mother's mouth

Sec Gos The mother's mouth up and down,² up and down

Thurd Gos 'Tis a large child, she's but a little woman

First Pur No, believe me,

A very spiny³ creature, but all heart,
Well mettled, like the faithful, to endure
Her tribulation here, and raise up seed

Sec Gos She had a sore labour on't, I warrant you,
You can tell, neighbour?

Thurd Gos O, she had great speed, 20
We were afraid once, but she made us all
Have joyful hearts again, 'tis a good soul, i'faith,
The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter

First Pur 'Tis the spirit, the sisters are all like her

¹ Old ed "Ey's"

² "Up and down" = exactly Cf *Titus Andronicus* v 2 —

Well mayest thou know her by thy own proportion
For *up and down* she doth resemble thee

³ Slender

Enter Sir WALTER WHOREHOUND, carrying a silver standing cup and two spoons, and ALLWIT

Sec Gos O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours !
[*Exit Nurse*

Sir Wal The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies !

Thrd Gos O dear, sweet gentleman, what fine words he has !

The fatness of our wishes !

Sec Gos Calls us all ladies !

Fourth Gos I promise you, a fine gentleman and a courteous

Sec Gos Methinks her husband shows like a clown to him

Thrd Gos I would not care what clown my husband were too, 30

So I had such fine children

Sec Gos Sh'as all fine children, gossip

Thrd Gos Ay, and see how fast they come !

First Pur Children are blessings,

If they be got with zeal by the brethien,

As I have five at home

Sir Wal The worst is past,
I hope, now, gossip

Mis All So I hope too, good sir

Allwit What, then, so hope I too, for company,
I've nothing to do else

Sir Wal A poor remembrance, lady,
To the love of the babe, I pray, accept of it

[*Giving cup and spoons*

Mis All O, you are at too much charge, sir ¹ 40

Sec Gos Look, look, what has he given her? what is't,
gossip?

Thurd Gos Now, by my faith, a fair high standing cup
And two great 'postle spoons,¹ one of them gilt

First Pur Sure that was Judas then with the red
beard ²

Sec Pur I would not feed
My daughter with that spoon for all the world,
For fear of colouring her hair, red hair
The brethren like not, it consumes them much,
'Tis not the sisters' colour

Re enter Nurse with comfits and wine

Allwit Well said, nurse,
About, about with them amongst the gossips ¹ — 50

[*Nurse hands about the comfits*

Now out comes all the tassell'd handkerchers,
They're spread abroad between their knees already,
Now in goes the long fingers that are wash'd
Some thrice a day in urine, my wife uses it
Now we shall have such pocketing, see how
They lurch ³ at the lower end ¹ [*Aside*

First Pur Come hither, nurse

Allwit Again? she has taken twice already [*Aside*

¹ The usual present of sponsors at christenings The handle ended
in the figure of an apostle

² Judas was always represented in tapestry and paintings with red
hair See notes of the commentators on *As You Like It* iii 4, l 9

³ Filch

First Pur I had forgot a sister's child that's sick
[*Taking comfits*]

Allwit A pox ! it seems your purity
Loves sweet things well that puts in thrice together 60
Had this been all my cost now, I'd been beggar'd ,
These women have no consciences at sweetmeats,¹
Where'er they come , see and they've not cull'd out
All the long plums too, they've left nothing here
But short wriggle tail comfits, not worth mouthing
No mar'l I heard a citizen complain once
That his wife's belly only broke his back ,
Mine had been all in fitters² seven years since,
But for this worthy knight,
That with a prop upholds my wife and me, 70
And all my estate buried in Bucklersbury ~ [*Aside*
Mis All Here, mistress Yellowhammer, and neigh
bours,

To you all that have taken puns with me,
All the good wives at once !

[*Drinks , after which Nurse hands round the wine*]

First Pur I'll answer for them ,
They wish all health and strength, and that you may
Courageously go forward, to perform

¹ Cf. Dekker's *Bachelors Banquet* cap. iii. — "Consider then what cost and trouble it will be to him to have all things fine against the christening day what store of sugar biscuits, comfits and carraways marmalade and marchpane with all kind of sweet suetlets and superfluous banqueting stuff, with a hundred other odd and needless trifles which at that time must fill the pockets of dainty dames

² Fragments

³ At this time Bucklersbury was inhabited by grocers and druggists

The like and many such, like a true sister,
With motnerly bearing [Drinks]

Allwit Now the cups troll about
To wet the gossips' whistles, it pours down, i'faith,
They never think of payment [Aside]

First Pur Fill again, nurse [Drinks 80]

Allwit Now bless thee, two at once ! I'll stay no
longer,

It would kill me, and if I paid for it — [Aside]
Will't please you to walk down, and leave the women ?

Sir Wal With all my heart, Jack

Allwit Troth, I cannot blame you

Sir Wal Sit you all merry, ladies

Gossips Thank your worship, sir

First Pur Thank your worship, sir

A'lwit A pox twice tipples ye, you're last and lowest !
[Aside]

[*Excunt* SIR W WHOREHOUND and ALLWIT]

First Pur Bring hither that same cup, nurse, I would
fain

Drive away this—hup—antichristian grief [Drinks]

Third Gos See, gossip, and she lies not in like a
countess, 90

Would I had such a husband for my daughter !

Fourth Gos Is not she toward marriage ?

Third Gos O no, sweet gossip !

Fourth Gos Why, she's nineteen

Third Gos Ay, that she was last Lammas,
But she has a fault, gossip, a secret fault

Fourth Gos A fault ? what is't ?

Thurd Gos I'll tell you when I've drunk [Drinks]

Fourth Gos Wine can do that, I see, that friendship
cannot [Aside]

Thurd Gos And now I'll tell you, gossip, she's too
free [Exit Nurse]

Fourth Gos Too free ?

Thurd Gos O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed

Fourth Gos What, and nineteen ?

Thurd Gos 'Tis as I tell you, gossip

Re enters Nurse, and whispers MAUD IN

Maud Speak with me, nurse ? who is't ?

Nurse A gentleman 100

From Cambridge, I think it be your son, forsooth

Maud 'Tis my son Tim, i'faith, puthee, call him up
Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,—

[Exit Nurse]

For he wants nothing but audacity

Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here now !

[Aside]

*Lady Kix*¹ Is your son come, forsooth ?

Maud Yes, from the university, forsooth

Lady Kix 'Tis great joy on ye

*Maud*¹ There's a great marriage

Towards² for him

Lady Kix A marriage ?

¹ The prefix to the speeches of Lady Kix (throughout the play) is simply "*Lady*" in old ed
In preparation

Maud Yes, sure,
A huge heir in Wales at least to nineteen mountains
Besides her goods and cattle

Re enter Nurse with TIM

Tim O, I'm betray'd ! [*Exit* 110

Maud What, gone again ?—Run after him, good
nurse,

He is so bashful, that's the spoil of youth [*Exit Nurse*
In the university they're kept still to men,
And ne'er train'd up to women's company

Lady Kix 'Tis a great spoil of youth indeed

Re enter Nurse and TIM

Nurse Your mother will have it so

Maud Why, son ! why, Tim !

What, must I rise and fetch you ? for shame, son !

Tim Mother, you do intreat like a fresh woman,¹
'Tis against the laws of the university

For any that has answer'd under bachelor 120
To thrust 'mongst married wives

Maud Come, we'll excuse you here

Tim Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not

Maud What, is your tutor come ? have you brought
him up ?

Tim I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door,
Negatur, there's logic to begin with you, mother

¹ *Freshman* is the academical term for one who has newly entered the university and is ignorant of its customs

Maud Run, call the gentleman, nurse he's my son's
 tutor — [*Last Nurse*
 Here, eat some plums [*Offers comfits*

Tim Come I from Cambridge,
 And offer me six plums?

Maud Why, how now Tim?
 Will not your old tricks yet be left?

Tim Serv'd like a child,
 When I have answer'd under bachelor! 1,0

Maud You'll neer lin¹ till I make you tutor whip
 you,
 You know how I serv'd you once at the free school
 In Paul's Churchyard?

Tim O monstrous absurdity!
 Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time,
 'Life, whip a bachelor! you'd be laugh'd at soundly
 Let not my tutor hear you, 'twould be a jest
 Through the whole university No more words, mother

Re enters Nurse with Tutor

Maud Is this your tutor, Tim?

Tutor Yes, surely, lady,

¹ Cense

The whipping of undergraduates was no uncommon occurrence. Aubrey relates that Milton when a student at Cambridge was whipped by his tutor, William Chappell. Chamberlain in a letter to Carleton (Feb. 12, 1612) writes — I know not whether you have heard that a son of the Bishop of Bristol his eldest of nineteen or twenty, killed himself with a knife to avoid the disgrace of bawling, which his mother or mother in law (I know not whether) would need have put him to for losing his money at tennis.

I am the man that brought him in league with logic,
And read the Dunces¹ to him

Tim That did he, mother, 140

But now I have 'em all in my own pate,
And can as well read 'em to others

Tutor That can he,

Mistress, for they flow naturally from him

Maud I am the more beholding to your pains, sir

Tutor *Non ideo sane*

Maud True, he was an idiot indeed

When he went out of London, but now he's well mended
Did you receive the two goose pies I sent you?

Tutor And eat them heartily, thanks to your worship

Maud 'Tis my son Tim, I pray bid him welcome,
gentlewomen

Tim Tim? hark you, Timotheus, mother, Timotheus

Maud How, shall I deny your name? Timotheus,
quoth he! 151

Faith there's a name!—'Tis my son Tim, forsooth

Lady Kix You're welcome, master Tim

[*Kisses* TIM

Tim O this is horrible,

She wets as she kisses! [*Aside*—You handkercher,
sweet tutor,

To wipe them off as fast as they come on

Sec Gos Welcome from Cambridge [*Kisses* TIM

Tim This is intolerable!

This woman has a villanous sweet breath,

¹ The schoolmen —so called from Duns Scotus

Did she not stink of comfits [Aside]—Help me, sweet
tutor,

Or I shall rub my lips off¹

Tutor I'll go kiss

The lower end the whilst

Tim Perhaps that's the sweeter 160

And we shall despatch the sooner

First Pur Let me come next

Welcome from the wellspring of discipline,

That waters all the brethren

[Attempts to kiss TIM, but reels and falls]

Tim Hoist, I beseech thee¹

Third Gos O bless the woman!—Mistress Under
man—— [They raise her up]

First Pur 'Tis but the common affliction of the
faithful,

We must embrace our falls

Tim I'm glad I 'scap'd it,

It was some rotten kiss sure, it dropt down

Before it came at me

Re enter ALLWIT with DAVY

Allwit Here is a noise¹ not parted yet? holda,

A looking glass!—They've drunk so hard in plate, 170

That some of them had need of other vessels — [Aside]

Yonder's the bravest show¹

Gossips Where, where, sir?

Allwit Come along presently by the Pissing conduit,¹

¹ Otherwise known as the conduit in Cornhill It was set up by John Wells Mayor, in 1430

With two brave drums and a standard bearer

Gossips O brave !

Tim Come, tutor [Exit with Tutor

Gossips Farewell, sweet gossip !

Mis All I thank you all for your pains

First Pur Feed and grow strong

[Exeunt LADY KIX, MAUDLIN, and all the Gossips

Allwt You had more need to sleep than eat ,

Go take a nap with some of the brethren, go

And rise up a well edified, boldified sister

O, here's a day of toil well pass'd over, 180

Able to make a citizen hare mad !

How hot they've made the room with their thick bums !

Dost not feel it, Davy ?

Davy Monstrous strong, sir

Allwt What's here under the stools ?

Davy Nothing but wet, sir ,

Some wine spilt here belike

Allwt Is't no worse, think'st thou ?

Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them, Davy

Davy Nor you neither, i'faith [Aside

Allwt Look how they have laid them,

E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up !

How they have shuffled up the rushes¹ too, Davy,

With their short figging little shuttle cork² heels ! 190

These women can let nothing stand as they find it

But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,

My honest Davy ?

¹ See note vol 1 p 13

The old and genuine form of *shuttle cock*

Davy If you should disclose it, sir——

Allwit 'Life, rip my belly up to the throat then, Davy !

Davy My master's upon marriage

Allwit Marriage, Davy ?

Send me to hanging rather

Davy I have stung him ! [*Aside*]

Allwit When ? where ? what is she, Davy ?

Davy Even the same was gossip, and gave the spoon

Allwit I have no time to stay, nor scarce can speak
I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break [*Exit*]

Davy I knew 'twould prick Thus do I fashion still
All mine own ends by him and his rank toil 202

'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage ,

Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare

The better at his death , there my hopes build,

Since my Lady Kix is dry, and hath no child [*Exit*]

SCENE III

A Room in Sir OLIVER KIX'S House

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior

Touch jun You're in the happiest way t' enrich your
self

And pleasure me, brother, as mine's feet can tread in ,

For though she be lock'd up, her vow is fix'd

Only to me , then time shall never grieve me,

For by that vow e'en absent [I] enjoy her,

Assuredly confirm'd that none else shall,

Which will make tedious years seem gameful to me
In the mean space, lose you no time, sweet brother ,
You have the means to strike at this knight's fortunes,
And lay him level with his bankrout¹ merit , 10
Get but his wife with child, perch at tree top,
And shake the golden fruit into her lap ,
About it before she weep herself to a dry ground,
And whine out all her goodness

Touch sen Prithce, cease ,
I find a too much aptness in my blood
For such a business, without provocation ,
You might well spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
Artichokes, potatoes, and your butter'd crab ,²
They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner
Touch jun Nay, and you'll follow my suit, and save
my purse too, 20
Fortune doats on me he's in happy case
Finds such an honest friend i' the common place³

Touch sen Life, what makes thee so merry? thou'st
no cause
That I could hear of lately since thy crosses,
Unless there be news come with new additions
Touch jun Why, there thou hast it right , I look for
her
This evening, brother

¹ The old form of *bankrupt*

² Cf Marston's *Scourge of Villany* —

“A crab's baked guts a lobster's butter'd thigh
I hear them swear is blood for venery ”

³ See note vol 1 p 259

Touch sen How's that? look for her?

Touch jun I will deliver you of the wonder straight,
brother

By the firm secrecy and kind assistance
Of a good wench i' the house, who, made of pity, 50
Weighing the case her own, she's led through gutters,
Strange hidden ways, which none but love could find,
Or ha' the heart to venture I expect her
Where you would little think

Touch sen I care not where,
So she be safe, and yours

Touch jun Hope tells me so,
But from your love and time my peace must grow

Touch sen You know the worst then, brother

[*Exit TOUCHWOOD jun*]—Now to my kin

The barren he and she, they're i' the next room,
But to say which of their two humours hold them
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly 40

Sir Ol [*within*] I thou liest, barrenness!

Touch sen O, is't that time of day? give you joy of
your tongue,

There's nothing else good in you this their life
The whole day, from eyes open to eyes shut,
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,
Then rail the second part of the first fit out,
And then be pleas'd again, no man knows which way
Fall out like giants, and fall in like children,
Their fruit can witness as much

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX *and* LADY KIX

Sir Ol 'Tis thy fault

Lady Kix Mine ? drouth and coldness !

Sir Ol Thine , 'tis thou art barren 50

Lady Kix I barren ? O life, that I durst but speak
now

In mine own justice, in mine own right ! I barren ?

'Twas otherwise with me when I was at court ,

I was ne'er called so till I was married

Sir Ol I'll be divorc'd

Lady Kix Be hang'd ! I need not wish it,
That will come too soon to thee I may say
Marriage and hanging goes by destiny,
For all the goodness I can find in't yet

Sir Ol I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful
whore,

Like an old bachelor, in a tradesman's chamber , 60
She and her children shall have all

Lady Kix Where be they ?

Touch sen Pray, cease ,
When there are friendlier courses took for you,
To get and multiply within your house
At your own proper costs in spite of censure,
Methinks an honest peace might be establish'd

Sir Ol What, with her ? never

Touch sen Sweet sir——

Sir Ol You work all in vain

Lady Kix Then he doth all like thee

Touch sen Let me entreat, sir——

- Sir Ol* Singleness confound her ! 70
 I took her with one smock
Lady Kix But, indeed, you
 Came not so single when you came from shipboard
Sir Ol Heart, she bit sore there ! [*Aside*]—Prithee,
 make us friends
Touch sen Is't come to that ? the peul begins to
 cease [*Aside*
Sir Ol I'll sell all at an out cry !
Lady Kix Do thy woist, sirve !—
 Good, sweet sir, bring us into love again
Touch sen Some would think this impossible to com
 pass — [*Aside*
 Pray, let this storm fly over
Sir Ol Good sir, pardon me ,
 I'm master of this house, which I'll sell presently ,
 I'll clap up bills this evening
Touch sen Lady, friends, come ! So
Lady Kix If ever ye lov'd woman, talk not on t, sir
 What, friends with him ? good faith, do you think I'm
 mad ?
 With one that's scarce th' hinder quarter of a man ?
Sir Ol Thou art nothing of a woman
Lady Kix Would I were less than nothing ! [*Weeps*
Sir Ol Nay, prithee, what dost mean ?
Lady Kix I cannot please you
Sir Ol I'faith, thou'rt a good soul , he lies that says it ,
 Buss, buss pretty rogue [*Kisses her*

Lady Kix You care not for me

Touch sen Can any man tell now which way they
came in ?

By this light, I'll be hang'd then ! [*Aside*

Sir Ol Is the drink come !

Touch sen Here is a little vial of almond milk, 90
That stood me in some threepence [*Aside*

Sir Ol I hope to see thee, wench, within these few
years,

Circled with children, pranking up a girl,

And putting jewels in her ¹ little ears ,

Fine sport, i'faith !

Lady Kix Ay, had you been ought, husband,
It had been done ere this time

Sir Ol Had I been ought ?

Hang thee, hadst thou been ought ! but a cross thing
I ever found thee

Lady Kix Thou'rt a grub, to sav so

Sir Ol A pox on thee !

Touch sen By this light, they're out again
At the same door, and no man can tell which way ! 100
[*Aside*

Come, here's your drink, sir

Sir Ol I'll not take it now, sir,

And I were sure to get three boys ere midnight

Lady Kix Why, there thou show'st now of what breed
thou com'st

To hinder generation O thou villain,

¹ Old ed ' their '

That knows how crookedly the world goes with us
For want of heirs, yet put by all good fortune !

Sir Ol Hang, strumpet ! I will take it now in
spite

Touch sen Then you must ride upon't five hours
[*Gives vial to Sir OLIVER*]

Sir Ol I mean so —
Within there !

Enter Servant

Ser Sir ?

Sir Ol Saddle the white mare [*Exit Servant*]
I'll take a whore along, and ride to Winc 110

Lady Kix Ride to the devil !

Sir Ol I'll plague you every way
Look ye, do you see ? 'tis gone [*Drum's*]

Lady Kix A pox go with it !

Sir Ol Ay, curse, and spare not now

Touch sen Stir up and down, sir,
You must not stand

Sir Ol Nay, I'm not given to standing

Touch sen So much the better, sir, for the——

Sir Ol I never could stand long in one place yet,
I learnt it of my father, ever figen.¹

How if I cross'd this, sir ? [*Capers*]

Touch sen O, passing good, sir,
And would show well a' horseback when you come to
your inn,

¹ Fidgety

If you leapt over a joint stool or two, 120
 'Twere not amiss—although you brake your neck, sir

[*Aside*

Sir Ol What say you to a table thus high, sir?

Touch sen Nothing better, sir, if't be furnish'd with
 good victuals

You remember how the bargain runs 'bout this business?

Sir Ol Or else I had a bad head you must receive,
 sir,

Four hundred pounds of me at four several payments,
 One hundred pound now in hand

Touch sen Right, that I have, sir

Sir Ol Another hundred when my wife¹ is quick,
 The third when she's brought a bed, and the last hundred

When the child cries, for if't should be still born, 130
 It doth no good, sir

Touch sen All this is even still

A little faster, sir

Sir Ol Not a whit, sir,
 I'm in an excellent pace for any physick

Re enter Servant

Ser Your white mare's ready

Sir Ol I shall up presently — [Exit Servant
 One kiss and farewell [Kisses her

Lady Kix Thou shalt have two, love

Sir Ol Expect me about three

¹ Old ed wives

Lady Kix With all my heart, sweet

[*Exit* SIR OLIVER KIX

Touch sen By this light, they've forgot their anger
since,

And are as far in again as e'er they were !

Which way the devil came they ? heart, I saw 'em not !

Their ways are beyond finding out [*Aside*]—Come,
sweet lady

140

Lady Kix How must I take mine, sir ?

Touch sen Clean contrary,

Yours must be taken lying

Lady Kix A bed, sir ?

Touch sen A bed, or where you will, for your own
ease,

Your coach will serve

Lady Kix The physic must needs please [*Exit* *unt*

ACT IV

SCENE I

*A Room in YELLOWHAMMER'S House**Enter TIM and Tutor**Tim* *Negatur argumentum, tutor**Tutor* *Probo tibi, pupil, stultus non est animal rationale**Tim* *Falleris sane**Tutor* *Quæso ut taceas,—probo tibi——**Tim* *Quomodo probas, domine?**Tutor* *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale**Tim* *Sic argumentaris, domine, stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale, negatur argumentum again, tutor* 10*Tutor* *Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine, qui non participat de ratione, nullo modo potest vocari rationalis, ¹ but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dici rationalis**Tim* *Participat**Tutor* *Sic disputas, qui participat, quomodo participat?**Tim* *Ut homo, probabo tibi in syllogismo*¹ Old ed rationalibus '² Old ed dicere '

Tutor Hunc proba

Tim Sic probo, domine, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale

21

Enter MAUDLIN

Maud Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em !

Tutor Sic disputas, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale

Maud Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be
Pray, give them over, faith, you'll tire yourselves,
What's the matter between you ?

Tim Nothing but reasoning
About a fool, mother

Maud About a fool, son ?

30

Alas, what need you trouble your heads 'bout that !
None of us all but knows what a fool is

Tim Why, what's a fool, mother ? I come to you
now

Maud Why, one that's married before he has wit

Tim 'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman
never brought up at the university, but bring forth what
fool you will, mother, I'll prove him to be as reasonable
a creature as myself or my tutor here

Maud Fie, 'tis impossible !

Tutor Nay, he shall do't, forsooth

Tim 'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by logic,
By logic I'll prove anything

Maud What, thou wilt not?

41

Tim I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman

Maud Nay, by my faith, she must prove that herself,
O! logic will ne'er do't

Tim 'Twill do't, I tell you

Maud Some in this street would give a thousand
pounds

That you could prove their wives so

Tim Faith, I can,

And all their daughters too, though they had three
bastards

When comes your tailor hither?

Maud Why, what of him?

Tim By logic I'll prove him to be a man,
Let him come when he will

Maud How hard at first

50

Was learning to him¹ truly, sir, I thought

He would never 'a took the Latin tongue

How many accidences do you think he wore out

Ere he came to his grammar?

Tutor Some three or four

Maud Believe me, sir, some four and thirty

Tim Pish, I made haberdines¹ of 'em in church
porches

Maud He was eight years in his grammar, and stuck
horribly

At a foolish place there, call'd *as in præsenti*

¹ "Perhaps Tim alludes to some childish sport a kind of cod generally salted, was called *haberdine*"—*Dyce*

Tim Pox, I have it here now

Maud He so sham'd me once, 60
Before an honest gentleman that knew me
When I was a maid

Tim These women must have all out¹

Maud *Quid est grammatica?* says the gentleman to
him,—

I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token,—
But nothing could he answer

Tutor How now, pupil, ha?

Quid est grammatica?

Tim *Grammatica?* ha, ha, ha!

Maud Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear you
say t now

There was one word went so prettily off
The gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it
The longest day of my life

Tutor Come, *quid est grammatica?* 70

Tim Are you not ashamed, tutor, *grammatica?*
Why, *recte scribendi atque loquendi ars*,
Sir reverence¹ of my mother

Maud That was it, I'futh why now, son,
I see you're a deep scholar —and, master tutor
A word, I pray, let us withdraw a little
Into my husband's chamber, I'll send in
The North Wales gentlewoman to him, she looks for
wooing
I'll put together both, and lock the door

¹ A corruption of *save reverence*

Tutor I give great approbation to your conclusion
 [Exeunt MAUDLIN and Tutor]

Tim I mar'l¹ what this gentlewoman should be 81
 That I should have in marriage, she's a stranger to
 me,

I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,
 To match me with a stranger so,
 A maid that's neither kiff² nor kin to me
 'Life, do they think I've no more care of my body
 Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere stranger,
 One that ne'er went to school with me neither,
 Nor ever play fellows together?
 They're mightily o'erseen in it, methinks 90
 They say she has mountains to her marriage,
 She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts
 Now, what the meaning of these runts³ should be,
 My tutor cannot tell me, I have look'd
 In Rider's Dictionary⁴ for the letter R,
 And there I can hear no tidings of these runts neither,
 Unless they should be Romford hogs, I know them not

Enter Welshwoman

And here she comes If I know what to say to her now
 In the way of marriage, I'm no graduate

¹ Marvel

² A corruption of "kith"

³ Cattle (of small size)

⁴ An English Latin and Latin English Dictionary by John Rider
 Bishop of Killaloe originally published in 1589 and frequently reprinted
 in the first half of the seventeenth century

Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done of her 100
 To come into my chamber, being but a stranger,
 She shall not say I am so proud yet but
 I'll speak to her marry, as I will order it,
 She shall take no hold of my words, I'll warrant her
 [Welshwoman *curtsies*

She looks and makes a curtsy —
*Salve tu quoque, puella pulcherrima, quid vis nescio nec
 sane curo,—*

Tully's own phrase to a heart

Welsh I know not what he means a suitor,
 quoth'a?

I hold my life he understands no English [Aside

*Tim Fertur, mehercule, tu virgo, Wallia ut opibus
 abundas¹ maximis* 112

Welsh What's this *fertur* and *abundundis*?

He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts

Tim I have no Latin word now for them runts

I'll make some shift or other [Aside

*Iterum dico, opibus abundas² maximis, montibus, et fontibus
 et ut ita dicam rontibus, attamen vero homunculus ego sum
 natura, simul³ et arte baccalaureus, lecto p^{ro}fecto non p^{er}ato*

Welsh This is most strange may be he can speak

Welsh —

120

Avedera whee comrage, der due cog foggim

Tim Cog foggim? I scorn to cog with her, I'll tell

¹ Old ed "abundis"

Old ed abundat

² "Old ed 'simule parata I am by no means satisfied with
 my alterations indeed I do not quite understand the drift of Tim's
 oration"—Dyce

hei so too in a word near her own language — *Ego non cogo*

Welsh *Rhegosin a whiggin harle ion corid ambro*

Tim By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that already,

She has the tongues plain, I hold my life she's travell'd
What will folks say? there goes the learned couple!
Faith, if the truth were known, she hath proceeded¹

Re enter MAUDLIN

Maud How now? how speeds your business?

Tim I'm glad 130

My mother's come to part us [*Aside*]

Maud How do you agree, forsooth?

Welsh As well as e'er we did before we met

Maud How's that?

Welsh You put me to a man I understand not,
Your son's no Englishman, methinks

Maud No Englishman?

Bless my boy, and born i' the heart of London!

Welsh I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him,

And I find neither Welsh nor English in him

Maud Why, Tim, how have you us'd the gentle woman?

Tim As well as a man might do, mother, in modest Latin 141

Maud Latin, fool?

¹ Taken a degree

Tim And she recoil'd in Hebrew

Maud In Hebrew, fool? 'tis Welsh

Tim All comes to one, mother

Maud She can speak English too

Tim Who told me so much?

Heart, and she can speak English, I'll clap to her,
I thought you'd marry me to a stranger

Maud You must forgive him, he's so nur'd to Latin
He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot 130
To use the Protestant tongue

Welsh 'Tis quickly pardon'd, forsooth

Maud Tim, make amends and kiss her —
He makes towards you, forsooth

Tim O delicious!

One may discover her country by her kissing
'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet
As your Welsh mutton — 'I was reported you could sing

Maud O rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs!

Tim And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry,
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,
To view how rich I were

Maud Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim — 100
Pray, forsooth

Welsh [*sings*] ¹

Cupid is Venus' only joy,
But he is a wanton boy,

¹ "Old ed. 'Musicke and Welch Song' the words probably being adapted to some Welsh air" — *Dyce*

² The first nine lines of this song with two additional lines occur in *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act 1 sc 4

*A very, very wanton boy,
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible but horrid,
'Twas he first thought,¹ upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play* 170

*Why should not Venus chide her son
For the pranks that he hath done,
The wanton pranks that he hath done?
He shoots his fiery darts so thick,
They hurt poor ladies to the quick
Ah me, with cruel wounding!
His darts are so confounding,
That life and sense would soon decay,
But that he keeps their lips in play*

Can there be any part of bliss 180
*In a quickly fleeting kiss,
A quickly fleeting kiss?
To one's pleasure kisses are but waste,
The slowest kiss makes too much haste,
And lose it ere we find it
The pleasing sport they only know
That close above and close below*

*I'm I would not change my wife for a kingdom
I can do somewhat too in my own lodging* [Sings²

¹ Old ed "taught," but "thought" is the reading in *More Dissemblers*

² I have added this stage direction as it seems to be necessary
VOL V F

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and ALLWIT

Yel Why, well said, Tim¹ the bells go merrily, 100
I love such peals a' life¹—Wite, lead them in awhile,
Here's a strange gentleman desires private conference—

[Exeunt MAUDLIN Welshwoman, and TIM]
You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake
Good master Yellowhammer I love my name well
And which o' the Yellowhammers take you descent
from,

If I may be so bold with you? which, I pray?

Allwit The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire near
Abingdon

Yel And those are the best Yellowhammers and
truest bred,

I came from thence myself, though now a citizen

I will be bold with you, you're most welcome 200

Allwit I hope the zeal I bring with me shall do
serve it

Yel I hope no less what is your will, sir?

Allwit I understand, by rumours, you've a daughter
Which my bold love shall henceforth title cousin

Yel I thank you for her, sir

Allwit I heard of her virtues
And other confirmed graces

Yel A plaguy girl, sir!

Allwit Fame sets her out with richer ornaments
Than you are pleas'd to boast of, 'tis done modestly
I hear she's towards marriage

¹ As my life

Yel You hear truth, sir

Allwit And with a knight in town, Sir Walter Whore
hound 210

Yel The very same, sir

Allwit I'm the sorrier for't

Yel The sorrier ? why, cousin ?

Allwit 'Tis not too far past, is't ?

It may be yet recall'd ?

Yel Recall'd ¹ why, good sir ?

Allwit Resolve ¹ me in that point, ye shall hear from
me

Yel There's no contract past

Allwit I'm very joyful, sir

Yel But he's the man must bed her

Allwit By no means, coz,

She's quite undone then, and you'll curse the time

That e'er you made the match, he's an arrant whore
master,

Consumes his time and state——²

Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven years,

Nay, coz, another man's wife too

Yel O, abominable ! 221

Allwit Maintains the whole house, apparels the hus
band,

Pays servants' wages, not so much, but——³

Yel Worse and worse, and doth the husband know
this ?

¹ Satisfy
So the old ed

Allwit Knows² ay, and glad he may too, 'tis his living,

As other trades thrive, butchers by selling flesh,
Poulters by vending conies, or the like, coz

Yel What an incomparable wittol's this¹

Allwit Tush, what cares he for that? believe me, coz,
No more than I do

Yel What a base slave's that¹ 230

Allwit All's one to him, he feeds and takes his ease,
Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep
To get a child yet, by his own confession,
And yet his wife has seven

Yel What, by sir Walter?

Allwit Sir Walter's like to keep 'em and maintain 'em
In excellent fashion, he dares do no less, su

Yel 'Life, has he children too?

Allwit Childien¹ boys thus high,
In their Cato¹ and Corderius²

Yel What? you jest, su?

Allwit Why, one can make a verse, and's now at
Eton College

Yel O, this news has cut into my heart, coz¹ 240

Allwit 'T had eaten nearer, if it had not been pre-
vented

One Allwit's wife

¹ Dionysius Cato's *Disticha de Moribus* was a famous old school book

² Old ed Cordelius¹ Mathurin Cordier (Corderius) was a French schoolmaster of the sixteenth century His *Colloquia* passed through numberless editions

Yel Allwit ! 'foot, I have heard of him ,
He had a girl kursen'd ¹ lately ?

Allwit Ay, that work
Did cost the knight above a hundred mark

Yel I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't,
A thousand thanks and blessings ! I have done with him

Allwit Ha, ha, ha ! this knight will stick by my ribs
still,

I shall not lose him yet , no wife will come ,
Where'er he woos, I find him still at home

Ha, ha ! [*Aside, and exit* 250

Yel Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are black,
Pray, what serves marriage but to call him back ?
I've kept a whore myself, and had a bastard
By mistress Anne, in *anno* ——²

I care not who knows it , he's now a jolly fellow,
Has been twice warden , so may his fruit be,
They were but base begot, and so was he
The knight is rich, he shall be my son in law ,
No matter, so the whore he keeps be wholesome,
My daughter takes no hurt then , so let them wed 260
I'll have him sweat well ere they go to bed

Re enter MAUDLIN

Maud O husband, husband !

Yel How now, Maudlin ?

Maud We are all undone , she's gone, she's gone !

¹ Christened

² So the old ed

Yel Again? death, which way?

Maud Over the houses lay¹ the water side,
She's gone for ever else

Yel O venturous baggage! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

Another Room in YELLOWHAMMER'S House

Enter TIM and TUTOR severally

Tim Thieves, thieves! my sister's stolen some thief
hath got her

O how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape!
'Twas all left out, tutor

Tutor Is't possible?

Tim Besides three chains of pearl and a box of coral
My sister's gone, let's look at Trig stairs for her,
My mother's gone to lay the common stans
At Puddle wharf, and at the dock below
Stands my poor silly father, run, sweet tutor, run!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A Street by the Thames

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior

Touch sen I had been taken, brother, by eight
sergeants,

¹ See note 3 vol II p 257

But for the honest watermen , I'm bound to them ,
 They are the most requitefull'st people living,
 For as they get their means by gentlemen,
 They're still the forwardest to help gentlemen
 You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars,¹
 But a while since, from two or three varlets came
 Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
 As if they'd dance the sword dance^o on the stage,
 With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts , 10
 Whilst the poor gentleman so pursu'd and banded,
 Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed
Touch jun I love them with my heart for't !

Enter several Watermen

First W Your first man, sir
Sec W Shall I carry you, gentlemen, with a pair of
 oars?
Touch sen These be the honest fellows take one
 pair,
 And leave the rest for her
Touch jun Barn Elms
Touch sen No more, brother [Exit
First W Your first man
Sec W Shall I carry your worship?
Touch jun Go , and you honest watermen that stay,

¹ The theatre at Blackfriars

Sword dancing was a Christmas pastime peculiar to the North of England It is described in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*

Here's a French crown for you [*gives money*] there
comes a maid

With all speed to take water, row her lustily 20
To Barn Elms after me

Sec W To Barn Elms, good, sir —
Make ready the boat, Sam, we'll wait below
[*Exeunt* Watermen]

Enter MOLL

Touch jun What made you stay so long?

Moll I found the way more dangerous than I look'd
for

Touch jun Away, quick, there's a boat waits for
you, and I'll

Take water at Paul's wharf, and overtake you

Moll Good sir, do, we cannot be too safe [*Exeunt*]

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, YELLOWHAMMER, TIM,
and Tutor

Sir Wal Life, call you this close keeping?

Yel She was kept
Under a double lock

Sir Wal A double devil!

Tim That's a buff sergeant, tutor, he'll ne'er wear
out 30

Yel How would you have women lock'd?

Tim With padlocks, father,
The Venetian uses it, my tutor reads it

Sir Wal Heart, if she were so lock'd up, how got she
out?

Yel There was a little hole look'd into the gutter,
But who would have dreamt of that?

Sir Wal A wiser man would

Tim He says true, father, a wise man for love
Will seek every hole, my tutor knows it

Tutor *Verum poeta dicit*

Tim *Dicit Virgilius*, father

Yel Prithce, talk of thy gills¹ somewhere else, sh as
play'd

The gill with me where's your wise mother now? 40

Tim Run mad, I think, I thought she would have
drown'd herself,

She would not stay for oars, but took a smelt boat,
Sure I think she be gone a fishing for her

Yel She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now,
Will serve us all to supper

Enter MAUDLIN, drawing in MOLL by the hair, and
Watermen

Maud I'll tug thee home by the hair

First W Good mistress, spare her!

Maud Tend your own business

First W You're a cruel mother

[*Exeunt* Watermen]

Moll O, my heart dies!

Maud I'll make thee an example
For all the neighbours' daughters

Moll Farewell, life!

¹ Wanton women

Maud You that have tricks can counterfeit

Yel Hold, hold, Maudlin! 50

Maud I've brought your jewel by the hair

Yel She's here, knight

Sir Wal Forbear, or I'll grow worse

Tim Look on her, tutor,

She hath brought her from the water like a mermaid,

She's but half my sister now, as far as the flesh goes,

The rest may be sold to fishwives

Maud Dissembling, cunning baggage!

Yel Impudent strumpet!

Sir Wal Either give over, both, or I'll give over —

Why have you us'd me thus unkind[ly], mistress?

Wherein have I deserv'd?

Yel You talk too fondly, sir

We'll take another course and prevent all 60

We might have done't long since, we'll lose no time now,

Nor trust to't any longer to-morrow morn,

As early as sunrise, we'll have you join'd

Moll O, bring me death to night, love pitying fates,

Let me not see to-morrow up on¹ the world!

Yel Are you content, sir? till then she shall be
watch'd

Maud Baggage, you shall

Tim Why, father, my tutor and I

Will both watch in armour

[*Exeunt* MAUDLIN, MOLL, and YELLOWHAMMER

Tutor How shall we do for weapons?

¹ Old ed vp \pon³

Tim Take you

No care for that, if need be, I can send 70

For conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet,

'Tis but at Westminster, I am acquainted

With him that keeps the monuments, I can borrow

Harry the Fifth's sword, it will serve us both

To watch with [Exeunt *TIM* and Tutor

Sir Wal I never was so near my wish

As this chance makes me ere to morrow noon

I shall receive two thousand pound in gold,

And a sweet maidenhead worth forty

Re enter TOUCHWOOD junior and Waterman

Touch jun O, thy news splits me !

Water Half drown'd, she cruelly tugg'd her by the
hair, 80

Forc'd her disgracefully, not like a mother

Touch jun Enough leave me, like my joys —

[Exit *Waterman*

Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way ?

Heart, villain, is it thou ?

Sir Wal Yes, slave, 'tis I

Touch jun I must break through thee then there is
no stop

That checks my tongue¹ and all my hopeful fortunes,

That breast excepted, and I must have way

Sir Wal Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in play

¹ i e perhaps suit—if it be not a misprint — *Dyce*

Touch jun Sir, you will gain the heart in my breast
first ¹

Sir Wal There is no dealing then, think on the
dowry 90

For two thousand pounds [*They fight*

Touch jun O, now 'tis quit, sir

Sir Wal And being of even hand, I'll play no longer

Touch jun No longer, slave?

Sir Wal I've certain things to think on,
Before I dare go further

Touch jun But one bout'

I'll follow thee to death, but hr' it out [*Exeunt*

¹ Old ed at first '

ACT V

SCENE I

A Room in ALLWIT'S House

Enter ALLWIT, MISTRESS ALLWIT, and DAVY

Mis All A misery of a house !

Allwit What shall become of us !

Davy I think his wound be mortal

Allwit Think'st thou so, Davy ?

Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy ,

This is no world for me, whene'er he goes ,

I must e'en truss up all, and after him, Davy ,

A sheet with two knots, and away

Davy O see, sir !

*Enter Sir WALTER WHOREHOUND led in by two Servants,
who place him in a chair*

How faint he goes ! two of my fellows lead him

Mis All O me ! *[Swoons]*

Allwit Heyday, my wife's laid down too, here's like
to be

A good house kept, when we're all together down

Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there,
 Let me come to his worship, let me come

Sir Wal Touch me not, villain, my wound aches at
 thee,

Thou poison to my heart¹

Allwit He raves already,
 His senses are quite gone, he knows me not —
 Look up, an't like your worship, heave those eyes,
 Call me to mind, is your remembrance left?
 Look in my face, who am I, an't like your worship?

Sir Wal If anything be worse than slave or villain,
 Thou art the man¹

Allwit Alas, his poor worship's weakness¹ 20
 He will begin to know me by little and little

Sir Wal No devil can be like thee¹

Allwit Ah, poor gentleman
 Methinks the pain that thou endurest [mads thee]¹

Sir Wal Thou know'st me to be wicked, for thy
 baseness

Kept the eyes open still on all my sins,
 None knew the dear account my soul stood charg'd
 with

So well as thou, yet, like hell's flattering angel,
 Wouldst never tell me on't, lett'st me go on,
 And join with death in sleep, that if I had not
 Wak'd now by chance, even by a stranger's pity, 30
 I had everlastingly slept out all hope
 Of grace and mercy

¹ The bracketed words were added by Dyce

Allwit Now he's worse and woiſe
Wife, to him, wife, thou waſt wont to do good on him

Mis All How is it with you, ſir?

Sir Wal Not as with you,
Thou loathſome ſtrumpet! Some good, pitying man,
Remove my ſins out of my ſight a little,
I tremble to behold her, ſhe keeps back
All comfort while ſhe ſtays Is this a time,
Unconſcionable woman, to ſee thee?
Art thou ſo cruel to the peace of man, 40
Not to give liberty now? the devil himſelf
Shows a far fairer reverence and reſpect
To goodneſs than thyſelf, he dares not do this,
But part[s] in time of penitence, hides his face,
When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place
Haſt thou leſs manners and more impudence
Than thy inſtructor? prithee, ſhow thy modeſty,
If the leaſt grain be left, and get thee from me
Thou ſhouldeſt be rather lock'd many rooms hence
From the poor miſerable ſight of me, 50
If either love or grace had part in thee

Mis All He's loſt for ever! [*Aside*

Allwit Run, ſweet Davy, quickly,
And fetch the children hither, ſight of them
Will make him cheerful ſtraight [*Exit DAVY*

Sir Wal O death! is this
A place for you to weep? what tears are thoſe!
Get you away with them, I ſhall fare the worſe
As long as they're a weeping, they work againſt me,
There's nothing but thy appetite in that ſorrow,

Thou weep'st for lust, I feel it in the slackness
 Of comforts coming towards me, I was well 60
 Till thou began'st t' undo me this shows like
 The fruitless sorrow of a careless mother,
 That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows,
 And then stands by and weeps to see him suffer

Re enter DAVY with NICK, WAT, and other children

Davy There are the children, sir, an't like your
 worship,
 Your last fine girl, in troth, she smiles [on you],
 Look, look, in faith, sir

Sir Wal O my vengeance!
 Let me for ever hide my cursed face
 From sight of those that darkens all my hopes,
 And stands between me and the sight of heaven! 70
 Who sees me now—O, O,¹—and those so near me,
 May rightly say I am o'ergrown with sin
 O, how my offences wrestle with my repentance!
 It hath scarce breath,
 Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,
 And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
 Ere they be half way up What's he knows now
 How long I have to live? O, what comes then?
 My taste grows bitter, the round world all gall now,
 Her pleasing pleasures now hath poison'd me, 80

¹ Old ed. *ho to* and those &c —Probably my reading is not correct
 but I dislike Dyce's O too

SCENE I] *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*

Which I exchang'd my soul for
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me !

Allwit Speak to him, Nick

Nick I dare not, I'm afraid

Allwit Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with
making moan

Sir Wal Wretched, death of seven !¹

Allwit Come let's be talking

Somewhat to keep him alive Ah, surah Wat,
And did my lord bestow that jewel on thee
For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin ? thou
Art a good forward boy, there's great joy on thee

Sir Wal O sorrow !

Allwit Heart, will nothing comfort him ? 90

If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan [Aside
Here's pen and ink, and paper and all things ready,
Will't please you worship for to make your will ?

Sir Wal My will ! yes, yes, what else ? who writes
apace now ?

Allwit That can your man Davy, an't like your
worship,

A fair, fast, legible hand

Sir Wal Set it down then [DAVY writes

Imprimis, I bequeath to yonder wittol

Three times his weight in curses

Allwit How !

Sir Wal All plagues

Of body and of mind

¹ His seven children by Mistress Allwit

Allwnt Write them not down, Davy

Davy It is his will, I must

Sir Wal Together also

100

With such a sickness ten days ere his death

Allwnt There's a sweet legacy ' I'm almost chok'd
with't [Aside

Sir Wal Next, I bequeath to that foul whore his wife
All barrenness of joy, a drouth of virtue,
And dearth of all repentance for her end,
The common miserv of an English strumpet,
In French and Dutch, beholding, ere she dies
Confusion of her brats before her eyes,
And never shed a tear for't

Enter Third Servant

Third Ser Where's the knight?—

O sir, the gentleman you wounded is
Newly departed!

110

Sir Wal Dead? lift, lift, who helps me?

Allwnt Let the law lift you now that must have all,
I have done lifting on you, and my wife too

Third Ser You were best lock yourself close

Allwnt Not in my house, sir,
I'll harbour no such persons as men slaves,
Lock yourself where you will

Sir Wal What's this?

Mrs All Why, husband!

Allwnt I know what I do, wife

Mrs All You cannot tell yet,

For having kill'd the man in his defence,
Neither his life nor estate will be touch'd, husband

Allwit Away, wife! hear a fool! his lands will hang
him 120

Sir Wal Am I denied a chamber?—What say you,
foisooth?

Mrs All Alas, sir, I am one that would have all well,
But must obey my husband—Prithee, love,
Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded
There's a close chamber at one end of the gairt
We never use, let him have that, I prithee

Allwit We never use? you forgot sickness then,
And physic times, is't not a place for easement?

Sir Wal O, death! do I hear this with part
Of former life in me?—

Enter Fourth Servant

What's the news now? 130

Fourth Ser Troth, worse and worse, you're like to
lose your land,

If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon

Allwit Hark you there, wife

Sir Wal Why, how, sir?

Fourth Ser Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new quicken'd
That child undoes you, sir

Sir Wal All ill at once!

Allwit I wonder what he makes here with his
consorts?

Cannot our house be private to ourselves,
But we must have such guests? I pray, depart, sirs,

140

Sir Wal I'll soon save you that labour

Allwert I must tell you, sir,

You have been somewhat bolder in my house

Than I could well like of, I suffer'd you

Till it stuck here at my heart , I tell you truly

I thought y'had been familiar with my wife once

Mis All With me ' I'll see him hang'd first, I defy
him,

And all such gentlemen in the like extremity

Sir Wal If ever eyes were open, these are they

Gamesters, farewell, I've nothing left to play 150

Allwert And therefore get you gone, sir

[Exit Sir WALTER, led off by Servants

Davy Of all wittols

Be thou the head—thou the grand whore of spittles !

[L rit

I am right glad I'm so well rid of him

Mrs All I knew he durst not stay when you nam'd
officers

Allwert That stopp'd his spirits straight What shall
we do now, wife?

Mis All As we were wont to do

Allwit We're richly furnish'd, wife,

With household stuff

Mrs All Let's let out lodgings then,

And take a house in the Strand

Allwit In troth, a match, wench !
 We're simply stock'd with cloth of tissue cushions 160
 To furnish out bay windows , push, what not
 That's quaint and costly, from the top to the bottom ,
 Life, for furniture we may lodge a countess
 There's a close stool of tawny velvet too,
 Now I think on it, wife

Mis All There's that should be, sir ,
 Your nose must be in every thing

Allwit I've done, wench ,
 And let this stand in every gallant's chamber,—
 There is no gamester like a politic sinner,
 For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner [Exeunt

SCENE II

A Room in YELLOWHAMMER'S House

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and MAUDLIN

Maud O husband, husband, she will die, she will
 die !

There is no sign but death

Yel 'Twill be our shame then

Maud O, how she's chang'd in compass of an hour !

Yel Ah, my poor gul ! good faith, thou wert too
 cruel

To drag her by the hair

Maud You'd have done as much, sir
 To curb her of her humour

Yel 'Tis curb'd sweetly,
She catch'd her bane o' th' water

Enter TIM

Maud How now, Tim?

Tim Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph
Upon my sister's death

Maud Death? she's not dead, I hope?

Tim No, but she means to be, and that's as good, 10
And when a thing's done, 'tis done, you taught me¹
that, mother

Yel What is your tutor doing?

Tim Making one too, in principal pure Latin,
Cull'd out of Ovid, [his] *de Tristibus*

Yel How does your sister look? is she not chang'd?

Tim Chang'd? gold into white money was ne'er so
chang'd
As is my sister's colour into paleness

Enter MOLLY, led in by Servants, who place her in a chair

Yel O, here she's brought, see how she looks like
death!

Tim Looks she like death and ne'er a word made
yet?

I must go beat my brains against a bed post, 20
And get before my tutor [Exit

¹ Does he allude to the foolish game called *A tuning done* &c? See B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revers* [iv. 1] —Dyce

Yel Speak, how dost thou?

Moll I hope I shall be well, for I m as sick
At heart as I can be

Yel 'Las, my poor girl!
The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,
The worst ingredience dissolv'd pearl and amber,
We spare no cost, girl

Moll Your love comes too late,
Yet timely thanks reward it What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?
It is no doctor's art can cure my grier

Yel All is cast away, then, 30
Prithee, look upon me cheerfully

Maud Sing but a strain or two, thou wilt not think
How 'twill revive thy spirits strive with thy fit,
Prithee, sweet Moll

Moll You shall have my good will, mother

Maud Why, well said, wench

Moll [*sings*]

Weep eyes, break heart!

My love and I must part

Cruel fates true love do soonest sever

O, I shall see thee never, never, never!

O, happy is the maid whose life takes end 40

Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!

Weep eyes, break heart!

My love and I must part

Maud O, I could die with music!—Well sung, girl

Moll If you call't so, it was

Yel She plays the swan,
And sings herself to death

Enter TOUCHWOOD senior

Touch sen By your leave, sir

Yel What are you, sir? or what's your business, pray?

Touch sen I may be now admitted, though the
brother

Of him your hate pursu'd it spreads no further
Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir? 50

Yel In death?

Touch sen He's dead 'twas a dear love to him,
It cost him but his life, that was all, sir,
He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love

Yel There's all our ill remov'd, it she were well
now — [*Aside*

Impute not, sir, his end to any hate
That sprung from us, he had a fair wound brought that

Touch sen That help'd him forward, I must needs
confess,

But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,
Those were the wounds that from his heart drew blood
But being past help, let words forget it too 60
Scarcely three minutes ere his eyelids clos'd,
And took eternal leave of this world's light,
He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me
To give to her own hands, that's all my business

Yel You may perform it then, there she sits

Touch sen O, with a following look!

Yel Ay, trust me, sir,
I think she'll follow him quickly

Touch sen Here's some gold
He will'd me to distribute faithfully
Amongst your seivants [Gives gold to Servants

Yel 'Las, what doth he mean, sir ?

Touch sen How cheer you, mistress ?

Moll I must learn of you, sir 70

Touch sen Here is a letter from a friend of yours,
[Giving letter to MOLL

And where that fails in satisfaction,

I have a sad tongue ready to supply

Moll How does he, ere I look on't ?

Touch sen Seldom better,
Has a contented health now

Moll I'm most glad on't

Maud Dead, sir ?

Yel He is now, wife, let's but get the girl
Upon ner legs again, and to church roundly with
her

Moll O, sick to death, he tells me how does he
after this ?

Touch sen Faith, feels no pain at all, he's dead,
sweet mistress

Moll Peace close mine eyes ! [Swoons

Yel The girl ! look to the girl, wife !

Maud Moll, daughter, sweet girl, speak ! look but
once up, 81

Thou shalt have all the wishes of thy heart
That wealth can purchase !

Yel O, she's gone for ever !
 That letter broke her heart
Touch sen As good now then
 As let her lie in torment, and then break it

Enter SUSAN

Maud O Susan, she thou lovedst so dear is gone !
Susan O sweet maid !
Touch sen This is she that help'd her still —
 I've a reward here for thee
Yel Take her in,
 Remove her from our sight, our shame and sorrow
Touch sen Stay, let me help thee, 'tis the last cold
 kindness 90

I can perform for my sweet brother's sake
[Exeunt TOUCHWOOD senior, SUSAN, and
Servants carrying out Maud]

Yel All the whole street will hate us and the world
 Point me out cruel it's our best course, wife,
 After we've given order for the funeral,
 T' absent ourselves till she be laid in ground

Maud Where shall we spend that time ?

Yel I'll tell thee where, wench
 Go to some private church, and marry I'm
 To the rich Biecknock gentlewoman

Maud Mass, a match,
 We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch

[Exeunt]

SCENE III

*A Room in Sir OLIVER KIX's House**Enter Sir OLIVER KIX and Servants*

Sir Ol Ho, my wife's quicken'd, I'm a man for ever!

I think I have bestirr'd my stumps, i'faith
Run, get your fellows all together instantly,
Then to the parish church and ring the bells

First Ser It shall be done, sir [*Exit*

Sir Ol Upon my love

I charge you, villain, that you make a bonfire
Before the door at night

Sec Ser A bonfire, sir?

Sir Ol A thwacking one, I charge you

Sec Ser This is monstrous [*Aside and exit*

Sir Ol Run, tell a hundred pound out for the gentle
man

That gave my wife the drink, the first thing you do 10

Third Ser A hundred pounds, sir?

Sir Ol A bargain as our joy grows,
We must remember still from whence it flows,
Or else we prove ungrateful multipliers

[*Exit Third Servant*
The child is coming, and the land comes after,
The news of this will make a poor sir Walter
I've strook it home, i'faith

Fourth Ser That you have, marry, sir,

But will not your worship go to the funeral
Of both these lovers?

Sir Ol Both? go both together?

Fourth Ser Ay, sir, the gentleman's brother will have
it so,

'Twill be the pitifull'st sight¹ there is such running, 20
Such rumours, and such throngs, a pair of lovers
Had never more spectators, more men's pities,
Or women's wet eyes

Sir Ol My wife helps the number then

Fourth Ser There is such drawing out of handker
chiefs,

And those that have no handkerchers lift up rapiers

Sir Ol Her parents may have joytul hearts at this
I would not have my cruelty so talk'd on
To any child of mine for a monopoly

Fourth Ser I believe you, sir

'Tis cast¹ so, too, that both their coffins meet, 30
Which will be lamentable

Sir Ol Come, we'll see't [*Exeunt*]

¹ Unchanged

SCENE IV

Near a Church

Recorders dolufully playing, enter at one door the coffin of TOUCHWOOD junior, solemnly decl'd, his sword upon it, attended by many gentlemen in black, among whom are Sir OLIVIER KIX, ALLWIT, and Paison, TOUCHWOOD senior being the chief mourner at the other door the coffin of MOLL, adorned with a garland of flowers, and epitaphs pinned¹ on it, attended by many matrons and maids, among whom are LADY KIX, MISTRESS ALIWILL, and SUSAN, the coffins are set down, one right over against the other, and while all the company seem to weep and mourn, there is a sad song in the music room

Touch sen Never could death boast of a richer prize
From the first parent, let the world bring forth
A pair of truer hearts To speak but truth
Of this departed gentleman, in a brother
Might, by hard censure, be call'd flattery,
Which makes me rather silent in his right
Than so to be deliver'd to the thoughts
Of any envious hearer, starv'd in virtue
And therefore pining to hear others thrive,
But for this maid, whom envy cannot hurt
With all her poisons, having left to ages
The true, chaste monument of her living name,

10

¹ It was the custom to affix elegies and epitaphs to coffins

Which no time can deface, I say of her
 The full truth freely, without fear of censure
 What nature could there sh[¹]ine, that might redeem
 Perfection home to woman, but in her
 Was fully glorious? beauty set in goodness
 Speaks what she was, that jewel so infix'd,
 There was no want of anything of life
 To make these virtuous precedents man and wife 20
Allwit Great pity of their deaths!
First Mour Never more pity!
Lady Kir It makes a hundred weeping eyes, sweet
 gossip
Touch sen I cannot think there's any one amongst
 you
 In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,
 Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and glad
 ness
 To have seen their marriage day
*Sec Mour*¹ It would have made
 A thousand joyful hearts
Touch sen Up then upace,
 And take your fortunes, make these joyful hearts,
 Here's none but friends
 [MOLL and TOUCHWOOD jump out of their coffins
*Third Mour*¹ Alive, sir?
*Fourth Mour*¹ O sweet, dear couple!
Touch sen Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from
 about 'em, 30

¹ Old ed. *All*

If she be caught again, and have this time,
I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest chamber
maid,

That help'd all at a push

*Touch jun*¹ Good sir, ar'ce

Parson Hands join now, but hearts for ever,

[*MOLL and TOUCHWOOD junior join hands*

Which no parent's mood shall sever

You shall forsake all widows, wives, and maids—

You lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades,—

And if in haste any article misses,

Go interline it with a brace of kisses

Touch sen Here's a thing troll'd nimbly —Give you
joy, brother,

40

We're't not better thou shouldst have her than the maid
should die?

Mis All To you, sweet mistress bride

*First Mow*² Joy, joy to you both

Touch sen Here be your wedding sheets you brought
along with you,

You may both go to bed when you please too

Touch jun My joy wants utterance

Touch sen Utter all at night

Then, brother

Moll I am silent with delight

Touch sen Sister, delight will silence any woman,

But you'll find your tongue again 'mong maid servants,
Now you keep house, sister

¹ Old ed *T* 5
Old ed *all*

Sec Mour Never was hour so fill'd with joy and wonder 50

Touch sen To tell you the full story of this chamber maid,

And of her kindness in this business to us,
'Twould ask an hour's discourse, in brief, 'twas she
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly

Third Mour We shall all love her for't

Fourth Mour See, who comes here now !

Enter YELLOWHAMMER and MAUDLIN

Touch sen A storm, a storm ! but we are shelter'd
for it

Yel I will prevent¹ you all, and mock you thus,
You and your expectations, I stand happy
Both in your lives, and your hearts' combination

Touch sen Here's a strange day again !

Yel The knight's prov'd villain, 60
All's come out now, his niece an arrant baggage,
My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,
Even before breakfast, married a whore
Next to his heart

Mourners A whore !

Yel His niece, forsooth

Allwit I think we rid our hands in good time of him

Mis All I knew he was past the best when I gave
him over —

What is become of him, pray, sir ?

¹ Anticipate

Yel Who, the knight?

He lies i' th' Knights' ward,¹—now your belly, lady,

[*To* *LADY KIX*

Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,

His creditors are so greedy

Sir Ol Master Touchwood,

70

Hear'st thou this news? I'm so endear'd to thee

For my wife's fruitfulness, that I charge you both,

Your wife and thee, to live no more asunder

For the world's frowns, I've purse, and bed, and board

for you

Be not afraid to go to your business roundly,

Get children, and I'll keep them

Touch sen Say you so, sir?

Sir Ol Prove me with three at a birth, and thou
dar'st now

Touch sen Take heed how you dare a man, while you
live, sir,

That has good skill at his weapon

Sir Ol 'Foot, I dare you, sir!

Enter *TIM*, *Welshwoman*, and *Tutor*

Yel Look, gentlemen, if e'er you saw² the picture 80
Of the unfortunate marriage, yonder 'tis

Welsh Nay, good sweet *Tim*—

Tim Come from the university

¹ See note 3 vol 1 p 192

² Old ed say "

To marry a whore in London, with my tutor too !

O tempora ! O mores !

Tutor Prithce, Tim, be patient

Tim I bought a jade at Cambridge

I'll let her out to execution, tutor,

For eighteenpence a day, or Brainford¹ horse races,

She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well

Where be these mountains ? I was promis'd mountains,

But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em 90

What are become of those two thousand runts ?²

Let's have a bout with them in the meantime ,

A vengeance runt thee !

Maud Good sweet Tim, have patience

Tim *Flectere³ si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo,*
mother

Maud I think you have married her in logic, Tim

You told me once by logic you would prove

A whore an honest woman , prove her so, Tim,

And take her for thy labour

Tim Troth, I thank you

I giant you, I may prove another man's wife so,

But not mine own

Maud There's no remedy now, Tim , 100

You must prove her so as well as you may

Tim Why then

My tutor and I will about her as well as we can

Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falleris⁴

¹ Brentford

³ Virg. *Æn.* vii 312

See note 3 p 77

⁴ Old ed. "falacis"

Welsh Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,
There's a thing call'd marriage, and that makes me
honest

Maud O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim !

Tim I perceive then a woman may be honest
According to the English print, when she's
A whore in the Latin, so much for marriage and logic
I'll love her for her wit, I'll pick out my runts there, 110
And for my mountains, I'll mount upon——¹

Yel So fortune seldom deals two marriages
With one hand, and both lucky, the best is,
One feast will serve them both marry, for room,
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ So old ed

THE WIDOW

*The Widow A Comedie As it was Acted at the private House in
Black Fryers, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants*

Written by $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Ben Johnson} \\ \textit{John Fletcher} \\ \textit{Iho Middleton} \end{array} \right\} \textit{ Gent}$

*Printed by the Orignal Copy London, Printed for Humphrey
Moseley and are to be Sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Princes
Arms in St Pauls Church yard 1652 4to*

" On the title page of a copy of the 4to, in my possession, '*Ben Johnson*' and '*John Fletcher*' are drawn through with a pen, and the word '*alone*' is written in an old hand, after '*The Middleton*'—*Dyce*

From Sir Henry Heiberts Office Book (see Malone's *Shakespeare*, 1821, iii 273) we learn that in 1660 *The Widow* was one of the stock pieces belonging to the Red Bull Company, who played it on 16th November of that year "It was revived," says Langbaine, "not many years ago at the King's House with a new Prologue and Epilogue, which the reader may find in *London Drollery*, p 11, 12"—*Account of English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p 298

TO THE READER

CONSIDERING how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues, instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believed it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. As the one was deserved by their work in subduing their country's enemies, so the other by their recreation and delight, which was to banish that folly and sadness that were worse than Hannibal or all the monsters and venom of Africa. Since our own countrymen are not in anything inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement, that the past license and abuses charged on the stage might not ever be thought too unpardonable to pass in oblivion, and so good laws and instructions for manners, incapable of being regulated, which, if but according to this pattern,

certainly none need think himself the less a good
Christian for owning the same desire as

Your humble servant,

ALEXANDER GOUGH ¹

¹ Before the outbreak of the Civil Wars he had been an actor (of women's parts) at the Blackfriars. When the theatres were closed he helped to organise surreptitious representations at noblemen's houses particularly at Holland House. He used to be the jester and give notice of time and place. (See Wright's *Historia Histrionica*.)

PROLOGUE

A SPORT only for Christmas is the play
This hour presents t' you , to make you gay ¹
Is all th' ambition 't has, and fullest aim
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name ,
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh

¹ Old ed. "merry"—I have adopted Weber's alteration for the sake of the rhyme

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BRANDINO, *a justice*
MARTINO, *his clerk*
FRANCISCO
ATTILIO
RICARDO, *sutor to Valeria*
Two Old Men, suitors to Valeria
LATROCINIO, }
OCCULTO, } *Thieves*
SILVIO }
STRATIO, }
FIDUCIO, }
SERVELLIO
Officers, Servants

VALLIA, *a widow*
PHILIPPA, *her sister, wife to Brandino*
MARTIA, *daughter to one of Valeria's suitors, and disguised as*
Ansaldo
VIOLETTA, *waiting maid to Philippa*

Scene CAPO D'ISTRIA and the neighbouring country

THE WIDOW

—o—

ACT I

SCENE I

A Room in BRANDINO'S House

MARTINO *seated at a writing table* *enter* FRANCISCO

Fran Martino¹

Mar Signor Francisco? you're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning I never saw you yet but I was sure of money within less than half an hour

Fran I bring you the same luck still

Mar What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

Fran Yes, faith, for another warrant

Mar Why, there's my dream come out then I never dreamed of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a warrant, it is the luckiest part of all the body to me let every man speak as he finds Now your usurer is of opinion that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream, and I think if a man dream of

that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, th' other's the broth so 'tis in all his members, and we mark it, if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge, they're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop
Why, sir, signor Francisco !

Fran 'Twas her voice sure, 21
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,

And makes a sound like her's [Aside

Mar Sir, I beseech you——

Fran It is the prettiest contriv'd building this !
What posy's that, I prithee ?

Mar Which, sir ? that
Under the great brass squirt ?

Fran Ay, that, sir, that

Mar *From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice*

Fran There's like to be a good house kept then
when fire and water's forbidden to come into the
kitchen — 31

Not yet a sight of her ! this hour's unfortunate — [Aside

And what's that yonder, prithee ?—O love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee ! [Aside]—Ay, I hear
you, sir

Mar You're quicker ear'd than I then, you hear me
Before I heard myself

Fran A gift in friendship,
Some call it an instinct

Mar It may be,
Th' other's the sweeter phrase though Look you, sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle,
A goose quill and a clerk, a constable and a lantern, 40
Brings many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief
to one turn

Fran That one turn help'd you well

Mar 'T has helped me to money indeed for many a warrant I am forty dollars the better for that one turn, and 'twould come off quicker, 'twere ne'er a whit the worse for me But, indeed, when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there's my gains, then goes out more warrants to fetch 'em again One fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars in and out a' that fashion I love such a one with my heart, ay, and will help him to 'scape too, and I can hear you me that I'll have him in at all times at a month's warning, nay, sry I let him run like a summer nag all the vacation—see you these blanks? I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance Nothing kills my heart but when one of 'em dies, sir, then there's no hope of more money I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief, for he's a gentleman I'm more beholding to 60

Fran You betray your mystery too much, sir—Yet
no comfort?

'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for,
For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict,
Yet that I cannot have

[*Aside*

Mar I'm ready now, signor Here are blank war rants of all dispositions, give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits

Fran This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence and suspicion 70
From my too frequent coming What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating [*Aside*]—One Attilio,¹
His offence wilful murder

Mar Wilful murder? O, I love a' life² to have such
a fellow come under my fingers! like a beggar that's
long a taking leave of a fit louse, I'm loath to part with
him, I must look upon him over and over first Are
you wilful? 'faith, I'll be as wilful as you then [*Writes*
[*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear above*³ at a
window

Phil Martino!

Mar Mistress?

Phil Make haste, your master's going 80

Mar I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth,
I'll despatch that presently

Phil Good morrow, sir —O that I durst say more!

[*Aside, and exit above with VIOLETTA*

Fran 'His gone again since such are all life's
pleasures,

No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em

¹ The name of one of the characters in the play —Old ed "Astilio "

² As my life

³ On the upper stage

The length of life has but a longer dream,
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing

[*PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA appear again above*

Phil He cannot see me now, I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash Sweetly compos'd he is,
Now as he stands he's worth a woman's love 90
That loves only for shape, as most on's do,
But I must have him wise as well as proper,¹
He comes not in my books else,² and indeed
I've thought upon a course to try his wit
Violetta

Vio Mistress?

Phil Yonder's the gentleman again

Vio O sweet mistress,

Pray give me leave to see him!

Phil Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, and you love me

Vio No, I've the view of [his] whole body here,
mistress,

At this poor little slit O, enough, enough! 100
In troth, 'tis a fine outside

Phil I see that

Vio Has curled his hair most judiciously well

Phil Ay, there's thy love now! it begins in barbarism
She buys a goose with feathers that loves a gentleman for 's hair, she may be cozened to her face,

¹ Handsome

Equivalent to in my favour See Nares' Glossary
VOL V I

wench Away he takes his leave Reach me that letter
hither, quick, quick, wench

[VIOLETTA brings a letter, which PHILIPPA
presently throws down]

Mar [*giving warrant to FRANCISCO*] Nay, look
upon't, and spare not every one cannot get that kind
of warrant from me, signor Do you see this prick i' th'
bottom? it betokens power and speed, it is a privy
mark that runs betwixt the constables and my master
those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for
lechery or murder, and this being away, the warrant
comes gelded and insufficient 115

Fran I thank you, sir

Mar Look you, all these are *nihi*s
They want the punction

Fran Yes, I see they do, sir

There's for thy pains [*giving money*] —mine must go
unrewarded

The better love, the worse by fate regarded [*Aside and exit*]

Mar Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer
that ever penman was blest withal! Now will he come
for another to morrow again if he hold on this course,
he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelve
month no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time

Phil Martino!

125

Mar Say you, forsooth?

Phil What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar Paper?—'Tis the warrant, I hope, if it be, I'll
hide it, and make him pay for't again No, pox, 'tis not
so happy [*Aside*]

Phil What is't sirrah ?

Mar 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth

Phil Is that nothing ?

Mar Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress

Phil A letter ? why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir 136

Mar So has a warrant, and you go to that, mistress

Phil Read but the superscription, and away with't
Alas ! it may concern the gentleman nearly !

Mar Why, mistress, this letter is at home already

Phil At home ? how mean you, sir ? 141

Mar You shall hear, mistress [*reads*] — *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, mistress Philippa Brandino*

Phil How, sir, to me ?

Mar I o you, mistress

Phil Run, as thou lov'st my honour and thy life,
Call him again, I'll not endure this injury —
But stay, stay, now I think on't, 'tis my credit,
I'll have your master's counsel Ah, base fellow,
To leave his loose lines thus ! 'tis even as much 150
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom !

Mar 'Las, 'tis my office, mistress !
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now,
The velvet's coming over pray be milder
A man that has a place must take money of anybody

please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll
make you a warrant for him now, that's all I care for
him 161

Phil Well, look you be clear now from this foul con-
spiracy

Against mine honour, or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here,
It shall not, trust to't [*Exit above with VIOLETTA*]

Mar This is strange to me now
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new year's
tide?

A man that had his blood as hot as hers now
Would fit her with French velvet I'll go near it

Enter BRANDINO and PHILIPPA

Phil If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master 170
Both of your fame and mine

Bran Signor Francisco!
I'll make him fly the land

Mar That will be hard, sir
I think he be not so well feather'd, master,
Has spent the best part of his patrimony

Phil Hark of his bold confederate!

Bran There thou'rt bitter,
And I must chide thee now

Phil What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants

Bran There it goes then —
Come hither, knave comes he to you for warrants?

Mar Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds 180
That comes by fortune and by nature, sir

Bran True, that comes by fortune and by nature —
Wife,
Why dost thou wrong this man?

Mar He needs no warrant, master, that goes about
such business a cuckold maker carries always his war-
rant about him

Bran La, has he answer'd well now, to the full?
What cause hast thou t' abuse him?

Phil Hear me out, I pray
Through his admittance, h'as had opportunity
To come into the house, and count me boldly 190

Bran Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks

Mar Who, I, sir?

Bran You gave this man admittance into th' house

Mar That's true, sir you ne'er gave me any order
yet

To write my warrants i' th' street

Bran Why, sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife, ha, 'cause I love him?

Phil Pray, see the fruits, see what h'as left behind
here

Be angry where you should be there's few wives
Would do as I do

Bran Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest

Phil She's a beast
That ever was found otherways

Bran Read, Martino

200

Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite

Mar [*reads letter*] *Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress—*

Bran O, every letter draws a tooth, methinks¹

Mar And it leads mine to watering

Phil Here's no¹ villany¹

Mar [*reads*] *My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning—*

Bran O plot of villany¹

Phil Am I honest, think you, sir?

Bran Exactly honest, perfectly improv'd — 210

On, on, Martino

Mar [*reads*] *I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long desired opportunity at the back gate, between nine and ten this night—*

Bran I feel this Inns & court man in my temples¹

Mar [*reads*] *Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vowed service to woman —* FRANCISCO

Bran I will make Francisco smart for't¹ 220

Phil Show him the letter, let him know you know him,
That will torment him all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that that breaks his heart

¹ Ironical

² e, proved

Bian The strings shall not hold long then —Come,
Martino

Phil Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night, if not, he never shall [*Aside*
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

The Country near FRANCISCO'S House

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, and ATTILIO

Ric Nav, mark, mark it, Francisco, it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained, a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again To see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins¹ your college for your old standing scholar, your hospital for your lame creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer,¹ your open house for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman,—ha, Francisco?

Fran Ay, sir, you may be merry, you're in hope of a rich widow 11

Ric And why shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee? thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company I'll be hanged now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness, and confess truly, i'faith, thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life

¹ Hectoring gallant

Fran Marry, I hope so, sir

Ric A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with't with all speed, man! I was never merry at heart while I had a foot Why, man, fortune never minds us till we are left alone to ourselves, for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have looked after a rich widow? alas! I should have married some poor young maid, got five and twenty children, and undone myself! 27

Fran I protest, sir, I should not have the face, though, to come to a rich widow with nothing

Ric Why, art thou so simple as thou makest thyself? dost think, i'faith, I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Fran I mean with state not answerable to her's

Ric Why, there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on, She knows all this, and yet I'm welcome to her

Fran Ay? that's strange, sir

Ric Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart,
And make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace,
She has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors 39
One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares th' unconscionable rascal trouble me,
Sh'as told him thus, those that profess love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or else get him gone first, she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift,
Therefore to all will show a kind respect

Fran Why, this is like a woman I ha no luck
in't

Ric And as at a sheriff's table,—O blest custom '—
A poor indebted gentleman may dine, 50
Feed well and without fear, and depart so,
So to hei lips fearless I come and go

Fran You may well boast, you're much the happier
man, sir

Ric So you would be, and you would sell your land,
sir

Fran I've heard the circumstance of your sweet
fortunes

Pruthee give ear to my unlucky tale now

Ric That's an ill hearing, but come on for once,
sir

Fran I never yet lov'd but one woman

Ric Right,

I begun so too, but I ve lov'd a thousand since

Fran Pray, hear me, sir but this is a man's wife 60

Ric So has five hundred of my thousand been

Fran Nay, see and you'll regard me !

Ric No? you see I do,

I bring you an example in for everything

Fran This man's wife——

Ric So you said

Fran Seems very strict

Ric Ha, humph !

Fran Do you laugh at that?

Ric Seems very strict, you said,

I hear you, man, i'faith, you're so jealous still !

Fran But why should that make you laugh?

Ric Because she seems so you're such another!

Fran Nay, sir, I think she is

Ric You cannot tell¹ then? 70

Fran I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still

Ric Ha, hum! this 'tis to be a landed man
Come, I perceive I must show you a little of my fortune,
and instruct you
Not ask the question?

Fran Methought still she frown'd, sir

Ric Why, that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so
scurvily

Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't
else,

I'll show you her condition² presently 80
I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get
up at horse tail before you get into the saddle have
you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being
but in hose and doublet? I think, if I should put on a
farthingale, thou wouldst never have the heart to do't

Fran Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you,
sir

Ric In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee
without one

¹ i.e. you know not what to think of it See Dyce's *Shakespeare
Glossary*
Disposition

Fran Nav, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman 90

Ric You shall pardon me for that, friend I will not think it till I see't

Fran Why, you shall then I shall be glad to learn too

Of one so deep as you are

Ric So you may, sir —

Now 'tis my best course to look mildly, I shall put him out at first else

Fran A word, sweet lady!

Ric With me, sir? say your pleasure

Fran O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long!

Ric Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove

Too scornful, be content when you're well us'd 101

Fran You say well, sir — Lady, I've lov'd you long

Ric 'Tis a good hearing, sir — If he be not out now, I'll be hanged!

Fran You play a scornful woman!¹ I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been used to 'em why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you Alas! 'tis nothing for a man to talk when a woman gives way to't! one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind as thou playedst her

Ric Not altogether, perhaps he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little, they'll look he that plays 'em should do't a great deal then 112

¹ A reference perhaps to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* printed in 1616 but produced *circa* 1612

Fran Come, come, I'll play the woman that I'm
us'd to

I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet,
All your things comes on easy

Ric Say you so, sir?

I'll try your ladyship, 'faith — Lady, well met

Fran I do not think so, sir

Ric A scornful gom¹ and at the first dash too¹

My widow never gave me such an answer,

I'll to you again, sir —

120

Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely¹

Fran There's nobody bids you, sir

Ric Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest, crossest
baggage that ever man met withal¹ but I'll see thee
hanged, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this — Why,
thou'rt too awkward, surah

Fran Hang thee, base fellow¹

Ric Now, by this light, he thinks he does't indeed¹
Nay, then, have at your plum tree¹ 'faith, I'll not be
foiled — Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you
have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will
love you

1,2

¹ "Gom" (A S) = man fellow Reed observes prosily —

² Ricardo therefore means that Francisco in his assumed character of a woman acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a male¹ In his edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher* iv 318 Dyce proposes to read glum i.e. a gloomy sour look

³ Plum tree' = *puerum muliebrem* See Cotgrave under *Hoche prumer* The expression have at your plum tree occurs again in *Anything for a Quiet Life*

Fran Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman

Ric What a pestilent quean's this¹ I shall have much
ado with her, I see that—Tell me, as you're a woman,
lady, what serve kisses for but to stop all your mouths?

Fran Hold, hold, Ricardo!

Ric Disgrace me, widow?

Fran Art mad? I'm Francisco

Att Signor Ricardo, up, up!

Ric Who is't? Francisco?

Fran Francisco, quotha! what, are you mad, sir?

Ric A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury
thou hast done me, I was i' the fairest dream This is
your way now, and¹ you can follow it 143

Fran 'Tis a strange way, methinks

Ric Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully
then,

For I am like the actor that you spoke on
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within these three hours 150

Att }
Fran } We should be proud of that, sir

Ric List to me then

I'll place you two,—I can do't handsomely,
I know the house so well,—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I She's a most affable one,
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,

¹ If

Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare

Fran But do you love her?
And then 'twill prosper

Ric By this hand, I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too 160

Fran It shall be done then

Ric But stay, stay, Francisco,
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence,
now?

Fran Why, hark you, sir [Whispers

Ric Enough, command my life
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife

[*Exeunt RICARDO and ATTILIO*

Fran O, that's now with me past hope! yet I must
love her
I would I could not do't!

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO

Mar Yonder's the villain, master

Bran Francisco? I am happy

Mar Let's both draw, master, for there's nobody with
him

Stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too, 170
Let's draw just both together, and keep even

Bran What and we kill'd him now, before he saw us?

Mar No, then he'll hardly see to read the letter

Bran That's true, good counsel, marry

Mar Marry, thus much, sir, you may kill him law

fully all the while he's a reading on't, as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife all the while he's asleep

Bran He turns, he looks—Come on, sir, you, Francisco!

I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain, 180
He lov'd me well too, but you love my wife, sir
After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false

Fran No, sir, you were not best

Bran But I will say in spite of thee, my wife's honest

Mar And I, my mistress

Fran You may, I'll give you leave

Bran Leave or leave not, there she defies you, sir

[*Gives the letter*]

Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one man a lecher may,
That sins in cambric now

Mar And in lawn too, master 190

Bran Nay, read and tremble, sir

Mar Now shall I do't, master? I see a piece of an open seam in his shirt shall I run him in there? for my sword has ne'er a point

Bran No, let him foam a while

Mar If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill him by daylight, we had need have a lanthorn

Bran Talk not of lanthorns, he's a sturdy lecher,
He would make the horns fly about my ears 200

Fran I apprehend thee admirable woman !
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty [*Aside*

Bran Now, sir, have you well view'd your bastard
there,

Got of your lustful brain ? give you joy on't !

Fran I thank you, sir although you speak in jest,
I must confess I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted her, tempted and urg'd her

Bran Did you so, sir ? then first,
Before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house

Mar And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office
die to morrow next, thou never get'st warrant of me more,
for love or money 212

Fran Remember but again from whence I came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me

Bran How's this ?

Mar Pray, hear him, it may grow to a peace for,
master, though we have carried the business nobly, we
are not altogether so valiant as we should be

Bran Peace ? thou say'st true in that—What is't
you'd say, sir ?

Fran Was not my father—quietness be with him !—
And you sworn brothers ?

Bran Why, right, that's it urges me 221

Fran And could you have a thought that I could
wrong you,
As far as the deed goes ?

Bran You took the course, sir

Fran To make you happy, and¹ you rightly weighed it

¹ If

Mar Troth, I'll put up¹ at all adventures, master
It comes off very fair yet

Fran You in years
Married a young maid what does the world judge,
think you?

Mar Byrlady,² master, knavishly enough, I warrant
you,
I should do so myself

Fran Now, to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood, 230
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you lov'd, that now confirmed,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit

Mar O master, let me weep while you embrace him !

Bran Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee ?
Lives he here still ? what, will he show himself
In his male seed to me ? give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me
Prithee, forgive me !

Mar And me too, prithee !

Bran Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it

Mar Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too

Fran To see how soon man's goodness 243
May be abus'd !

Bran But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have !

Fran Sir, I take it

A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it ¹ [*Exit*

Bran Martino, I applaud my fortune and thy counsel

Mar You never have ill fortune when you follow it
Here was things turned now in the true nature of a quiet
duello, a great strife ended, without the rough soldier
or the — ¹ And now you may take your journey 251

Bran Thou art my glee, Martino [*Exeunt*

¹ There is a blank left in the old ed

ACT II

SCENE I

A Room in VALERIA'S House

Enter VALLERIA and SERVELLIO

Val Servellio !

Ser Mistress ?

Val If that fellow come again,

Answer him without me , I'll not speak with him

Ser He in the nutmeg colour'd band, forsooth ?

Val Ay, that spic'd coxcomb, sir ne'er may I marry
again, *[Exit SERVELLIO*

If his right worshipful idolatrous face

Be not most fearfully painted , so hope comfort me,

I might perceive it peel in many places ,

And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,

As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner ,

It show'd me enough there, prodigious pride, 10

That cannot but fall scornfully I'm a woman ,

Yet, I praise heaven, I never had th' ambition

To go about to mend a better workman

She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it

He that likes me not now as heaven made me,
I'll never hazard hell to do him a pleasure,
Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste¹
To please some gaudy goose in the morning
A wise man likes that best that is itself,
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer 20
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy¹
Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him,
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly
I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em

*Enter RICARDO, followed by FRANCISCO and AITILIO,
who conceal themselves*

Ric And so, as I said, sweet widow——

Val Do you begin where you left, sir?

Ric I always desue, when I come to a widow, to
begin i' th' middle of a sentence, for I presume she has
a bad memory of a woman that cannot remember what
goes before 31

Val Stay, stay, sir, let me look upon you well,
Are not you painted too?

Ric How, painted, widow?

Val Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me,
sir

Ric That makes me love thee

Val I mean painted gentleman,
Or, if you please to give him a greater style, sir

¹ Almond paste was used for whitening the skin

Blame me not, sir, it's a dangerous age, I tell you ,
Poor simple dealing women had need look about 'em

Ric But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?

Val Nay, here lately, sir 40

Ric Here? a pox, I think I smell him ! 'tis vermilion
sure , ha, oil of ben !¹ Do but show him me, widow,
and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately
geld him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones

Val Suffices you've express'd me your love and
valour,

And manly hate 'gainst that unmanly pride
But, sir, I'll save you that labour , he ne'er comes
Within my door again

Ric I'll love your door the better while I know't,
widow , a pair of such brothers are fitter for posts²
without door indeed, to make a show at a new chosen
magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber
No, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man ,
all that you see of me is full mine own, and what you
see or not see, shall be yours I ever hated to be
beholding to art, or to borrow anything but money 56

Val True, and that you never use to pay again

Ric What matter is't? if you be pleased to do't for
me, I hold it as good

¹ An aromatic gum brought from the Levant

² Frequent allusions are made to the posts that stood at sheriffs and other magistrates doors Cf *Twelfth Night* 1 5,—“He says hell stand at your door lil e a sheriff's post ” These posts were repainted when new magistrates entered into office See Nares' *Glossary*

Val O, soft you, sir, I pray !

Ric Why, i'faith, you may, and you will

Val I know that, sir

Ric Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were
as you there's few women else but has

Val But since I cannot have it in all, signor,
I care not to have it in anything

Ric Why, you may have't in all, and you will, widow

Val Pish ! I'd have one that loves me for myself,
sir,

Not for my wealth, and that I cannot have

Ric What say you to him that does the thing you
wish for ?

Val Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him
then

Ric Your hand and faith ?

Val My hand and faith

Ric 'Tis I, then

Val I shall be glad on't, trust me, 'shrew my heart
else !

Ric A match !

[FRANCISCO and ATTILIO come forward

Fran Give you joy, sweet widow !

Att Joy to you both !

Val How ?

Ric Nay, there's no starting now, I have you fast,
widow —

You're witness, gentlemen

Fran } We'll be depos'd on't
Att }

marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a drawing
Abused? by whom, widow? 123

Val Nay, by a beggar

Sec Sutt A beggar? I'll have him whipt then, and
sent to the House of Correction

Val Ricardo, sir

Sec Sutt Ricardo? nay, by th' mass, he's a gentle
man beggar, he'll be nanged before he be whipt Why,
you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope? 130

Val 'Tis too good for him, that's the thing he'd have,
He would be clapt up, whether I would or no, me
thinks,

Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract

First Sutt O politic villain!

Val But I'm resolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him, 140
He never shall obtain me

Sec Sutt Hold you there widow,
Well fare your heart for that, i'faith

First Sutt Stay, stay, stay,
You broke no gold between you?

¹ See note 1, vol iv p 355 —Scott in *The Bride of Lammermoor* says that the practice of breaking gold (as a pledge of constancy) still lingered in some parts of the country I suspect that in these hard times it has become quite extinct

Val We broke nothing, sir

First Suit Nor drunk to one another ?

Val Not a drop, sir

First Suit You're sure of this you speak ?

Val Most certain, sir

First Suit Be of good comfort, wench I'll undertake
then,

At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee

Val O, do but that, sir, and you bind me to you !

Here shall I try your goodness I'm but a woman,

And, alas ! ignorant in law businesses 150

I'll bear the charge most willingly

First Suit Not a penny ,

Thy love will reward me

Val And where love must be,

It is all but one purse, now I think on't

First Suit All comes to one sweet widow

Sec Suit Are you so forward ? [*Aside*

First Suit I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco ,
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all

We'll begin first with them

Val I like that strangely

First Suit I have a daughter run away, I thank her ,
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake

Some of 'em has got her up

Val Your daughter ? what, sir, Martia ?

First Suit Ay, a shake wed her ! 161

I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself , she was like to be shrewdly hurt,
widow

Val It was too happy for her

First Suit I'm of thy mind

Farewell, sweet widow, I'll about this straight,
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges

Val How I love your providence ! [*Exit First Suitor*]

Sec Suit Is my nose bor'd ! I'll cross ye both for this,
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side
I have enough, and I will have my humour 170
I may get out of her what may undo her too [*Aside*
Hark you sweet widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he'll o'erthrow you else

Val Marrv, fair hope, forbid !

Sec Suit That will he marry, le' me see, le' me see,
Pray how far past it 'tween you and Ricardo ?

Val Farther, sir,

Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet

Sec Suit Pray, let me hear't, I've a shrewd guess o'
th' law

Val Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith 180
To marry none but him

Sec Suit Indeed !

Val Ay, trust me, sir

Sec Suit I'm very glad on't, I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now

Val What said you, sir ?

Sec Suit He shall not want money in an honest
cause, widow,

I know I've enough, and I will have my humour

Val Are all the world betrayers ?

Sec Suit Pish, pish, widow¹
 You've borne me in hand¹ this three months, and now
 fobb'd me

I've known the time when I could please a woman
 I'll not be laugh'd at now, when I'm crost, I'm a tiger
 I have enough, and I will have my humour 190

Val This only shows your malice to me,
 The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
 So much in your debt already

Sec Suit Therefore I do't,
 I have no way but that to help myself,
 Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow,
 He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
 I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him

Val I look'd for this from you

Sec Suit I ha' not deceiv'd you then [*Exit VALERIA*
 Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take
 I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her 200
 I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
 But two I got once of a scouring woman,
 And they're both well provided for, they're i' th'
 Hospital²

I have ten thousand pounds to bury me,
 And I will have my humour [*Exit*

¹ Borne me in hand " = kept me in expectation

² *see*, Christ's Hospital, where foundlings were educated Cf. *The New Inn*, IV 2 —

He had no father I warrant him that durst own him
 Some foundling in a stall or the church porch
 Brought up in the Hospital

SCENE II

*A Street**Enter FRANCISCO*

Fran A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his dear friend I'm forc'd to steal from 'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use
What says her amiable, witty letter here ? [*Reads letter*
'*Twixt nine and ten*,—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven ,
As fit as can be , he that follows lechery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I, methinks
Sun sets at eight, it's 'bove an hour high yet ,
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horse , and a good gallop 10
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet

Enter First Suitor and Officers

First Suit Here's one of 'em , begin with him first,
officers

First Off By virtue of this writ we attach your body ,
sir [*Officers seize FRANCISCO*

Fran My body ? 'life, for what ?

First Suit Hold him fast, officers

First Off The least of us can do't, now his sword's
off, sir ,

We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man

Fran O treacherous fortune!—
Why, what's the cause?

First Suit The widow's business, sir
I hope you know me?

Fran For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it

First Suit O, you're mad, sir, 20
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow

Fran She's simply stood for then what's this to me,
sir,

Or she, or you, or any of these flesh hooks?

First Suit You're like to find good bail before you
leave us,

Or he till the suit's tried

Fran O my love's misery!

First Suit I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
With all severity, build upon that, sir

Enter RICARDO and ATTILIO

Fran How I could¹ curse myself!

Ric Look, here's Francisco
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

Att 'Tis strange to me

Ric I tell you 'tis his fashion 30

He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company —
A pox on thee, Francisco! wilt never leave
Thy old tricks? are these lousy companions for thee?

¹ Old ed would "

Fran Pish, pish, pish ¹

First Suit Here they be all three now , 'prehend 'em,
officers [Officers *seize* RICARDO and ATTILIO

Ric What's this ?

Fran I gave you warning enough to make away ,
I'm in for the widow's business, so are you now

Ric What, all three in a noose ? this is like a widow's
business indeed 40

First Suit Sh'as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you
catch'd her

The widow means now to begin with you, sir

Ric I thank her heartily, sh'as taught me wit, for
had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her
indeed By this light, the widow's a notable housewife ¹
she bestirs herself I have a greater mind to her now
than e'er I had I cannot go to pison for one I love
better, I protest, that's one good comfort —

And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb ? ¹

First Suit It seems you know me by your anger, sir

Ric I've a near guess at you, sir

First Suit Guess what you please, sir, 51
I'm he ordain'd to trounce you, and, indeed,
I am the man must carry her

Ric Ay, to me ,
But I'll swear she's a beast, and she carry thee

First Suit Come, where's your bail, sir ? quickly, or
away

Ric Sir, I'm held wrongfully , my bail's taken already

¹ What are you for a coxcomb ?' See note 1, vol III p 41

First Suit Where is't, sir, where?

Ric Here they be both Pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of 'em And you be honest officers, let's bail one another, for, by this hand, I do not know who will else —

61

Enter Second Suitor

'Ods light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way out again my debts, my debts! I'm like to die i' th' Hole¹ now

First Suit We have him fast, old signor, and his consorts,

Now you may lay action on action on him

Sec Suit That may I, sir, i'faith

First Suit And I'd not spare him, sir

Sec Suit Know you me, officers?

First Off Your bounteous worship, sir

Ric I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him

70

Sec Suit Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman

Fran Which gentleman?

Sec Suit Not you, sir, you're too hasty,
No, nor you neither, sir, pray, stay your time

Ric There's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me

Sec Suit Deliver me, Ricardo

Ric O, sure he lies,
Or else I do not hear well

¹ See note 3 vol 1 p 192

First Off Signor Ricardo—

Ric Well, what's the matter?

First Off You may go, who lets¹ you?

It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you

Ric Bail me?

80

Sec Suit Ay, will I, sir Look in my face, man,
Thou'st a good cause, thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

Ric Ay, every penny, as I'm a gentleman

Sec Suit No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make
thee,

And that's as good at all times

First Suit But, I pray, sir,—

You go against the hair² there

Sec Suit Against the widow, you mean, sir,
Why, 'tis my purpose truly, and 'gainst you too
I saw your politic combination,
I was thrust out between you Here stands one
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest, 90
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her
I have enough, and I will have my humour

First Suit Hang thee! I have a purse as good as
thine

Ric I think they're much alike, they're rich knaves
both — [Aside

Heart, and I take you railing at my patien, sir,
I'll cramp your joints!

¹ Hinders —The words You may go who lets you? are given to Ricardo in the old ed

² See note 2 vol 11 p 49

Sec Surt Let him alone, sweet honey,
I thank thee for thy love though

Ric This is wonderful!

Fran O Ricardo,

'Tis seven struck in my pocket! I lose time now 100

Ric What say'st, Francisco?

Fran I ha' mighty business

That I ne'er thought on, get me bail'd, I'm spoilt else

Ric Why, you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous
courtesy,

I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again

Fran Do somewhat, and you love me!

Ric I'll make trial, faith—

May't please you, sir,—'life, if I should spoil all now!

Sec Surt What say'st, Ricardo?

Ric Only a thing by th' way, sir,

Use your own pleasure

Sec Surt That I like well from thee

Ric 'Twere good, and those two gentlemen were
bail'd too, 110

They're both my witnesses

Sec Surt They're well, they're well

And they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em
Let 'em go to prison, they'll be forthcoming the better
I have enough, and I will have my humour

Ric I knew there was no more good to be done upon
him

'Tis well I've this, heaven knows I never look'd for't

Fran What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd thus!

First Off O, patience !

Fran Pox o' your comfortable ignorance !

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO

Bran Martino, we ride slow

Mar But we ride sure, sir ,

Your hasty riders often come short home, master 120

Bran Bless this fair company !

Fran Here he's again too ,

I am both sham'd and cross'd

Bran Seest thou who's yonder, Martino ?

Mar We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master

Bran How now, Francisco, art thou got before me ?

Fran Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you

Bran What, no, in hold ?

Ric Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman !

Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him

Bran Why do not you do t then ?

Mar La, you, sir, now, my master has that honesty, 130

He's loath to take a good deed from you, sir

Ric I'll tell you why, I cannot, else I would, sir

Fran Luck, I beseech thee !

If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to

His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression [Aside

Bran A matter but of controversy ?

Ric That's all, trust me, sir

Bran Francisco shall ne'er lie for't , he's my friend,

And I will bail him

Mar He's your secret friend, master ,

Think upon that

Bran Give him his liberty, officers,
Upon my peril, he shall be forthcoming 140

Fran How I am bound to you!

First Suit Know you whom you cross, sir?
'Tis at your sister's suit, be well advis'd, sir

Bran How, at my sister's suit? take him again then

Fran Why, sir, do you refuse me?

Bran I'll not hear thee

Ric This is unkindly done, sir

First Suit 'Tis wisely done, sir

Sec Suit Well shot, foul malice!

First Suit Flattery stinks worse, sir

Ric You'll ne'er leave till I make you stink as bad,
sir

Fran O Martino, have I this for my late kindness?

Mar Alas! poor gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't — Hark you, master, 150
Your sister's suit, said you?

Bran Ay, sir, my wife's sister

Mar And shall that daunt you, master? think again
Why, were't your mother's suit,—your mother's suit,
Mark what I say,—the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman

Bran Yea, am I so? how prov'st thou that, Mar
tino?

Mar Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?
Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
And can you do too much for such a man? 160
Shall it be said, I serve an ingrateful master?

Bran Never, Martino, I will bail him now,
And 'twere at my wife's suit

Fran 'Tis like to be so [Aside

Mar And I his friend, to follow your example,
master

Fran Precious Martino!

First Suit You've done wondrous well, sir,
Your sister shall give you thanks

Ric This makes him mad, sir

Sec Suit We'll follow't now to th' proof

First Suit Follow your humour out,
The widow shall find friends

Sec Suit And so shall he, sir,
Money and means

Ric Hear you me that, old huddle!¹

Sec Suit Mind him not, follow me, and I'll supply
thee, [Exeunt First Suitor and Officers 170
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees
I've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour

[Exit with RICARDO and ATTILIO

Bran Fare thee well once again, my dear Fran-
cisco,

I prithee, use my house

Fran It is my purpose, sir

Bran Nay, you must do't then, though I'm old, I'm
free [Exit

Mar And when you want a warrant come to me

[Exit

¹ A term of contempt for a sordid old man

Fran That will be shortly now, within this few
hours

This fell out strangely happy Now to horse,
I shall be nighted but an hour or two 180
Never breaks square¹ in love, he comes in time
That comes at all, absence is all love's crime [*Exit*]

¹ Never breaks square = never gives offence See Halliwell's
Dictionary, *sub* Squares

ACT III

SCENE I

The Country

*Enter OCCULFO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, and other
Thieves*

Occ Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder
hill,

If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly

Sil Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd,
sir

Occ Have you the blue coats¹ and the beards?

Sil They're here, sir

Occ Come, come away, then, a fine cock shoot²
evening [*Exeunt*

¹ They were to disguise themselves as serving men

The commoner form is *cock shut* "A large net stretched across a glade and so suspended upon poles as to be easily drawn together. Evidently from *cock* and *shut*, being employed to catch or shut in woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening when woodcocks go out to feed. Hence cock shut time and cock shut light were used to express the evening twilight"—*Nares*. The corruption *cock shoot* is perhaps intentional and the meaning may be—it is a fine evening for sport

Enter LATROCINIO and MARTIA, disguised as a man

Lat [*sings*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c*

Martia Troth, you're the merriest and delightfull'st company, sir,

That ever traveller was blest withal,

I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir

Lat Pish, I've a hundred of 'em

Martia And believe me, sir, 10

I'm infinitely taken with such things

Lat I see there's music in you, you kept time, methought,

Pretty and handsomely with your little hand there

Martia It only shows desire, but, troth, no skill, sir

Lat Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, sir,

I'll have another for you

Martia It rids way pleasantly

Lat Le' me see now—one confounds another, sir—
You've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies?*¹

Martia O, that is all the country over, sir!

There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd 20

Lat Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then [*Sings*

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,²

I take no rents, yet am not poor,

¹ We have the entire song in *More Dissemblers besides Women*

There is an early MS copy of this song (with some slight variations)

in Add MS 10 319 fol 96

*I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot,
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine,
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place
The maids sit up and watch their turns, 30
If I stay long, the tapster mourns,
The cool maid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the chamberlin¹
But when I knock, O how they bustle!
I he oster yawns, the geldings jostle,
If maid but sleep, O how they curse her!
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, sir!*

Martia How, su ?

Lat Few words quickly, come, deliver your purse,
sir!

Martia You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope,
SIR. 40

To sing me out of my money?

Lat 'Tis most fit

Art should be rewarded you must pay your music,
sir,

Where'er you come

Martia But not at your own carving

Lat Nor am I common in't come, come, your purse,
sir!

1 Head waiter

Martia Say it should prove th' undoing of a gentle man ?

Lat Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in us than in usurers? young gentleman, you've small reason for that, i'faith

Martia There 'tis, and all I have [*gives purse*], and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have !

Lat Sir, that's not written 50
In my belief yet, search—'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm—I must have more, sir

Martia May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir !

And more I know, than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants

Lat Search, and that speedily if I take you in hand,

You'll find me rough, methinks men should be rul'd,
When they're so kindly spoke to fie upon't !

Martia Good fortune and my wit assist me then !
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't — [*Aside*
Look, sir, I've search'd, here's all that I can find, 61

[*Presents a pistol*

And you're so covetous, you'll have all, you say,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to

Lat A pox o' that young devil of a handful long,
That has fiay'd many a tall thief from a rich purchase !¹

Martia This and my money, sir, keeps company,

¹ Booty

Where one goes, th' other must , assure your soul
They vow'd never to part

Lat Hold, I beseech you, sir !

Martia You rob a prisoner's box¹ and you rob me,
sir

Lat There 'tis again [Returns purse

Martia I knew 'twould never prosper with you , 70
Fie, rob a younger brother? O, take heed, sir !

'Tis against nature that perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle , it should seem so,
By the small means was left you, and less manners
Go, keep you still before me , and, do you hear me?
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing

Lat O, horrible punishment ! [A song

Re enter STRATIO, disguised as a servant

Stra Honest gentleman——

Martia How now, what art thou?

Stra Stand you in need of help?

I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me, 80
A knight of worship , he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill

Martia Thanks, honest friend

Lat I taste this trick already [Aside and exit

Stra Look, he's gone, sir ,
Shall he be stopt? what is he?

¹ i. e. , the box, } down by the prisoner through the prison grating to
receive money or } food from the charitable

Martia Let him go, sir,
He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort

Str You have your purse still then?

Martia Ay, thanks fair fortune
And this grim handful!

Str We were all so 'fraid o' you,
How my good lady cried, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that But you're too mild, sir,
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, faith, 90
Before h'ad gone, having so sound a means too

Martia Why, there's the jest, man, he had once my
purse

Str O villain! would you let him 'scape un
massacred?

Martia Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight
again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol

Str Troth, I should laugh at that

Martia It was discharg'd, sir,
Before I meddled with't

Str I'm glad to hear't [Seizes her

Martia Why, how now? what's your will?

Str Ho, Latrocinio,
Occulto, Silvio!

*Re enter LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO, and
other Thieves*

Lat What, are you caught, sir?

Str The pistol cannot speak

Lat He was too young
I ever thought he could not, yet I fear'd him 100

Martia You've found out ways too merciless to
betray,

Under the veil of friendship and of charity

Lat Away, sirs, bear him into th' next copse and
strip him

Stra Brandino's copse, the justice?

Lat Best of all, sir, a man of law, a spider lies un
suspected in the corner of a buckram bag, man

Martia What seek you, sirs? take all, and use no
cruelty

Lat You shall have songs enough

Song by LATROCINIO and the other Thieves

How round the world goes, and everything that's in it! 110

The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute

From the usurer to his sons there's a current swiftly runs,

*From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the
thief,*

From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen,

From the country to the court, and so it comes to us agen

How round the world goes, and everything that's in it!

The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute

[Exeunt

SCENE II

*Before BRANDINO'S House**Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above, at a window**Phil* What time of night is't ?*Vio* Time of night do you call't ?

It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress

Phil Fie on him ! there's no looking for him then ,
Why, sure this gentleman apprehends me not*Vio* 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool mis-
tress*Phil* Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not out in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wise man,
I'll never trust him with my reputation ,
Therefore I made this trial of his wit
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself, 10
He will worse understand what's good for me*Vio* But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter ?*Phil* How thou pliest me
With suppositions ! why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him as to be young again,
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him*Vio* There's no remedy then ,
I must conclude Francisco is an ass*Phil* I would my letter, wench, were here again ! 20

I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one,
And travel some five year first

Vio So h'ad need, methinks,
To understand the words, methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the per-
ceivance¹

Of a cock sparrow, that will come at Philip,²
And can nor write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa,
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd!

Phil He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah³
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench,
Well not sit up for nothing

Vio That's poor comfort though 31

Phil Better than any's brought, for aught I see yet
So set to your lute [*They sing*

Phil *If in this question I propound to thee*

Be any, any choice,

Let me have thy voice

Vio *You shall most frie*

¹ So Dyce for old ed s perseverance In the Addenda to his *Beaumont and Fletcher* he quotes from one of the poems appended to Matthew Grove's *History of Pelops and Hippodamia*, 1587 —

And when *perseverance* did him tike
That every wight was gone, &c Sig H m

Philip or Phip was the common name for a sparrow Skelton in his *Elegy on Philip Sparrow* writes—

And when I said *Phip Phip*
Then he would leap and skip
And take me by the lip'

³ A term frequently applied to women

Phil Which hadst thou rather be,
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress, 40
Or an old man's wife?

Vio The choice is hard, I know not which is best,
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least

Phil But being not bound, my dearest sweet,
I could shake off the other

Vio Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by t'other

Phil You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chooses [Exeunt above]

Enter MARTIA in a shirt

Martia I ha' got myself unbound yet, merciless
villains, 50

I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me,
'Tis for my sins That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far, yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now
To knock will be too bold, I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring

Enter FRANCISCO

Fran Was ever man so cross'd? no, 'tis but sweat,
sure, 60
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me,

By my ill purpose , for 'tis man's own sin
That puts on armour upon all his evils, 90
And gives them strength to strike him Were it less
Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him
Were this a business now to save an honour,
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then,
Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee now I dare not
Why may't not be the spirit of my father,
That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
Now to abuse? and I've been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't, 100
Scap'd death but lately too, nay, most miraculously
And what does fond man venture all these ills for,
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
For that which, being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
To death eternal What delight has man
Now at this present for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? 'las, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains with him!
The kind man bail'd me too, I will not do't now, 110
And 'twere but only that How blest were man
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant
Whose check soe'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee, peace requite thee!
Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell!
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell [Exit

He were not fit for woman's fellowship ,
I've been at cost too for a banquet for him
Why, 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit ,
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness

Enter VIOLETTA

Vio O mistress, mistress !

Phil How now, what's the news? 10

Vio O, I was out of my wits for a minute and a
half !

Phil Hah !

Vio They are scarce settled yet, mistress

Phil What's the matter ?

Vio Do you ask that seriously ?

Did you not hear me squeak ?

Phil How? sure thou art

Out of thy wits indeed

Vio O, I'm well now

To what I was, mistress

Phil Why, where's the gentleman ?

Vio The gentleman's forthcoming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco

Phil What say'st? not Francisco ?

Vio Pish, he's a coxcomb ! think not on him, mis-
tress 20

Phil What's all this ?

Vio I've often heard you say, ye'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt than a fool feather'd ,

And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentle
man,

Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with
him

The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress,
I think it was a shirt, I know not well,
For gallants wear both¹ now a days

Phil This is strange

Vio But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one, 30
Francisco is a child of Egypt² to him
I could not but, in pity to th' poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits

Phil 'Twas charitably done

Vio You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I
did Sweet youth! I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the
loveliest, properest³ young gentleman, and so you'll say
yourself, if my master's clothes do not spoil him, that's
all the fear now, I would't had been your luck to have
seen him without 'em, but for scaring on you 40

Phil Go, prithee, fetch him in, whom thou commend'st
so

[*Exit* VIOLETTA]

Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much on
him,

And better he deserves our love and welcome
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepar'd for
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit and faith

¹ Shirts and smocks Cf. *More Dissemblers besides Women* 1 4
Child of Egypt = gipsy

³ Handsomest

Before I make him partner with my honour
 'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me,
 I'll take more heed o' th' next for't perhaps now,
 To furnish his distress, he will appear 50
 Full of fair, promising courtship, but I'll prove him
 then

For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
 And see what he performs then when the storm
 Of his so rude misfortunes is blown over,
 And he himself again A distrest man's flatteries
 Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison,
 There's poor assurance in 'em when he's from me,
 And in's own power, then I shall see his love
 'Mass, here he comes

Enter MARTIA in BRANDINO's clothes, and VIOLETTA

Martia Never was star cross'd gentleman
 More happy in a courteous vugin's love 60
 Than I in yours

Vio I'm sorry they're no better for you,
 I wish'd 'em handsomer and more in fashion,
 But truly, sir, our house affords it not
 There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret,
 But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
 With modesty of men's matters

Martia I deserve not this,
 Dear and kind gentlewoman Is yond your mistress?

Phil Why, trust me, here's my husband young
 again!—
 It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman

Martia I am so much indebted, courteous lady, 70
To the unmatched charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things they would but shame
me

Phil Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him ! I fear
me

I have found wit enough already in him
If I could truly but resolve myself
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
Troth, I should think the better of him at fourscore
now

Vio Nay, mistress, what would he be, were he in
fashion—

A hempen curse on those that put him out on't !—
That now appears so handsome and so comely 80
In clothes able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,
If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better ?
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em,—
A man may make him ready¹ in such clothes
Without a candle

Phil Ay, for shame of himself, wench

Vio My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready

Phil No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench —
I'm sorry, gentle sir, we cannot show you 90
A courtesy in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth your name, I crave, sir

¹ Make him ready = dress himself

Martia Ansaldo, lady

Phil 'Tis a noble name, sir

Martia The most unfortunate now !

Vio So do I think truly,
As long as that suit's on

Phil The most unfitting
And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume is that you've pass'd already,
Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd

Martia My faithful service, lady

Phil Please you, sir, to taste the next,
A poor slight banquet, for sure I think you were 100
Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir

Martia My fortune makes me more than amends,
lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shown to me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten mile from hence O, I am forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for't, which done, I return
In service plentiful

Phil Is't so important? 110

Martia If I should fail, as much as my undoing

Phil I think too well of you, t' undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance

Martia My great happiness !

Phil But when should I be sure of you here again,
sir ?

Martia As fast as speed can possibly return me

Phil You will not fail?

Martia May never wish go well with me then!

Phil There's to bear charges, sir [Gives purse]

Martia Courtesy dwells in you

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady, 120
But still supplied as liberally as you give!

Phil Farewell, sir, and be faithful

Martia Time shall prove me [Exit]

Phil In my opinion, now, this young man's likest
To keep his word, he's modest, wise, and courteous,
He has the language of an honest soul in him,
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else, h'as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd

Vio Good speed be with thee, sir!—

He puts him to't, i'faith [Looking out]

Phil Violetta

Vio Mistress?

Phil Alas, what have we done, wench?

Vio What's the matter, mistress? 130

Phil Run, run, call him again, he must stay, tell him,
I hough it be upon's undoing, we're undone else,
Your master's clothes, they're known the country over

Vio Now, by this light, that's true, and well remember'd,

But there's no calling of him, he's out of sight now

Phil O, what will people think?

Vio What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worst on't were I he now,
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em

Phil Will he be careful, think'st?

Vio My life for yours, mistress

140

Phil I shall long mightily to see him agen

Vio And so shall I, I shall ne'er laugh till then

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Near VALERIA'S House

*Enter RICARDO and Second Suitor at one door, and
VALERIA and First Suitor at the other*

Ric It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector

Sec Suitor Ay, and shall still to th' end, to th' end, my
honey

Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?

First Suitor My whole state on't, thou overthrow'st him,
widow

Val I hope well still, sir

First Suitor Hope? be certain, wench

I make no question now but thou art mine,

As sure as if I had thee in thy night gear

Val Byrlady, that I doubt, sir

First Suitor O, 'tis clear, wench,

By one thing that I mark'd

Val What's that, good, sweet sir?

First Suitor A thing that never fail'd me

Val Good sir, what?

First Surt I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,

Invita voluntate, ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith¹

Val Invita voluntate, what's the meaning, sir?

First Surt Nay, there I leave you, but assure you thus much,

I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever

Sec Surt Do, do, and spare not thou wouldst talk with her?

Ric Yes, with your leave and liking

Sec Surt Do, my adoption,

My chosen child, and thou hold'st so obedient, 20

Sure thou wilt live and cozen all my kindred

Ric A child's¹ part in your love, that's my ambition,
sir

Sec Surt Go, and deserve it then, please me well now,

I love wrangling a' life,² boy, there's my delight,

I have no other venery but vexation,

¹ Cf *Days Law Tricks*, iv 2 — Faith my lord I have done a child's part and almost spent a *child's part* to draw him to society
So Heywood —

‘Thou that hoards up
The fry of silver pence and halfpennies
With show of charity to give the poor
But putt st them to increase where in short time
They grow a *child's part*, or a daughter's portion”
— (Works, ed Pearson ii 29)

As my life

That's all, my honey,¹ now smartly now to her,
I have enough, and I will have my humour

Ric This need not ha' been, widow

Val You say right, sir,

No, nor your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither 30

Ric I had you fairly, I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you, whom I reserv'd for wife

Val How? wife!

Ric Ay, wife, wife, widow, be not asham'd on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list

Sec Suit Ha, ha!

Val I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife

First Suit O, O!

Ric Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain 40
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid, but that's not yet this threescore
year,

Let's talk of nearer matters

Val You're as near, sir,

As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me

Ric Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife

Val How?

¹ Nowadays such a term of endearment would only be applied (if applied at all) by a lover to his mistress but it appears to have been once a not uncommon form of address. Some verses To a Friend upon his Marriage in *Musarum Deliciæ* begin —

Since last I writ I hear, dear *honey*
Thou hast committed matrimony'

Ric Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly

Val Your goods?

Ric I shall miss much, I doubt me,

When I come to look over the inventory 50

Val I'll give you my word you shall, sir

Ric Look to't, widow,

A night may come will call you to account for't

Val O, if you had me now, sir, in this heat,

I do but think how you'd be reveng'd on me!

Ric Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get
Three children at a birth, and I could, o' thee!

First Sutt Take off your youngster there

Sec Sutt Take off your widow first,

He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly —

To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker

I have enough, and I will have my humour 60

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO

Val O brother, see I'm up to th' ears in law here!

Look, copy¹ upon copy

Bran 'Twere grief enough

If a man did but hear on't, but I am

In pain to see it

Val What, sore eyes still, brother?

Bran Worse and worse, sister, the old woman's water
Does me no good

¹ “*z e*,” plenty a sense in which Ben Jonson frequently used *copy* from *copra*. Hence we may infer that he wrote this portion of the play. The next scene is in his best manner — *Collier*. Surely in the text ‘copy upon copy’ is to be understood of law papers — *Dyce*

Val Why, 't'as help'd many, sir

Bran It helps not me, I'm sure

Mar O, O !

Val What ails Martino, too ?

Mar O, O, the toothache, the toothache ! 70

Bran Ah, poor worm ! this he endures for me now

There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion

In a kind husband when his wife breeds child

Than in Martino , I ha' marked it ever ,

He breeds all my pains in's teeth still, and to quit¹
me,

It is his eye tooth too

Mar Ay, ay, ay, ay

Val Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,

Good for all kind of maladies ? true, true, sir ,

His flag² hangs out in town here i' th' Cross Inn, 80

With admirable cures of all conditions ,

It shows him a great travelling and learn'd empiric

Bran We'll both to him, Martino

Val Hark you, brother ,

Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent

First Sutt Ay, about that, sweet widow

Val True , speak low, sir

Bran Well, what's the business ? say, say,

Val Marry, this, brother ,

¹ Be level with

It was the custom for quacksalvers to hang out a flag when they took up their quarters in a town Cf *Volpone*, II. 1 — Sixpence it will cost you or six hundred pound , expect no lower price, for *by the banner of my front* I will not bate a bagatine

Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble 90

First Suit Say me those words, good sir, I'll make
'em worth

A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding

Bran I shall do much for that

Enter VIOLETTA

Val Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily, I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good

Vio I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment

First Suit Good wench, trust me

Ric How, sir, let fall the suit? 'lfe, I'll go naked
first

Bran A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them

Ric Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're
thought on

Bran A good round sum

Ric A good round widow's better, 100
There's meat and money too I have been bought
Out of my lands and yielded, but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection

Bran Why, here's even just my university spirit,
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then

Ric My patron would be mad, and he should hear
on't

Mar I pray, what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?

Ric Hang'd, drawn, and quartering is't a hollow one?

Mar Ay, 'tis a hollow one

Ric Then take the powder

Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon 110

Mar Why sure you mock me

Ric Troth, I think I do, sir

Sec Sutt Come hither, honey, what's the news? in whispers

Bran He will not be bought out

Val No? that's strange, brother

Pray take a little pains about this project then,

And try what that effects

Bran I like this better —

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here

For amity's sake and peace, to end all controversy,

This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,

Whom for her person and her portion

I could bestow most richly, but in pity 120

To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,

I am content to yield to her desire

Ric At me?

Bran But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd

I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,

And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir,

Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning

For your love only

Sec Sutt Honey, hearken after her,

Being rich, I can have all my money there,

Ease my purse well, and never wage law further

I have enough, yet I will have my humour 130

Ric Do you love me, forsooth?

Vio O, infinitely!

Ric I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me

Vio My time was come, sir, that's all I can say

Ric 'Las, poor soul! where didst thou love me first,
prithee?

Vio In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window, sir

Ric A window? prithee, clap't to, and call it in again
What was I doing then, should make thee love me?

Vio Twirling your band stung, which, methought,
became you

So generously well 140

Ric 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for,
that love was likely to be tied in matrimony that begun
in a band string, yet I ha' known as much come to pass
ere now upon a tassel Fare you well, sister, I may be
cozened in a maid, I cannot in a widow

Sec Sutt Art thou come home again? stick'st thou
there still?

I will defend thee still then

First Sutt Sir, your malice

Will have enough on't

Sec Sutt I will have my humour

First Sutt Beggary will prove the sponge

Sec Sutt Sponge i' thy gascoyns,

Thy gally gascoyns¹ there!

¹ Loose breeches

Ric Ha, brave protector ¹

150

Bran I thought 'twould come to open wars again
Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops ¹
I'll have a care of mine eyes

Mar I of my chops [Exeunt

SCENE II

A Room in the Cross Inn

*Enter LATROCINIO disguised as an empiric, and OCCULTO
as his man*

Lat Away, out with the banner ¹ send's good luck
to day ¹

Occ I warrant you, your name's spread, sir, for an em-
piric [*Hanging up a banner of cures and diseases*
There's an old mason troubled with the stone
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain

Lat Marry, I cannot blame him, sir,
But how he will come by't, there lies the question

Occ You must do somewhat, sir, for he's swoln most
piteously,
Has urine in him now was brew'd last March

Lat 'Twill be rich gear for dyers

Occ I would 'twere come to that, sir

Lat Le' me see, 10
I'll send him a whole musket charge of gunpowder ¹

¹ So in *The Honest Lawyer* Acted by the Queenes Majesties
Servants Written by S S 1616 4to —

Occ Gunpowder?

What, sir, to break the stone?

Lat Ay, by my faith, sir,

It is the likeliest thing I know to do't,

I'm sure it breaks stone walls and castles down,

I see no reason but't should break the stone

Occ Nay, use your pleasure, sir

Lat Troth, if that do not,

I ha' nothing else that will

Occ I know that too

Lat Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make question
on't

Go call in all the rest, I've employment for them 20

[*Exit OCCULTO*]

When the highways grow thin with travellers,

And few portmanteaus stirring, as all trades

Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,

And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still,

Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons

Whose purses I can never get abroad,

I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,

And make 'em come to me, it's more state like too

Hang him that has but one way to his trade¹

He's like a mouth that eats but on one side, 30

¹ *Valentine* What is't, Sir, that my Art cannot extend to?

Gripe The stone, the stone I am pitifully grip'd with the stone

Valentine

Let's see Methinks a little Gun powder
Should haue some strange relation to this fit
I haue seene Gun powder oft drue out stones
From Forts and Castle walls ' & c "—*Dyce*

And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine 'mong
shavers

And both handed feeders —Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio¹

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, and FIDUCIO

I will have none left out, there's parts for you

Sil For us? pray let us have 'em

Lat Change yourselves

With all speed possible into several shapes,

Far from your own as, you a farmer, sir,

A grazier you, and you may be a miller

Fid O no, a miller comes too near a thief,
That may spoil all again

Lat Some country tailor then

Fid That's near enough, byrlady, yet I'll venture
that, 40

The miller's a white¹ devil, he wears his theft

Like innocence in badges most apparently

Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips,

The tailor modestly between his legs

Lat Why, pray, do you 'present that modest thief,
then,

And hark you, for the purpose

Sil 'Twill improve you, sir

Lat 'Twill get believers, believe that, my masters,

Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer,

When you see any come, repair you to me,

As samples of my skill there are few arts 50

¹ See note 3 vol iv p 220

But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off,
Then where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends! Make haste, away,
sirs [*Exeunt* SILVIO, STRATIO, and FIDUCIO]

Re enter OCCULTO

Occ Where are you, sir?

Lat Not far, man, what's the news?

Occ Th' old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by
moonlight,

And bound his man and he in haycock time
With a rope made of horse meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which, I thinl, ere midnight
Did eat their hay bound masters both at liberty——

Lat 'Life, what of him, man?

Occ He's inquiring earnestly 60

For the great man of art, indeed for you, sir
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir, make yourself dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profession

Lat I have enough on't [*Exit*

Enter MARTIA in BRANDINO'S clothes

Occ How now, what thing's this?

Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly reviv'd, with never a hair on's face
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last ¹

¹ "This alludes to the first and second parts of historical plays and tragedies which had been so much in fashion It has been ascertained

'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript, but I am far from knowledge
now [Aside 70

Martia One word, I pray, sir

Occ With me, gentle sir?

Martia Was there not lately seen about these parts,
sir,

A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?

Occ Why do you ask, sir?

Martia There was a poor young gentleman robb'd
last night

Occ Robb'd?

Martia Stript of all, i'faith

Occ O beastly rascals!

'Las, what was he?

Martia Look o' me, and know him, sir

Occ Hard hearted villains! strip? troth, when I saw
you,

Methought those clothes were never made for you,
sir

Martia Want made me glad o' 'em

in more than one instance, that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause —*Collier* From entries in Henslowe's diary, we learn that Chettle, after completing *Cardinal Wolsey's Life* immediately set to work on a play called *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey* (*Diary* p. 202) intended as an introduction to the earlier play. So Dekker, after writing with Michael Drayton parts 1, 2, and 3 of *The Civil Wars in France*, made a fresh start on his own account with *The First Introduction of the Civil Wars in France* (*Diary* pp. 134, 137, 139, 142)

Occ Send you better fortunes, sir !— 80
That we may have a bout with you once again [*Aside*

Martia I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir

Occ 'Tis with my heart, i'faith, now store of coin
And better clothes be with you !

Martia There's some honest yet,
And charitably minded How, what's here to do ?

[*Reads on the banner*

Here within this place is cur'd

All the griefs that were ever endur'd

Nay, there thou liest, I endur'd one last night
Thou canst not cure this morning, a strange promiser !

[*Reads*

Palsy, gout, hydropic humour, 90

Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,

Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,

Or what disease soe'er beleaguer 'em,

Stone, rupture, squinancy,¹ imposthume,

Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em

That's conscionably said, i'faith [*Reads*

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,

Be unsound so fast as I can cure you

Byrlady, you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO

Bran Martino, is not yond my hinder parts ? 100

Mar Yes, and your fore parts too, sir

Bran I trow so ,

¹ Quinsey

I never saw my hind parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore ones neither —What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?

Martia A justice? no, truly

Bian How came this suit to you, then?

Martia How this suit?

Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?

Bran You'll find it so, 'twas made for nobody else
I paid for't

Martia O strange fortune! I've undone
The charitable woman

[*Aside*

Bran He'll be gone

Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid 110

Martia Hold me? O curse of fate!

[*Strikes* MARTINO

Mar O master, master!

Bran What ails Martino?

Mar In my conscience,
Has beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now
Three degrees off

Bran O slave, spoil'd a fine penman!

Martia He lack'd good manners, though, lay hands
o' me?

I scorn all the deserts that belong to it

Re enter LATROCINIO

Lat Why, how now? what's the broil?

Bran The man of art,
I take you, sir, to be

Lat I'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner
Bran Our business was to you, most skilful sir, 120
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief

Lat A thief?

Bran With my clothes on, sir
Let but the hose be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' th' pockets,
And a white thimble that I found i' moonlight—
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino?

Mar Oy, oy!

Bran O, has spoil'd
The worthiest clerk that e'er drew warrant here!
Lat Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with
you, 130

That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you
Martia I dare not say which way, that's my affliction [Aside

Lat Is not your worship's name signor Brandino,
sir?

Bran It has been so these threescore year[s] and
upwards

Lat I heard there was a robbery done last night
Near to your house

Martia You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd

Lat Ah, that's too gross!—
Send him away for fear of farther mischief,
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave

Bran I want but aid

Lat Within there !

Enter Servants

Bran Seize upon
That impudent thief 140

Martia Then hear me speak

Bran Away !

I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes
again —

To prison with the varlet !

Martia How am I punish'd !

Bran I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee

[*Exeunt Servants with MARTIA*

Lat You've took an excellent course with this bold
villain, sir

Bran I'm sworn for service to the commonwealth,
sir

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, and FIDUCIO disguised

What are these, learned sir ?

Lat O, they're my patients —

Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy

Stra 'Tis farewell gout almost, I thank your worship

Lat What, no, you cannot part so soon, I hope ? 150
You came but lately to me

Stra But most happily,

I can go near to leap, sir

[*Leaps*

Lat What, you cannot ?

Away, I say¹ take heed, be not too vent'rous though,
I've had you but three days, remember that

Stra Those three are better than three hundred, sir
[Leaps

Lat Yet again?

Stra Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir

Lat You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your space¹ this morning, walk, sir,
I'll take your distance straight, 'twas F O yesterday
Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration¹ 160
Secundo gradu, ye F U already,
Here's a most happy change Be of good comfort,
sir,

Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another, by to morrow noon,
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle

Sil Bless your worship!

Bran You've a hundred prayers in a morning, sir

Lat Faith, we've a few to pass away the day
with —

Tailor, you had a stitch?

Fid O, good your worship,
I have had none since Easter were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy, 170
I cannot thread my needle

Lat No? that's hard,
I never mark'd so much

Fid It comes by fits, sir

¹ Altered by editors to 'pace —but, I believe wrongly —Dyce

Lat Alas, poor man !—What would your worship say
now

To see me help this fellow at an instant?

Bran And make him firm from shaking?

Lat As a steeple,
From the disease on't

Bran 'Tis to me miraculous

Lat You with your whoremaster disease, come
hither,
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it steadfast,
[*Gives glass*

Yet more, sir, yet, I say, so

Bran Admirable!

Lat Go, live, and thread thy needle

Bran Here, Martino —

180

Alas, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em

Lat No? what's the malady?

Bran The fury of a tooth

Lat A tooth? ha, ha!

I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or ramex

Bran No, it's enough as 'tis, sir

Lat My man shall ease that straight — Sit you down
there, sir — [MARTINO *seats himself*

Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly—

But what's your worship's malady? that's for me, sir

Bran Marry, pray, look you, sir, your worship's
counsel

About mine eyes

Lat Sore eyes? that's nothing too, sir 190

Bran Byrlady, I that feel it think it somewhat

Lat Have you no convulsions, pricking aches, sir,
Ruptures, or apostemates?

Bran No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em

Lat Those are cures,
There do I win my fame, sir—Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye cup hither

[*Occulro gives him the eye cup*

Do you make water weil, sir?

Bran I'm all well there

Lat You feel no grief i' th' kidney?

Bran Sound, sound, sound, sir

Lat O, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings

Bran There I think, i' faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words 200
Are come to pass, sir

Mar O, O! 'tis not that, tis not that!

[*While Occulro gives a pull at one of his teeth*

It is the next beyond it, there, there, there!

Occ The best have their mistakings now I'll fit you,
sir

Bran What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his
coolness?

Lat O, sovereign gear wink hard, and keep it in,
sir

[*While he applies the eye cup to BRANDINO, he picks
his pocket*

Mar O, O, O !

Occ Nay, here he goes, one twitch more, and he comes, sir

[*While he draws one of MARTINO'S teeth, he picks his pocket*

Mar Auh, ho !

Occ Spit out , I told you he was gone, sir

Bran How cheers Martino ?

Mar O, I can answer you now, master, 210
I feel great ease, sir

Bran So do I, Martino

Mar I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scald¹ little one

Lat Please but your worship now
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your chamber

Bran Shall he so, sir ?

Lat I will uphold him in't

Mar Then will I do't, sir

Lat How lively your man's now !

Mar O, I'm so light, methinks,
Over² I was !

Bran What is't contents your worship ?

Lat Even what your worship please , I'm not mer
cenary 220

Bran My purse is gone, Martino !

¹ Scabby
² e , beyond what I was

Lat How, your purse, sir ?

Bran 'Tis gone, i'faith, I've been among some
rascals

Mar And that's a thing

I ever gave you warning of, master, you care not
What company you run into

Bran Lend me some money, chide me anon, I
prithee

pox on 'em for vipers ! they ha' suck'd blood o' me

Mar O master !

Bran How now, man ?

Mar My purse is gone too !

Bran How ?

I'll ne'er take warning more of thee while I live then, 230
Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
To give good counsel to thy master, that
Canst not keep from ill company thyself

Lat This is most strange, sir, both your purses
gone !

Mar Sir, I'd my hand on mine when I came in

Lat Are you but sure of that ? O, would you were !

Mar As I'm of ease

Lat Then they're both gone one way,

Be that your comfort

Bran Ay, but what way's that, sir ?

Lat That close knave in your clothes has got 'em
both,

'Tis well you've clapt him fast

Bran Why, that's impossible 240

Lat O, tell not me, sir ! I ha' known purses gone,

And the thief stand and look one full 1' th' face,
As I may do your worship and your man now

Mar Nay, that's most certain, master

Bran I will make

That rascal in my clothes answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd —Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses 250

Mar That's an ill token, master

Bran That's all one, sir,

She must have that or nothing, for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token
Begone!

Make haste again, and meet me part o' th' way

Mar I'll hang the villain,

And 'twere for nothing but the souse¹ he gave me [*Exit*

Bran Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal ring with you as a pledge

Of further thankfulness [*Gives ring*

Lat No, I beseech you, sir 260

Bran Indeed you shall, sir

Lat O, your worship's word, sir

Bran You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal [*Exit*

Lat Clear sight be with you, sir,
If conduit water, and my hostess' milk,

¹ Blow

That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it '
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villanous tooth drawer

Oo There was no fear of me , I've often told you
I was bound prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' the second year

Lat Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth, 270
And me afraid of thee What have we there, sirs ?

Oo Some threescore dollars i' the master's paise,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants

Lat Warrants ! where be they ? the best news came
yet

'Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal , I thank him
This comes most luckily , one of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him , and if he
In th' old justice's suit, whom we ¹ robb'd lately, 280
Will come off roundly, ² we'll set him free too

Oo That were a good deed, faith , we may, in pity

Lat There's nothing done merely for pity now a days,
Money or ware must help too

Song, in parts, by LATROCINIO and the rest

*Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth*

¹ Old ed he

Come off roundly = settle up handsomely Cf *Merry Wives*
iv 3 — I have turned away my other guests they must come off I'll
saue them

*Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his ?
He that has the devil in fee
Can have but all, and so have we
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He hos lands that was born witty*

290

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I

A Room in BRANDINO'S House

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA

Phil How well this gentleman keeps his promise
too !

Sure there's no trust in man

Vio They're all Franciscos,
That's my opinion, mistress , fools or false ones
He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,
To send my master's clothes home

Phil Ay, those clothes !

Vio Colliers come by the door every day, mistress—
Nay, this is market day too, poulterers, butchers ,
They would have lain most daintily in a panner,
And kept veal from the wind

Phil Those clothes much trouble me

Vio Faith, and he were a gentleman, as he seem'd 10
To be, they would trouble him too, I think ,
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em

Phil Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think,
wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after times, to show what misery
He past in his young days, and then weep o'er 'em
Vio Weep, mistress?
Nay, sure, methinks he should not weep for laughing

Enter MARTINO

Phil Martino? O, we're spoil'd, wench! are they
come then?
Mar Mistress, be of good cheer, I've excellent news
for you, 20
Comfort your heart What have you to breakfast, mis-
tress?
You shall have all again, I warrant you
Phil What says he, wench?
Vio I'm loath to understand him
Mar Give me a note of all your things, sweet mis-
tress,
You shall not lose a hair, take't of my word,
We have him safe enough
Phil O, 'las, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully!
Vio And I know not what yet,
That's the worst, mistress
Mar Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?
There's a fine little barrel of pome citrons 30

Would have serv'd me this seven year O, and my fig
cheese !

The fig¹ of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it ! I'll make haste ,
He cannot eat it all yet He was taken, mistress,
Grossly and beastly , how do you think, i'faith ?

Phil I know not, sir

Mar Troth, in my master's clothes
Would any thief but a beast been taken so ?

Phil Wench, wench !

Vio I have grief enough of my mine own to tend,
mistress

Phil Did he confess the robbery ?

Mar O no, no, mistress , 40
He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing ,
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing
still

Phil That's but some slanderous injury rais'd against
him — [Aside

Came not your master with you ?

Mar No, sweet mistress
I must make haste and meet him , pray, despatch me
then

Phil I've look'd o'er all with special heedfulness ,
There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's

¹ *Make* (or *give*) *the fig* was the thrusting of the thumb between two
fingers as a mark of derision See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*

Mar I'm right glad on't
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have 50
Him hang'd in that suit though, it will disgrace
My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
As yellow bands ¹ [*Exit*

Phil O what shall's do, wench?

Vio 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise
Phil Alas, sweet man, h'as confess'd nothing yet,
wench ¹

Vio That shows his constancy and love to you,
mistress

But you must do't of force, there is no help for't,
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,
Let 'em make what they can on't 'Twere sin and pity,
i'faith, 60

To cast away so sweet a gentleman
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet,
I'd not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em

Phil Thou say'st true, wench

Enter MARTIA, disguised as before

Vio O, O, they're come again, mistress ¹

Phil Signor Ansaldo?

¹ The fashion of wearing yellow bands (*z e*, bands dyed with yellow starch) was introduced by the infamous Mrs Turner who wore them at the gallows in November 1615. It was supposed that after her execution the fashion would fall into discredit but this anticipation was not fulfilled. See Reed's long and interesting note on *Albano* in 1 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley* xi 328-329)

Martia The same, mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,
A man of art, I know not justly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em

Phil Met you not
My husband's man?

Martia I took such strange ways, lady, 70
I hardly met a creature

Phil O, most welcome!

Vio But how shall we bestow him now we have him,
mistress?

Phil Alas, that's true!

Vio Martino may come back again

Phil Step you into that little chamber speedily,
sir,—

And dress him up in one of my gowns and headtues,
His youth will well endure it

Vio That will be admirable

Phil Nay, do't, do't quickly then, and cut that suit
Into a hundred pieces, that it may never
Be known again 79

Vio A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least
mistress, for if there be a piece of that suit left as
big as my nail, the deed will come out 'tis worse than
a murder, I fear 'twill never be hid

Phil Away, do your endeavour, and despatch, wench
[*Exeunt VIOLFITA and MARTIA*

I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,

Without suspicion now , I've heard o' th' like
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and she being a widow, 90
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort ,
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together
Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion !

Enter BRANDINO with a writing

He's come himself now If thou be'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed ! I'll delay time
With all the means I can —O, welcome, sir !

Bran I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you
shortly ,

I'm very busy yet [*reads*] *Cocksey down, Memberry,*
Her manor house at Well dun

Phil What's that, good sir ?

Bran The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift , 101
Sh'as made all her estate over to me, wench ,
She'll be too hard for 'em all and now come buss
me,

Good luck after thieves' handsel

Phil O 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast !

Bran I ha' laid him safe enough, wench

Phil I was so lost in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino

Bran What's that, sweet blood ?

Phil He and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night

Bran A gentlewoman ?

Phil Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her, sir

Bran O barbarous slaves ! 110

Phil I was even fain, for womanhood's sake,
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine

Bran 'Twas most religiously done , I long for her
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman ?

Phil Nay, sir, I know not

Bran Guess, I prithee, heartily ,
An enemy of thine

Phil That I hope you have not, sir

Bran But all was done in jest he cries thee mercy ,
Francisco, sirrah ¹

Phil O, I think not on him !

Bran That letter was but writ to try thy constancy ,
He confess'd all to me

Phil Joy on him, sir ! 121

Enter FRANCISCO

So far am I from malice, look you, sir——

Welcome, sweet signor , but I'll ne'er trust you, sir

Bran Faith I'm beholding to thee, wife, for this

Fran Methinks I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience ,
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stamp't last midnight I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly

¹ See note 1, vol iv p 74

With any scornful thought made of his shame 130
What a sweet being is an honest mind !
It speaks peace to itself and all mankind [*Aside*

Re enter MARTINO

Bran Martino !

Mar Master ?

Bran There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party

Mar What ? your worship mocks,
Under correction

Phil I forgot to tell thee ,
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman

Mar O pagan !
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins ,
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruises and pitchers without ears,
He'll never die alive, that's my opinion 140

Re enter MARTIA dressed as a woman, and VIOLETTA

Phil Look you, your judgments, gentlemen, —yours
especially,
Signor Francisco, whose mere ¹ object now
Is woman at these years, that's the eve saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants —husband, you've a glimpse too,
You offer half an eye, as old you are

¹ Whole

Bran By-ladv, better, wench, an eye and a half, I
 trow,

I should be sorry else

Phil What think you now, sirs,

Is't not a goodly, manly gentlewoman?

Bran Beshrew my heart else, wife —

Pray, soft a little, signor, you're but my guest, remember,
I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss 151

Phil But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit

Bran In woodcock or so, but there's no heed to be
taken in mutton,¹ we commonly fall so roundly to that,
we forget ourselves —

I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady

[*Kisses MARTIA*]

Mar My master kisses as I've heard a hackney man
Cheer up his mare,—chap, chap! [*Aside*]

Bran I have him fast, lady,
And he shall lie by't close

Martia You cannot do me 160
A greater pleasure, sir

Bran I'm happily glad on't

Fran [*after kissing MARTIA*] Methinks there's some
what whispers in my soul,

This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts,
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman [*Aside*]

¹ See note p 27

Phil Wench, wench !

Vio Pish, hold in your breath, -mistress ,
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently
I keep it in with all the might I have—puh !

Martia Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir ?

Bran An honest boy, i'faith, 170
And came of a good kind , dost like him, lady ?
I would thou hadst him, and thou be'st not promis'd ,
He's worth ten thousand dollais

Vio By this light, mistress,
By master will go near to make a match anon
Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress

Phil Peace ! thou'rt a drab

Bran Come hither now, Francisco
I've known the time I've had a better stomach ,
Now I can dine with looking upon meat

Fran That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness show'd

Martia We cannot be 180
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny

Fran I return better pleas'd than when I went

Mar And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth ?

Martia Most true, forsooth
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman

Mar And that's the mother's half

Martia There's my hand for you

Mar I swear you could not give me anything
I love better, a hand gets me my living
O sweet lemon peel ! [Kisses MARTIA'S hand 190

Fran May I request a modest word or two,
Lady, in private with you?

Martia With me, sir?

Fran To make it sure from all suspect of injury
Or unbecoming privacy, which heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
For an ear witness unto all our conference

Martia Why, so, I am content, sir

Bran So am I, lady

[*Exeunt MARTIA and FRANCISCO*]

Mar O master, here is a rare bedfellow
For my mistress to night! for you know we must
Both out of town again

Bran That's true, Martino 200

Mar I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales
together,
The prettiest!

Bran The prettiest¹ indeed

Mar Their tongues will never lin² wagging, master

Bran Never,
Martino, never

[*Exeunt BRANDINO and MARTINO severally*]

Phil Take heed you be not heard

Vio I fear you most, mistress

Phil Me, fool? ha, ha!

Vio Why, look you, mistress, faith, you're faulty,
ha, ha!

¹ Old ed "prettiest"

² Cease

Phil Well said, i'faith, where lies the fault now,
gossip?

Vio O for a husband! I shall burst with laughing
else,

This house is able to spoil any maid

Phil I'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco, 210
For failing me when time was

Vio Are you there, mistress? I thought you would
not forget that, however a good turn disappointed is
ever the last thing that a woman forgives, she'll scarce
do't when she's speechless, nay, though she hold up her
whole hand for all other injuries, she'll forgive that but
with one finger

Phil I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine

Vio But that may mar your hopes too, if our gentle
woman

Be known to be a man

Phil Not as I'll work it, 220
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this —

Re enter MARTIA

Why, how now, sir? what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one

Martia Faith, with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in, I ha' no receipt for't
But, pray, in sadness,¹ say, what is the gentleman?

¹ Seriousness

I never knew his like for tedious urgings,
He will receive no answer

Phil Would he would not, sir!

Martia Says I'm ordain'd for him, merely for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him, 251
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars

Phil Would thou hadst 'em, sir!

I know he can and he will

Martia For wonder's pity,
What is this gentleman?

Phil Faith, shall I tell you, sir?

One that would make an excellent, honest husband,
For her that's a just maid at one and twenty,
For, on my conscience, he has his maidenhead yet

Martia Fie, out upon him, beast!

Phil Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you 240

Martia Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on me

Phil Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you, 'twill make noble sport, sir,
We'll get jointure and all, but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes

Martia I can do that

Phil Ay, and take heed of laughing

Martia I've bide the worst of that already, lady

Phil Peace, set your countenance then, for here he comes

Re enter FRANCISCO

Fran There is no middle continent in this passion,
I feel it, since it must be love or death, 250
It was ordain'd for one [Aside

Phil Signor Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you,
The gentlewoman's a stranger, pray, be counsell'd,
sir,

Till you hear further of her friends and portion

Fran 'Tis only but her love that I desire,
She comes most rich in that

Phil But be advis'd though,
I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure

Fran 'Tis mine, and I will do't

Phil She shall be yours too, 260
If I may rule her then

Fran You speak all sweetness

Phil She likes your person well, I tell you so
much,

But take no note I said so

Fran Not a word

Phil Come, lady, come, the gentleman's desertful,
And, o' my conscience, honest

Martha Blame me not,
I am a maid, and fearful

Fran Never truth
Came perfecter from man

Phil Give her a lip-taste,
That she herself may praise it

[FRANCISCO *kisses MARTIA, and then exit with her, PHILIPPA, and VIOLETIA.*

Re enter BRANDINO

Bran Yea, a match, i'faith!
My house is lucky for 'em —

Re enter MARTINO

Now, Martino?

Mar Master, the widow has the day

Bran The day?

270

Mar Sh'as overthrown my youngster

Bran Precious tidings!

Clap down four woodcocks more

Mar They're all at hand, sir

Bran What, both her adversaries too?

Mar They're come, sir

Bran Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish

Mar I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance

[*Exit*

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, and Two Suitors

Bran Welcome, sweet sister! which is the man must
have you?

I'd welcome nobody else

First Suit Come to me then, sir

Bran Are you he, faith, my chain of gold?¹ I'm glad on't

Val I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me 280
But I ha' resolv'd² myself 'tis done to spite me

Ric O dearth of truth!

Sec Suit Nay, do not spoil thy hair,
Hold, hold, I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere

Ric If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?

Sec Suit 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows,
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast,
Everything now must have a feeling first —
Do I come near you, widow?

Val No, indeed, sir, 290
Nor ever shall, I hope —and for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You'd lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir,
Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all

Bran Ay, that she has, i'faith, I thank her, gentle men,

Look you here, sirs [Shows writing]

Val I must not look for pleasures,

¹ See p 192

² Convinced

That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy

First Suit Ha' you serv[^d] me so, widow ? 300

Sec Suit I'm glad thou hast her not — Laugh at him,
honey, ha, ha !

Val I must take one that loves me for myself
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions ¹

First Suit Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships
too, widow

Val How, sir ?

First Suit Your manners, virtue, and conditions,
widow,

Are pretty things within doors, I like well on 'em,
But I must have somewhat without, lying or being
In the tenure or occupation of master ² such a one, ha ?
Those are fine things indeed 311

Val Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love

First Suit True, but there's two words to a bargain
ever,

All the world over, and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other, 'tis no bargain else
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow

Val Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir,
It was this ancient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on

Sec Suit What of me, widow !

¹ Disposition

² "Old ed 'me' (a misprint for M) '—Dyce

Val Alas, I've wrong'd you, sir! 'twas you that
swore 320

You lov'd me for myself

Sec Sutt By my troth, but I did not,
Come, father not your lies upon me, widow
I love you for yourself?—Spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought —Fetch me in, widow!
You'll find your reach too short

Val Why, you've enough, you say

Sec Sutt Ay, but I'll have
My humour too, you never think of that,
They're coach horses, they go together still

Val Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas
one of you

That made me believe so —Mass, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me

Ric I swore too much, 331
To be believ'd so little

Val Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you!—

Ric Welcome blessing!
Are you mine faithfully now?

Val As love can make one

First Sutt Why, this fills the commonwealth so full
of beggars,

Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do

Val But, now I think on't, we must part again, sir

Ric Again?

Val You're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too, we must not hold,

Want on both sides makes all affection cold 340
 I shall not keep you from that gentleman,
 You'll be his more than mine, and when he list,
 He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison,
 Then let him take you now for altogether, sir,
 For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing

Ric I never felt the evil of my debts
 Till this afflicting minute

Sec. Surt I'll be mad
 Once in my days I have enough to cure me,
 And I will have my humour, they are now
 But desperate debts again, I ne'er look for 'em 350
 And ever since I knew what malice was,
 I always held it sweeter to sow mischief
 Than to receive money, 'tis the finer pleasure
 I'll give him in his bonds, as 'twere in pity,
 To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary
 Then will they ne'er agree, that's a sure point,
 He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
 Beat half her teeth out by All hallowtide,
 And break the little household stuff they have
 With throwing at one another O sweet sport!— 360

[*Aside*

Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty
 Here to my honey you've made many proffers,
 I fear they're all but tricks—Here are his debts, gentle
 men, [Shows bonds
 How I came by 'em I know best myself—
 Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
 And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow

Val Else may all faith refuse me !

Sec Suit Tear 'em, honey,

'Tis firm in law, a consideration given

[*RICARDO tears the bonds*

What, with thy teeth ? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else 370
I have enough, and I will have my humour

Ric I'm now at liberty, widow

Val I'll be so too,

And then I come to thee — Give me this from you,
brother [Takes writing

Bran Hold, sister, sister !

Val Look you, the deed of gift, sir, I'm as free
He that has me has all, and thou art he

Both Suit How's that ?

Val You're bobb'd, ¹ 'twas but a deed in trust, —
And all to prove thee, whom I've found most just

Bran I'm bobb'd among the rest too, I'd have
sworn

'T had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever, 380
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I[t] had been past redemption

First Suit How am I cheated !

Sec Suit I hope you'll have the conscience now to
pay me, sir

Ric O wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips !

Sec Suit How, how's this ?

¹ Cheated

Ric Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own,
 But two thou gott'st once of a scouring woman,
 And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' Hospital ¹
 Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee,
 Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee! 390
Sec Surt I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together
 I have enough, but I have not my humour [Exit

Re enter VIOLETTA

Vio O master, gentlemen, and you, sweet widow,—
 I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not,—
 If ever you be sure to laugh again,
 Now is the time!

Val Why, what's the matter, wench?

Vio Ha, ha, ha!

Bian Speak, speak

Vio Ha!—a marriage,

A marriage, I cannot tell't for laughing—ha, ha!

Bran A marriage? do you make that a laughing matter?

Vio Ha!—ay, and you'll make it so when you know all 400

Here they come,

Here they come, one man married to another!

¹ See note 2, p. 156

* Gifford notices that there is a similar incident in *The New Inn*, v. 1

Val How? man to man?

Vio Ay, man to man, i'faith,
There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed

Re enter MARTIA, PHILIPPA, and FRANCISCO

Do you see 'em now? ha, ha, ha!

First Suit My daughter Martia!

Mar'ta O my father! your love and pardon, sir!

Val 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen

Martia I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight, 410
But finding reconciliation from above
In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love

First Suit I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee,
Thou fleddest a happy fortune of an old man,
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent

Fran I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was yours, for I protest I knew't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her

First Suit Well, hold your prating, sir, 420
You are not like to lose by't

Phil O Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

Vio The child unborn, mistress

Martia Be good

Fran Be honest

Martia Heaven will not let you sin, and you'd be careful

Fran What means it sends to help you, think, and mend,

You're as much bound as we to praise that friend

Phil I am so, and I will so

Martia Marry you speedily,

Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else

Vio Ay, by my troth, should I I've much ado
To forbear laughing now, more's my hard fortune 430

Re enter MARTINO

Mar O master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do
Your country any service !

Bran Art not ashamed, Martino, to talk of horsing
So openly before young married couples thus ?

Mar It does concern the commonwealth, and me,
And you, master, and all the thieves are taken

Martia What say'st, Martino ?

Mar La,¹ here's commonwealth's men !
The man of art, master, that cupp'd your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal, and his man, 440
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse drawer—
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly
Such notable villainies confess'd !——

Bran Stop there, sir

¹ Old ed ' Law

We will have time for them — Come, gentlefolks,
Take a slight meal with us but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here ¹

Ric Stay, stay, sir, I'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it,
But we must come to our desires in order,
There's duties to be paid ere we go further — 450
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat and forgets grace,
And that's not handsome, trust me, no
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow and my meat then does me good —
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true,—
For my report, pray let her hear't from you

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ Here old ed gives the stage direction '*Exeunt*' and Ricardo's speech (printed on another page) is headed '*Epilogue*'

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

*Any Thing For A Quiet Life A Comedy, Formerly Acted at
Black Fryers, by His late Majesties Servants Never before Printed
Written by Tho Middleton, Gent London Printed by Tho Johnson
for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the
Princes Arms in Chancery Lane 1662 4to*

The play is printed for the most part as prose in the old edition

PROLOGUE

Howe'er th' intents and appetites of men
Are different as their faces, how and when
T' employ then actions, yet all without strife
Meet in this point,—Anytning for a quiet life
Nor is there one, I think, that's hither come
For his delight, but would find peace at home
On any terms The lawyer does not cease
To talk himself into a sweat with pain,
And so his fees buy quiet, 'tis his gain
The poor man does endure the scorching sun
10 And feels no weariness, his day labour done,
So his wife entertain him with a smile
And thank his travail, though she slept the while
This being in men of all conditions true
Does give our play a name, and if to you
It yield content and usual delight,
For our parts we shall sleep secure to night

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD BEAUFORT
SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM
GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, } *his sons*
EDWARD, a *chall*, }
FRANKLIN *senior*
FRANKLIN *junior*, *his son*
KNAVESBY, a *lawyer*
SAUNDER, *steward to Sir Francis Cressingham*
WATER CAMLET, a *mercier*
GEORGE, } *his apprentices*
RALPH, }
SWEET BALL, a *barber*
FLESH HOOK
COUNTERBUFF
Surveyor, Barber's Boy, &c

LADY CRESSINGHAM, *wife to Sir Francis*
MISTRESS GFORGE CRESSINGHAM, *disguised as Selenice, a page to*
Lord Beaufort
MISTRESS KNAVESBY
MISTRESS WATER CAMLET
MARIA, a *child, daughter to Sir Francis Cressingham*
MARGARITA, a *French Laund*

Scene, LONDON

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

—o—

ACT I

SCENE I

A Room in Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM'S House

Enter LORD BEAUFORT and Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM

L Beau Away, I am asham'd of your proceedings '
And, seriously, you have in this one act
O'erthrown the reputation the world
Held of your wisdom

Sir F Cres Why, sir?

L Beau Can you not see your error?
That having buried so good a wife
Not a month since,—one that, to speak the truth,
Had all those excellencies which our books
Have only feign'd to make a complete wife
Most exactly in her in practice,—and to marry 10
A girl of fifteen, one bred up i' the court,
That by all consonancy of reason is like
To cross your estate whv, one new gown of hers,

When 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping
 Of a bountiful Christmas I'm asham'd of you ,
 For you shall make too dear a proof of it,
 I fear, that in the election of a wife,
 As in a project of war, to err but once
 Is to be undone for ever

Sir F Cres Good my lord,
 I do beseech you, let your better judgment 20
 Go along with your reprehension ¹

L Beau So it does,
 And can find nought t' extenuate your fault
 But your dotage you're a man well sunk in years,
 And to graft such a young blossom into your stock
 Is the next way to make every carnal eye
 Bespeak your injury Troth, I pity her too,
 She was not made to wither and go out
 By painted fires, that yields her no more heat
 Than to be lodg'd in some bleak banqueting house
 I' the dead of winter, and what follows then? 30
 Your shame and the ruin of your children, and there's
 The end of a rash bargain

Sir F Cres With your pardon,
 That she is young is true, but that discretion
 Has gone beyond her years, and overta'en
 Those of maturer age, does more improve ¹
 Her goodness I confess she was bred at court,
 But so retiredly, that, as still the best
 In some place is to be learnt there, so her life

¹ Prove

Did rectify itself more by the court chapel
 Than by th' office of the revels best of all virtues 40
 Are to be found at court, and where you meet
 With writings contrary to this known truth,
 They're fram'd by men that never were so happy
 To be planted there to know it For the difference
 Between her youth and mine, if you will read
 A matron's sober staidness in her eye,
 And all the other grave demeanour fitting
 The governess of a house, you'll then confess
 There's no disparity between us
L Beau Come, come, you read

Enter WATER CAMLET

What you'd have her to be, not what she is — 50
 O, master Water Camlet, you are welcome
W Cam I thank your lordship
L Beau And what news stirring in Cheapside?
W Cam Nothing new there, my lord, but the
 Standard¹
L Beau O, that's a monument your wives take great
 delight in I do hear you are grown a mighty purchaser,
 I hope shortly to find you a continual resident upon the
 north aisle of the Exchange
W Cam Where? with the Scotchmen?
L Beau No, sir, with the aldermen
W Cam Believe it, I am a poor commoner 60

¹ See note 2 vol 1 p 240

Sir F Cres Come, you are warm,¹ and blest with a fair wife

W Cam There's it, her going brave² has the only virtue to improve my credit in the subsidy book

L Beau But, I pray, how thrives your new plantation of silk worms? those I saw last summer at your garden

W Cam They are removed, sir

L Beau Whither?

W Cam This winter my wife has removed them home to a fair chamber, where divers courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up I think shortly, what with the store of visitants, they'll prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after Simon and Jude,³ only excepting the taking down and setting up again of my glass windows 74

L Beau That a man of your estate should be so gripple minded and repining at his wife's bounty!

Sir F Cres There are no such ridiculous things in the world as those love money better than themselves, for though they have understanding to know riches, and a mind to seek them, and a wit to find them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them, yet, commonly, they have withal such a false sight, such bleared eyes, all their wealth, when it lies before them, does seem poverty, and such a one are you 84

¹ Well to do

² Finely dressed

³ The morrow after Simon and Jude," i.e. 29th October, Lord Mayor's Day (before the adoption in 1752, of the new style of reckoning)

W Cam Good Sir Francis, you have had sore eyes too, you have been a gamester, but you have given it o'er, and to redeem the vice belonged to't, now you entertain certain farcels¹ of silenced ministers, which, I think, will equally undo you, yet should these waste you but lenitively, your devising new water mill[s] for recovery of drowned land,² and certain dreams you have in alchemy to find the philosopher's stone, will certainly draw you to the bottom I speak freely, sir, and would not have you angry, for I love you 94

Sir F Cres I am deeply in your books for furnishing my late wedding, have you brought a note of the particulars?

W Cam No, sir, at more leisure

Sir F Cres What comes the sum to?

W Cam For tissue, cloth of gold, velvets, and silks,
about fifteen hundred pounds 101

Sir F Cres Your money is ready

W Cam Sir, I thank you

Sir F Cres And how does my two young children, whom I have put to board with you?

L Beau Have you put forth two of your children already?

Sir F Cres 'Twas my wife's discretion to have it so

¹ Is perhaps a word formed from the verb *farce* (to stuff), though I have not elsewhere met with it —*Dyce*

² In the *Devil is an Ass* II 1 Ben Jonson derides this project Cf Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass* III 1 —

“I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills
Upon Newmarket Heath and Salisbury Plain
To drain the fens’

L Beau Come, 'tis the first principle in a mother in law's chop logic to divide the family, to remove from forth your sight the object[s] that her cunning knows would dull her insinuation Had you been a kind father, it would have been your practice every day to have preached to these two young ones carefully your late wife's funeral sermon 'Las, poor souls, are they turn'd so soon a grazing? 116

W Cam My lord, they are placed where they shall be respected as mine own

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN junior

L Beau I make no question o't, good master Camlet —

See here your eldest son, George¹ Cressingham 120

Sir F Cres You have displeas'd and grieved your mother in law,

And till you've made submission and procur'd
Her pardon, I'll not know you for my son

G Cres I've wrought her no offence, sir, the difference

Grew about certain jewels which my mother,
By your consent, lying upon her deathbed,
Bequeath'd to her three children these I demanded,
And being denied these, thought this sin of hers,
To violate so gentle a request

Of her predecessor, was an ill foregoing 130
Of a mother in law's² harsh nature

¹ Old ed Franck

² Old authors frequently use the form *mother in law* for *stepmother*

Sir F Cres Sir, understand
 My will mov'd in her denial you have jewels,
 To pawn or sell them ¹ sirrah, I will have you
 As obedient to this woman as to myself,
 Till then you're none of mine

W Cam O master George,
 Be rul'd, do anything for a quiet life ¹
 Your father's peace of life move in it too
 I have a wife, when she is in the sullens,
 Like a cook's dog that you see turn a wheel,
 She will be sure to go and hide herself 140
 Out of the way dinner and supper, and in
 These fits Bow bell is a still organ to her
 When we were married first, I well remember,
 Her railing did appear but a vision,
 Till certain scratches on my hand[s] and face
 Assur'd me 'twas substantial She's a creature
 Uses to waylay my faults, and more desires
 To find them out than to have them amended
 She has a book, which I may truly nominate
 Her Black Book, for she remembers in it, 150
 In short items, all my misdemeanours
 as, item, such a day I was got foxed ¹ with foolish
 metheglin, in the company of certain Welsh chapmen
 item, such a day, being at the Artillery Garden,² one of

¹ Drunk

² "A field enclosed with a bricewall without Bishopsgate"—Stow's *Annales* p 1084 ed 1631 see too, his account of The practise in the Artillery Garden renewed [in 1610] *ibid* p 995 At a later period the practice was generally held in Moorfields vide Stow's *Survey*, b iii p 70, ed 1720 ¹—*Dyce*

my neighbours, in courtesy to salute me with his musket,
 set a fire my fustian and ape's breeches ¹ such a day I
 lost fifty pound in hugger mugger at dice, at the Quest
 house ² item, I lent money to a sea captain on his bare
Confound him he would pay me again the next morning
 and such like 160

For which she rail'd upon me when I should sleep,
 And that's, you know, intolerable, for indeed
 'Twill tame an elephant

G Cies 'Tis a shrewd vexation,
 But your discretion, sir, does bear it out
 With a month's sufferance

W Cam Yes, and I would wish you
 To follow mine example

Frank jun Here's small comfort,
 George, from your father, here's a lord whom I
 Have long depended upon for employment, I'll see
 If my suit will thrive better—Please your lordship,
 You know I'm a younger brother, and my fate 170
 Throwing me upon the late ill starr'd voyage
 To Guiana,³ failing of our golden hopes,

¹ Unless the meaning is that the seat of the breeches was threadbare, I cannot understand the mention of the ape Dyce suggests that we should read "Naples breeches" and he adds— In *The Rates of Merchandise* (reign of James I) various sorts of "Naples Fustians" are mentioned

² The parish watch house

³ *i.e.* I presume, the first voyage under Raleigh in 1595 there were three voyages to Guiana, see Southey's excellent *Lives of British Admirals*, vol. iv pp 257 317, 324—"Dyce I suspect that there is a reference to something more recent—to the voyage of 1617

I and my ship address'd ourselves to serve
The duke of Florence

L Beau Yes, I understood so

Frank jun Who gave me both encouragement and
means

To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk
Being settled there, both in his pay and trust,
Your lordship, minding to rig forth a ship
To trade for the East Indies, sent for me,
And what your promise was, if I would leave 180
So great a fortune to become your servant,
Your letters yet can witness

L Beau Yes, what follows ?

Frank jun That, for aught I perceive, your former
purpose

Is quite forgotten I've stay'd here two months,
And find your intended voyage but a dream,
And the ship you talk of as imaginary
As that th' astronomers point at in the clouds
I've spent two thousand ducats since my arrival,
Men that have command, my lord, at sea, cannot live
Ashore without money

L Beau Know, sir, a late purchase, 190
Which cost me a great sum, has diverted me
From my former purpose, besides, suits in law
Do every term so trouble me by land,
I've forgot going by water If you please
To rank yourself among my followers,
You shall be welcome, and I'll make your means
Better than any gentleman's I keep

Frank jun Some twenty mark a year¹ will that
maintain

Scarlet and gold lace, play at th' ordinarv,¹
And bevers² at the tavern?

L Beau I had thought 200
To prefer you to have been captain of a ship
That's bound for the Red Sea

Frank jun What hinders it?

L Beau Why, certainly, the merchants are possess'd³
You've been a pirate

Frank jun Say I were one still
If I were past the Line once, why, methinks,
I should do them better service

Enter KNAVESBY

L Beau Pray, forbear,
Here is a gentleman whose business must
Engross me wholly

G Cres What's he? dost thou know him?

Frank jun A pox upon him! a very knave and
rascal,
That goes a hunting with the penal statutes, 210
And good for nought but to persuade their lords
To rack their rents and give o'er housekeeping
Such caterpillars may hang at their lords' ears
When better men are neglected

¹ See note, vol 1 p 236

² Refreshments between meals The word is not quite obsolete

³ Informed

G Cres What's his name ?

Frank jun Knavesby

G Cres Knavesby¹

Frank jun One that deals in a tenth share
About projections he and his partners, when
They've got a suit once past the seal, will so
Wrangle about partition, and sometimes
They fall to th' ears about it, like your fencers, 220
That cudgel one another by patent you shall see
him

So terribly bedash'd in a Michaelmas term,
Coming from Westminster, that you would swear
He were lighted from a horse race Hang him, hang
him !

He's a scurvy informer, has more cozenage
In him than is in five travelling lotteries
To feed a kite with the carrion of this knave
When he's dead, and reclaim¹ her, O she would
prove

An excellent hawk for talon¹ has a fair creature
To his wife too, and a witty rogue it is 230
And some men think this knave will wink at small
faults

But, honest George, what shall become of us now ?

G Cres Faith, I'm resolvèd to set up my rest²
For the Low Countries

Frank jun To serve there ?

¹ Tame A term in falconry
Set up my rest for = stake my fortunes on An expression
borrowed from the game of primero

G Cres Yes, certain

Frank jun There's thin commons ,
Besides, they've added one day more to the week
Than was in the creation art thou valiant,
Art thou valiant, George?

G Cres I may be, and I be put to't

Frank jun O, never fear that ,
Thou canst not live two hours after thy landing 240
Without a quarrel thou must resolve to fight,
Or, like a sumner,¹ thou'lt be bastinado'd
At every town's end You shall have gallants there
As ragged as the fall o' the leaf, that live
In Holland, where the finest linen's made,
And yet wear ne'er a shut these will not only
Quarrel with a new comer when they're drunk,
But they will quarrel with any man has means
To be drunk afore them Follow my council, George,
Thou shalt not go o'er , we'll live here i' the city 250

G Cres But how?

Frank jun How ! why, as other gallants do,
That feed high and play copiously, yet brag
They've but nine pound a year to live on these
Have wit to turn rich fools and gulls into quarter days,
That bring them in certain payment I've a project
Reflects upon yon mercer, master Camlet,
Shall put us into money

G Cres What is't?

Frank jun Nay,

¹ *Summoner* signifieth one used to call or cite a man to any court —Cowell's *Interpreter*

I will not stale 't¹ aforehand, 'tis a new one
 Nor cheating amongst gallants may seem strange,
 Why, a reaching wit goes current on th' Exchange 260

[*Exeunt G CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN junior*]

Kna O, my lord, I remember you and I were students
 together at Cambridge, but, believe me, you went far
 beyond me

L Beau When I studied there, I had so fantastical
 a brain, that like a felfare² frighted in winter by a
 birding piece, I could settle nowhere, here and there
 a little of every several art, and away

Kna Now, my wit, though it were more dull, yet
 I went slowly on, and as divers others, when I could
 not prove an excellent scholar, by a plodding patience
 I attained to be a petty lawyer, and I thank my dul-
 ness for't you may stamp in lead any figure, but in oil
 or quicksilver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep
 no certain station 274

L Beau O, you tax me well of irresolution but say,
 worthy friend, how thrives my weighty suit which I have
 trusted to your friendly bosom? is there any hope to
 make me happy?

Kna 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the
 ice to her an hour hence come to my house, and if it
 lie in man, be sure, as the law phrase says, I will create
 you lord paramount of your wishes 282

L Beau O my best friend! and one that takes the

¹ Make it flat, deprive it of freshness
 Felfare

G Cres Yes, certain

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L Beau O my best friend¹ and one that takes the

¹ Make it flat, deprive it of freshness

² Fieldfare

hardest course i' the world to make himself so [*Exit*
KNAVESBY]—Sir, now I'll take my leave

Sir F Cres Nay, good my lord, my wife is coming
 down

L Beau Pray, pardon me, I have business so im-
 portunes me o' the sudden, I cannot stay deliver mine
 excuse, and in your ear this,—let not a fair woman
 make you forget your children [*Exit* 290]

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER

L Cres What, are you taking leave too?

W Cam Yes, good madam

L Cres The rich stuff[s] which my husband bought
 of you, the works of them are too common, I have got
 a Dutch painter to draw patterns, which I'll have sent
 to your factors, as in Italy, at Florence, and Ragusa,
 where these stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for
 mine own wearing, of a new invention

W Cam You may, lady, but 'twill be somewhat
 chargeable 300

L Cres Chargeable! what of that? if I live another
 year, I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris, and
 at Venice, and at Valladolid in Spain, for intelligence of
 all new fashions

Sir F Cres Do, sweetest, thou deservest to be
 exquisite in all things

W Cam The two children, to which you are mother
 in law, would be repaired too, 'tis time they had new
 clothing

L Cres I pray, sir, do not trouble me with them ,
they have a father indulgent and careful of them 311

Sir F Cres I am sorry you made the motion to her

W Cam I have done —

He has run himself into a pretty dotage !— [*Aside*

Madam, with your leave —

He's tied to a new law and a new wife ,

Yet, to my old proverb, Anything for a quiet life

[*Aside, and exit*

L Cres Good friend, I have a suit to you

Sir F Cres Dearest self, you most powerfully sway
me 320

L Cres That you would give o'er this fruitless, if I
may not say this idle, study of alchemy , why, half your
house looks like a glass house

Saun And the smoke you make is a worse enemy to
good housekeeping than tobacco

L Cres Should one of your glasses break, it might
bring you to a dead palsy

Saun My lord, your quicksilver has made all your
more solid gold and silver fly in fume

Sir F Cres I'll be ruled by you in anything 330

L Cres Go, Saunder, break all the glasses

Saun I fly to't [*Exit*

L Cres Why, noble friend, would you find the true
philosopher's stone indeed, my good housewifery should
do it you understand I was bred up with a great
courtly lady , do not think all women mind gay clothes
and riot, there are some widows living who have im-
proved both their own fortunes and their children's

would you take my counsel, I'd advise you to sell
your land 340

Sir F Cres My land !

L Cres Yes, and the manor house upon't, 'tis rotten
O the new fashioned buildings brought from the Hague !
'tis stately I have intelligence of a purchase, and the
title sound, will for half the money you may sell yours
for, bring you in more rent than yours now yields
you

Sir F Cres If it be so good a pennyworth, I need
not sell my land to purchase it, I'll procure money to
do it 350

L Cres Where, sir?

Sir F Cres Why, I'll take it up at interest

L Cres Never did any man thrive that purchased
with use money !

Sir F Cres How come you to know these thrifty
principles?

L Cres How? why, my father was a lawyer, and
died in the commission, and may not I, by a natural
instinct, have a reaching that way? there are, on mine
own knowledge, some divines' daughters infinitely
affected with reading controversies, and that, some
think, has been a means to bring so many suits into
the spiritual court Pray, be advised, sell your land,
and purchase more I knew a pedlar, by being mer-
chant this way, is become lord of many manors we
should look to lengthen our estates, as we do our
lives, 367

Re enter SAUNDER

And though I'm young, yet I am confident
Your able constitution of body,
When you are past fourscore, shall keep you fresh
Till I arrive at the neglected year
That I'm past child bearing, and yet even¹ there
Quickening our faint heats in a soft embrace,
And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,
We may both go out together, and one tomb
Quit our executors the rites of two

376

Sir F Cres O, you're so wise and so good in every
thing,

I move by your direction

Saun She has caught him

[*Aside*

[*Exeunt*

¹ Old ed ever

ACT II

SCENE, I

A Room in KNAVESBY'S House

Enter KNAVESBY and MISTRESS KNAVESBY

Kna Have you drunk the eggs¹ and muscadine I sent you?

Mis Kna No, they are too fulsome

Kna Away! you're a fool!—

How shall I begin to break the matter to her? [*Aside*]
I do long, wife

Mis Kna Long, sir?

Kna Long infinitely

Sit down, there is a penitential motion in me,
Which if thou wilt but second, I shall be
One of the happiest men in Europe

Mis Kna What might that be?

Kna I had last night one of the strangest dreams,
Methought I was thy confessor, thou mine,
And we reveal'd between us privately 10
How often we had wrong'd each other's bed
Since we were married

¹ Eggs and muscadine —See note i vol iii p 94

Mrs Kna Came you drunk to bed ?
There was a dream, with a witness !

Kna No, no witness ,
I dreamt nobody heard it but we two
This dream, wife, do I long to put in act ,
Let us confess each other , and I vow,
Whatever thou hast done with that sweet corpse
In the way of natural frailty, I protest,
Most freely I will pardon

Mrs Kna Go sleep again
Was there e'er such a motion ?

Kna Nay, sweet woman, 20
And thou'lt not have me run mad with my desire,
Be persuaded to't

Mrs Kna Well, be it your pleasure

Kna But to answer truly

Mrs Kna O, most sincerely

Kna Begin then , examine me first

Mrs Kna Why, I know not what to ask you

Kna Let me see your father was a captain , demand
of me how many dead pays¹ I am to answer for in the
muster book of wedlock, by the martial fault of borrow
ing from my neighbours 30

Mrs Kna Troth, I can ask no such foolish questions

¹ Dead pays ' = pay continued to soldiers after their death, which dishonest officers pocketed This iniquitous practice seems to have been not uncommon In Day's *Parliament of Bees* Armiger protests that he—

“ Never pursed *dead pay*,
Never made week the longer by a day ,
A soldier dead his pay did likewise die

Kna Why, then, open confession, I hope, dear wife, will merit freer pardon I sinned twice with my laundress, and last circuit there was at Banbury a she chamberlain that had a spice of purity,¹ but at last I prevailed over her

Mis Kna O, you are an ungracious husband !

Kna I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company O, a little drink makes me clamber like a monkey ! Now, sweet wife, you have been an outlier too, which is best feed, in the forest or in the parkeus ?

Mis Kna A foolish mind of you ! this 42

Kna Nay, sweet love, confess freely, I have given you the example

Mis Kna Why, you know I went last year to Stour bridge fair

Kna Yes

Mis Kna And being in Cambridge, a handsome scholar, one of Emmanuel College, fell in love with me

Kna O you sweet breathed monkey ! 50

Mis Kna Go hang, you are so boisterous

Kna But did this scholar show thee his chamber ?

Mis Kna Yes

Kna And didst thou like him ?

Mis Kna Like him ? O, he had the most enticingest straw coloured beard, a woman with black eyes would

¹ A sneer at the Puritans, who mustered thick at Banbury Cf Ben Jonson's *Gipsies Metamorphosed*—

From the candlesticks of Lothbury,
And the loud *pure wives of Banbury*

Bless the sovereign and his hearing "

have loved him like jet he was the finest man, with a formal wit, and he had a fine dog, that sure was whelped i' the college, for he understood Latin

Kna Pooh waw ! this is nothing, till I know what he did in's chamber 61

Mis Kna He burnt wormwood in't, to kill the fleas i' the rushes

Kna But what did he to thee there?

Mis Kna Some five and twenty years hence I may chance tell you fie upon you, what tricks, what crotchets are these? have you placed anybody behind the arras to hear my confession? I heard one in England got a divorce from 's wife by such a trick were I disposed now, I would make you as mad you shall see me play the changeling ¹ 71

Kna No, no, wife, you shall see me play the changeling hadst thou confessed, this other suit I'll now prefer to thee would have been despatched in a trice

Mis Kna And what's that, sir?

Kna Thou wilt wonder at it four and twenty years longer than nine days

Mis Kna I would very fain hear it

Kna There is a lord o' the court, upon my credit, a most dear, honourable friend of mine, that must lie with thee do you laugh? 'tis not come to that, you'll laugh when you know who 'tis 82

Mis Kna Are you stark mad?

Kna On my religion, I have past my word for't,

¹ Idiot

'Tis the Lord Beaufort, thou'rt made happy for ever,
 The generous and bountiful Lord Beaufort
 You being both so excellent, 'twere pity
 If such rare pieces should not be conferr'd
 And sampled together

Mis Kna Do you mean seriously?

Kna As I hope for preferment 90

Mis Kna And can you lose me thus?

Kna Lose you? I shall love you the better why,
 what's the viewing any wardrobe or jewel house, without
 a companion to confer their likings? yet, now I view
 thee well, methinks thou art a rare monopoly, and great
 pity one man should enjoy thee

Mis Kna This is pretty!

Kna Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am
 gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep, for
 some Familists¹ of Amsterdam will tell you [it] may be
 done with a safe conscience come, you wanton, what
 hurt can this do to you? I protest, nothing so much as
 to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes, no
 more wrong than I do my beaver when I try it thus,
 look, this is all, smooth, and keeps fashion still 105

Mis Kna You're one of the basest fellows!

Kna I look'd for chiding,
 I do make this a kind of fortitude
 The Romans never dreamt of, and 'twere known,
 I should be spoke and writ of when I'm rotten,
 For 'tis beyond example

¹ See prefatory note to *The Family of Love* vol III pp 3-5

Mis Kna But, I pray, resolve¹ me , 110
Suppose this done, could you e'er love me after?

Kna I protest I never thought so well of thee
Till I knew he took a fancy to thee , like one
That has variety of choice meat before him,
Yet has no stomach to't until he hear
Another praise [it] hark, my lord is coming !

[*Knocking within*

Mis Kna Possible ?

Kna And my preferment comes along with him be
wise, mind your good , and to confute all reason in the
world which thou canst urge against it, when 'tis done,
we will be married again, wife, which some say is the
only *supersedeas* about Limehouse to remove cuckoldry

Enter LORD BEAUFORT

L Beau Come, are you ready to attend me to the
court ? 124

Kna Yes, my lord

L Beau Is this fair one your wife ?

Kna At your lordship's service I will look up some
writings, and return presently [Exit

Mis Kna To see and the base fellow do not leave 's
alone too ! [Aside 130

L Beau 'Tis an excellent habit this where were you
born, sweet ?

Mis Kna I am a Suffolk woman, my lord

L Beau Believe it, every country you breathe on is

¹ Inform

the sweeter for you let me see your hand, the case is loath to part with the jewel [*drawing off her glove*] fairest one, I have skill in palmistry

Mrs Kna Good my lord, what do you find there?

L Beau In good earnest, I do find written here, all my good fortune lies in your hand 140

Mrs Kna You'll keep a very bad house then, you may see by the smallness of the table ¹

L Beau Who is your sweetheart?

Mrs Kna Sweetheart?

L Beau Yes, come, I must sift you to know it

Mrs Kna I am a sieve too coarse for your lordship's ranchet ²

L Beau Nay, pray you, tell me, for I see your husband is an unhandsome fellow 149

Mrs Kna O, my lord, I took him by weight, not fashion, goldsmiths' wives taught me that way of bargain, and some ladies swerve not to follow the example

L Beau But will you not tell me who is your private friend?

Mrs Kna Yes, and you'll tell me who is yours

L Beau Shall I show you her?

Mrs Kna Yes, when will you?

L Beau Instantly look you, there you may see her [*Leading her to a mirror* 160

Mrs Kna I'll break the glass, 'tis now worth nothing

¹ A term in palmistry — "The whole collection of lines on the skin within the hand — *Nares* (But see Halliwell's Dictionary s v)

² Fine wheaten bread

L Beau Why?

Mis Kna You have made it a flattering one

L Beau I have a summer house for you, a fine place to flatter solitariness, will you come and lie there?

Mis Kna No, my lord

L Beau Your husband has promised me, will you not?

Mis Kna I must wink, I tell you, or say nothing

L Beau So, I'll kiss you and wink too [*kisses her*], midnight is Cupid's holyday 171

Re enter KNAVESBY

Kna By this time 'tis concluded — Will you go, my lord?

L Beau I leave with you my best wishes till I see you

Kna This now, if I may borrow our lawyer's phrase, is my wife's *imparlance*,¹ at her next appearance she must answer your *declaration*

L Beau You follow it well, sir

[*Exeunt LORD BEAUFORT and KNAVESBY*]

Mis Kna Did I not know my husband of so base, Contemptible [*a*] nature, I should think 181
'Twere but a trick to try me, but it seems
They're both in wicked earnest, and methinks

¹ *Imparlance* is a petition made in Court upon the Count of the Demandant by the Tenent or Declaration of the Plaintiffs by the Defendant, whereby he craveth respite, or any other day to put in his answer — *Cowell's Interpreter*

Upon the sudden, I've a great mind to loathe
 This scurvy, unhandsome way my lord has ta'en
 To compass me, why, 'tis for all the world
 As if he should come to steal some apuicocks
 My husband kept for's own tooth, and climb up
 Upon his head and shoulders I'll go to him,
 He'll put me into brave¹ clothes and rich jewels, 190
 'Twere a very ill part in me not to go,
 His mercer and his goldsmith else might curse me,
 And what I'll do there, a' my troth, yet I know not
 Women, though puzzled with these subtle deeds,
 May, as i' the spring, pick physic out of weeds [*Exit*]

SCENE II

WATER CAMLET'S *Shop*

WATER CAMLET, GEORGE, and RALPH *discovered*

Geo What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?
 Stuffs for the belly or the back?
 Silk grograns, satins, velvet fine,
 The rosy colour'd carnadine,²
 Your nutmeg hue, or gingerline,
 Cloth of tissue or tabine,³
 That like beaten gold will shine

¹ Fine

² Carnation

³ "A sort of wrought silk see in v *The Rates of Merchandizes* &c
 in the reign of James I Old ed 'Tobine' —*Dyce*

In your amorous ladies' eyne,
 Whilst you their softer silks do twine?
 What is't you lack, you lack, you lack? 10

Enter MISTRESS WATER CAMLET

Mis W Cam I do lack content, sir, content I lack,
 have you or your worshipful master here any content to
 sell?

Geo If content be a stuff to be sold by the yard, you
 may have content at home, and never go abroad for't

Mis W Cam Do, cut me three yards, I'll pay for
 'em

Geo There's all we have i' the shop, we must know
 what you'll give for 'em first

W Cam Why, Rachel, sweet Rachel, my bosom
 Rachel, 20
 How didst thou get forth? thou wert here, sweet
 Rac,

Within this hour, even in my very heart

Mis W Cam Away! or stay still, I'll away from
 thee,

One bed shall never hold us both again,
 Nor one roof cover us didst thou bring home—

Geo What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

Mis W Cam Peace, bandog, bandog! give me
 leave to speak,

Or I'll—

Geo Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound to't, and
 my master bound to bring me up in't 30

W Cam Peace, good George, give her anger leave,
Thy mistress will be quiet presently

Mis W Cam Quiet! I defy thee and quiet too,
Quiet thy bastards thou hast brought home

Geo and *Ral* What is't you lack, you lack? &c

Mis W Cam Death, give me an ell¹ has one bawl
ing cur

Raised up another? two dogs upon me?
And the old bearward will not succour me,
I'll stave 'em off myself give me an ell, I say!

Geo Give her not an inch, master, she'll take two ells
if you do 41

W Cam Peace, George and Ralph, no more words,
I charge you —

And Rachel, sweet wife, be more temperate
I know your tongue speaks not by the rule
And guidance of your heart, when you proclaim
The pretty children of my virtuous
And noble kinswoman, whom in life you knew
Above my praises' reach, to be my bastards
This is not well, although your anger did it,
Pray, chide your anger for it

Mis W Cam Sir, sir, your gloss 50
Of kinswoman cannot serve turn, 'tis stale,
And smells too rank though your shop wares you
vent²

¹ Cf *and Pt of the Honest Whore*, II 2 —

Bride Reach me an ell

Lod An ell for my mistress! [*Brings an ell wand from the shop*]

² Vend

With your deceiving lights,¹ yet your chamber stuff
Shall not pass so with me , I say, and I'll prove—

Geo What is't you lack?

Enter MARIA and EDWARD

W Cam Why, George, I say——

Mis W Cam Lecher, I say, I'll be divorc'd from
thee ,

I'll prove 'em thy bastards, and thou insufficient [*Exit*

Mar What said my angry cousin² to you, sir?
That we were bastards?

Edw I hope she meant not us

W Cam No, no, 60

My pretty cousins, she meant George and Ralph ,
Rage will speak anything, but they're ne'er the
worse

Geo Yes indeed, forsooth, she spoke to us, but
chiefly to Ralph, because she knows he has but one
stone

Ral No more of that, if you love me, George , this is
not the way to keep a quiet house

Mar Truly, sir, I would not, for more treasure
Than ever I saw yet, be in your house
A cause of discord

Edw And do you think I would, sister? 70

Mar No, indeed, Ned

¹ See note 4, vol 1 p 247

² See note vol 1 p 309

*Enter FRANKLIN junior and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM,
disguised*

Edw Why did you not speak for me with you then,
and said we could not have done so?

W Cam No more, sweet cousins, now — Speak,
George, customers approach

G Cres Is the barber prepared?

Frank jun With ignorance enough to go through with
it, so near I am to him, we must call cousins, would
thou wert as sure to hit the tailor!

G Cres If I do not steal away handsomely, let me
never play the tailor again 81

Geo What is't you lack? &c

Frank jun Good satins, sir

Geo The best in Europe, sir, here's a piece worth a
piece every yard of him, the king of Naples wears no
better silk, mark his gloss, he dazzles the eye to look
upon him

Frank jun Is he not gummed?¹

Geo Gummed! he has neither mouth nor tooth, how
can he be gummed? 90

Frank jun Very pretty

W Cam An especial good piece of silk, the worm
never spun a finer thread, believe it, sir

Frank jun Gascoyn, you have some skill in it

W Cam Your tailor, sir?

¹ It was a common practice to stiffen velvet and other stuffs with gum
in order to make them sit well and have a glossy appearance.

Frank jun Yes, sir

G Cres A good piece, sir , but let's see more choice

Ral Tailor, drive thorough , you know your bribes

G Cres Mum he bestows forty pounds, if I say the word 100

Ral Strike through , there's poundage for you then

Frank jun Ay, marry, I like this better —

What sayst thou, Gascoyn ?

G Cres A good piece indeed, sir

Geo The great Turk has worse satin at's elbow than this, sir

Frank jun The price ?

W Cam Look on the mark, George

Geo O, *Souse* and *P*, by my facks, sir

W Cam The best sort then , sixteen a yard, nothing to be bated 110

Frank jun Fie, sir, fifteen's too high, yet so,—for how many yards will serve for my suit, sirrah ?

G Cres Nine yards, you can have no less, Sir Andrew

Frank jun But I can, sir, if you please to steal less , I had but eight in my last suit

G Cres You pinch us too near, in faith, Sir Andrew

Frank jun Yet can you pinch out a false pair of sleeves to a friezado doublet

Geo No, sir , some purses and pin pillows perhaps a tailor pays for his kissing that ways 121

Frank jun Well, sir, eight yards , eight fiftens I give, and cut it

W Cam I cannot, truly, sir

Geo My master must be no subsidy man, sir, if he take such fifteens

Frank jun I am at highest, sir, if you can take money

W Cam Well, sir, I'll give you the buying once, I hope to gain it in your custom want you nothing else, sir?

Frank jun Not at this time, sir 131

G Cres Indeed but you do, Sir Andrew, I must needs deliver my lady's message to you, she enjoined me by oath to do it, she commanded me to move you for a new gown

Frank jun Sirrah, I'll break your head, if you motion it again

G Cres I must endanger myself for my lady, sir you know she's to go to my lady Frenchmore's wedding, and to be seen there without a new gown! she'll have ne'er an eye to be seen there, for her fingers in 'em nay, by my fack, sir, I do not think she'll go, and then, the cause known, what a discredit 'twill be to you! 143

Frank jun Not a word more, Goodman snipsnapper, for your ears —What comes this to, sir?

W Cam Six pound, sir

Frank jun There's your money [*Gives money*]—Will you take this, and be gone about your business presently?

G Cres Troth, sir, I'll see some stuffs for my lady first, I'll tell her, at least, I did my goodwill —A fair piece of cloth of silver, pray you, now 152

Geo Or cloth of gold, if you please, sir, as rich as ever the Sophy wore

Frank jun You are the arrantest villain of a tailor that ever sat cross legged, what do you think a gown of this stuff will come to?

G Cres Why, say it be forty pound, sir, what's that to you? three thousand a year I hope will maintain it 160

Frank jun It will, sir, very good, you were best be my overseer say I be not furnished with money, how then?

G Cres A very fine excuse in you! which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently?

W Cam Sir, sir, your tailor persuades you well, 'tis for your credit and the great content of your lady

Frank jun 'Tis for your content, sir, and my charges—Never think, goodman false stitch, to come to the mercer's with me again pray, will you see if my cousin Sweetball the barber—he's nearest hand—be furnished, and bring me word instantly 173

G Cres I fly, sir [Exit 173

Frank jun You may fly, sir, you have clipt somebody's wings for it, to piece out your own, an arrant thief you are!

W Cam Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir

Frank jun You expect some gain, sir, there's your cause of love 180

W Cam Surely I do a little, sir

Frank jun And what might be the price of this?

W Cam This is thirty a yard, but if you'll go to forty, here's a nonpareil

Franl jun So, there's a matter of forty pound for a gown cloth?

W Cam Thereabouts, sir why, sir, there are far short of your means that wear the like

Franl jun Do you know my means, sir?

Geo By overhearing your tailor, sir,—three thousand a year, but if you'd have a petticoat for your lady, here's a stuff

192

Frank jun Are you another tailor, sirrah? here's a knave! what are you?

Geo You are such another gentleman! but for the stuff, sir, 'tis *LSS* and *K*, for the turn stript¹ a' pur pose, a yard and a quarter broad too, which is the just depth of a woman's petticoat

Frank jun And why stript for a petticoat?

Geo Because if they abuse their petticoats, there are abuses stript, then 'tis taking them up, and they may be stript and whipt too²

202

Frank jun Very ingenious!

Geo Then it is likewise stript standing, between which is discovered the open part, which is now called the placket³

Frank jun Why, was it ever called otherwise?

Geo Yes, while the word remained pure in his original, the Latin tongue, who have no K's, it was called the *placet*, a *placendo*, a thing or place to please

¹ Striped

² "Stript and whipt"—An allusion to Wither's satire, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*

³ See note 3, vol iv p 80

Re enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

Frank jun Better and worse still—Now, sir, you come in haste, what says my cousin? 212

G Cres Protest, sir, he's half angry, that either you should think him unfurnished, or not furnished for your use, there's a hundred pound ready for you he desires you to pardon his coming, his folks are busy, and his wife trimming a gentleman, but at your first approach the money wants but telling

Frank jun He would not trust you with it—I con him thanks¹—for that he knows what trade you are of—Well, sir, pray, cut him patterns, he may in the mean time know my lady's liking let your man take the pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my cousin's 224

W Cam With all my heart, sir—Ralph, your cloak, and go with the gentleman look you give good measure

G Cres Look you carry a good yard with you

Ral The best i' the shop, sir, yet we have none bad—You'll have the stuff for the petticoat too?

Frank jun No, sir, the gown only 230

G Cres By all means, sir not the petticoat? that were holy day upon working day, i'faith

Frank jun You are so forward for² a knave, sir

G Cres 'Tis for your credit and my lady's both I do it, sir

¹ Con thanks = return thanks

² So forward for a knave" = so forward a knave—See note 1 vol iii p 41

Frank jun Your man is trusty, sir?

W Cam O, sir, we keep none but those we dare trust,
sir — Ralph, have a care of light gold

Ral I warrant you, sir, I'll take none

Frank jun Come, sirrah — Fare you well, sir 240

W Cam Pray, know my shop another time, sir

Frank jun That I shall, sir, from all the shops I' the
town, 'tis the Lamb in Lombard Street

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN jun, G CRESSINGHAM, and*
RALPH carrying the stuffs and a yard
measure

Geo A good morning's work, sir, if this custom would
but last long, you might shut up your shop and live
privately

W Cam O George, but here's a grief that takes away
all the gains and joy of all my thrift

Geo What's that, sir?

W Cam Thy mistress, George, her forwardness sours
all my comfort 251

Geo Alas, sir, they are but squibs and crackers, they'll
soon die, you know her flashes of old

W Cam But they fly so near me, that they burn me,
George,

'They are as ill as muskets charg'd with bullets

Geo She has discharged herself now, sir, you need
not fear her

W Cam No man can love without his affliction,
George

Geo As you cannot without my mistress 260

W Cam Right, right, there's harmony in discords

this lamp of love, while any oil is left, can never be extinct, it may, like a snuff, wink and seem to die, but up he will again and show his head I cannot be quiet, George without my wife at home

Geo And when she's at home you're never quiet, I'm sure, a fine life you have on't! Well, sir, I'll do my best to find her, and bring her back, if I can

W Cam Do, honest George, at Knavesby's house, that varlet's—

There is her haunt and harbour—who enforces 270
A kinsman on her, and [she] calls him cousin
Restore her, George, to ease this heart that's vex't,
The best new suit that e'er thou wor'st is next

Geo I thank you aforehand, sir [Exeunt

SCENE III

A Room in SWEETBALL'S House

Enter FRANKLIN jun and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM disguised as before, RALPH carrying the stuffs and a yard measure, SWEETBALL, and Boy

Sweet Were it of greater moment than you speak of noble sir, I hope you think me sufficient, and it shall be effectually performed

Frank jun I could wish your wife did not know it, coz, women's tongues are not always tuneable, I may many ways requite it

Sweet Believe me, she shall not, sir, which will be the hardest thing of all

Frank jun Pray you, despatch him then

Sweet With the celerity a man tells gold to him 10

Frank jun He hits a good comparison [*Aside*]

—Give my waste good your stuffs, and go with my
cousin, sir, he'll presently despatch you

Ral Yes, sir [*Gives stuffs to G* CRESSINGHAM

Sweet Come with me, youth, I am ready for you in
my more private chamber

[*Exeunt SWEETBALL and RALPH*

Frank jun Sirrah, go you show your lady the stuffs,
and let her choose her colour, away, you know whither
—Boy, prithee, lend me a brush i' the meantime —Do
you tarry all day now? 20

G Cres That I will, sir, and all night too, ere I come
again [*Exit with the stuffs*

Boy Here's a brush, sir [*Gives brush*

Frank jun A good child

Sweet [*within*] What, Toby!

Boy Anon, sir

Sweet [*within*] Why, when,¹ goodman picklock?

Boy I must attend my master, sir —I come

Frank jun Do, pretty lad [*Exit Boy*]—So, take
water at Cole Harbour *

An easy mercer, and an innocent² barber! 30

[*Exit with the brush*

¹ An exclamation of impatience

See note 2 vol II p 277

² Silly

SCENE IV

*Another Room in SWEETBALL'S House**Enter SWEETBALL, RALPH, and Boy*

Sweet So, friend, I'll now despatch you presently —
Boy, reach me my dismembering instrument, and let my
cauterize[r] be ready, and, hark you, snip snap —

Boy Ay, sir

Sweet See if my *luxonium*,¹ my fomentation, be provided first, and get my rollers, bolsters,² and pledgets³ armed
[*Exit Boy*]

Ral Nay, good sir, despatch my business first, I should not stay from my shop

Sweet You must have a little patience, sir, when you are a patient if *præputium* be not too much perished, you shall lose but little by it, believe my art for that 12

Ral What's that, sir?

Sweet Marry, if there be exulceration between *præputium* and *glans*, by my faith, the whole *penis* may be endangered as far as *os pubis*

Ral What's this you talk on, sir?

¹ Occurs twice afterwards and [p 297] Ralph plays on the word but qy *luxonium*? —*Dyce*

² In Vigon's *Works of Chirurgerie* 1571 various kinds of *bolsters* are described that must be applied in hollowe vicers, &c, fol cxiii —*Dyce*

³ A small plug a piece of lint by which the nostrils are plugged when excessive bleeding takes place —*Halliwel*

Sweet If they be gangrened once, *testiculi, vesica*, and all may run to mortification

Ral What a pox does this barber talk on? 20

Sweet O fie, youth! *pox* is no word of art, *morbus Gallicus*, or *Neapolitanus*, had been well come, friend, you must not be nice, open your griefs freely to me

Ral Why, sir, I open my grief to you, I want my money

Sweet Take you no care for that, your worthy cousin has given me part in hand, and the rest I know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take his word

Ral 'Sdeath, where's my ware?

Sweet Ware! that was well, the word is cleanly, though not artful, your ware it is that I must see 31

Ral My tabine¹ and cloth of tissue!

Sweet You will neither have tissue nor issue, if you linger in your malady, better a member cut off than endanger the whole microcosm

Ral Barber, you are not mad?

Sweet I do begin to fear you are subject to *subeth*,² unkindly sleeps, which have bred oppilations in your brain, take heed, the *symptoma* will follow, and this may come to frenzy! begin with the first cause, which is the pain of your member 41

Ral Do you see my yard, barber!

[*Holding up yard measure*]

Sweet Now you come to the purpose, 'tis that I must see indeed

¹ Old ed Tobine

A sort of apoplexy

Ral You shall feel it, sir, death, give me my fifty pounds or my ware again, or I'll measure out your anatomy by the yard !

Sweet Boy, my cauterizing iron red hot !

Re enter Boy with the iron

Boy 'Tis here, sir

Sweet If you go further, I take my dismembering knife 51

Ral Where's the knight, your cousin ? the thief and the tailor, with my cloth of gold and tissue ?

Boy The gentleman that sent away his man with the stuffs is gone a pretty while since, he has carried away our new brush

Sweet O that brush hurts my heart's side ? Cheated, cheated ! he told me that your *virga* had a burning fever

Ral Pox on your *virga*, barber !

Sweet And that you would be bashful, and ashamed to show your head 61

Ral I shall so, hereafter, but here it is, you see, yet, my head, my hair, and my wit, and here are my heels that I must show to my master, if the cheaters be not found and, barber, provide thee plasters, I will break thy head with every basin under the pole [Exit

Sweet Cool the *luximum*, and quench the cauterizer, I'm partly out of my wits, and partly mad, My razor's at my heart, these storms will make My sweet balls stink, my harmless basins shake 70

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I

An Apartment in LORD BEAUFORT'S House,

*Enter MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM disguised as a
page, and MISTRESS KNAVESBY*

Mis G Cres You're welcome, mistress, as I may
speak it,
But my lord will give't a sweeter emphasis,
I'll give him knowledge of you [*Going*]

Mis Kna Good sir, stay,
Methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue,
I'll wish you to go no further for my welcome

Mis G Cres Mine! it seems you never heard good
music,
That commend a bagpipe hear his harmony!

Mis Kna Nay, good now, let me borrow of your
patience,
I'll pay you again before I rise to morrow,
If it please you—— 10

Mis G Cres What would you, forsooth?

Mis Kna Your company, sir

Mis G Cres My attendance you should have, mistress, but that my lord expects it, and 'tis his due

Mis Kna And must be paid upon the hour? that's too strict, any time of the day will serve

Mis G Cres Alas, 'tis due every minute¹ and paid, 'tis due again, or else I forfeit my recognisance, the cloth I wear of his

Mis Kna Come, come, pay it double at another time and 'twill be quitted, I have a little use of you 21

Mis G Cres Of me, forsooth? small use can be made of me if you have suit to my lord, none can speak better for you than you may yourself

Mis Kna O, but I am bashful

Mis G Cres So am I, in troth, mistress

Mis Kna Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your lord that's yet unfinished, and you may further me pray you, your hands, while I unwind this skein of gold from you, 'twill not detain you long 30

[*Putting skein on MIS G CRESSINGHAM'S hands*]

Mis G Cres You wind me into your service prettily with all the haste you can, I beseech you

Mis Kna If it tangle not, I shall soon have done

Mis G Cres No, it shall not tangle, if I can help it, forsooth

Mis Kna If it do, I can help it, fear not this thing of long length you shall see I can bring you to a bottom¹

Mis G Cres I think so too, if it be not bottomless this length will reach it 39

¹ A ball of thread

Mis Kna It becomes you finely, but I forewarn you and remember it, your enemy gain not this advantage of you, you are his prisoner then, for, look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled, I have your hands in bondage

[*Grasps the slain between MISTRESS GEORGE CRES SINGHAM'S hands*]

Mis G Cres 'Tis a good lesson, mistress, and I am perfect in it, another time I'll take out this, and learn another pray you, release me now

Mis Kna I could kiss you now, spite of your teeth, if it please me

Mis G Cres But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth, if it pleases me 51

Mis Kna Well, I'll not tempt you so far, I show it but for rudiment

Mis G Cres When I go a wooing, I'll think on't again

Mis Kna In such an hour I learnt it say I should,
In recompense of your hands' courtesy,
Make you a fine wrist favour of this gold,
With all the letters of your name emboss'd
On a soft tress of hair, which I shall cut 60
From mine own fillet, whose ends should meet and close
In a fast true love knot, would you wear it
For my sake, sir?

Mis G Cres I think not, truly, mistress,
My wrists have enough of this gold already,
Would they were rid on't yet! pray you, have done,
In troth, I'm weary

Mrs Kna And what a virtue
Is here express'd in you, which had lain hid
But for this trial weary of gold, sir?
O that the close engrossers of this treasure
Could be so free to put it off of hand ! 70
What a new mended world would here be !
It shows a generous condition¹ in you ,
In sooth, I think I shall love you dearly for't

Mrs G Cres But if they were in prison, as I am,
They would be glad to buy their freedom with it

Mrs Kna Surely no , there are that, rather than
release

This dear companion, do lie in prison
With it, yes, and will die in prison too

Mrs G Cres 'Twere pity but the hangman did
enfranchise both 80

Enter LORD BEAUFORT

L Beau Selenger, where are you ?

Mrs G Cres E'en here, my lord — Mistress, pray you,
my liberty , you hinder my duty to my lord

L Beau [*taking off his hat*] Nay, sir, one courtesy
shall serve us both

At this time , you are busy, I perceive ,
When your leisure next serves you, I'd employ you

Mrs G Cres You must pardon me, my lord , you
see I am entangled here — Mistress, I protest I'll break
prison if you free me not take you no notice ?

¹ Disposition

Mis Kna O, cry your honour mercy !—You are now
at liberty, sir [Releasing her hands 91

Mis G Cres And I'm glad on't, I'll ne'er give both
my hands at once again to a woman's command, I'll
put one finger in a hole rather

L Beau Leave us

Mis G Cres Free leave have you, my lord, so I
think you may have —Filthy beauty, what a white witch
thou art ! [Exit

L Beau Lady, you're welcome

Mis Kna I did believe it from your page, my lord

L Beau Your husband sent you to me ?

Mis Kna He did, my lord, 101

With duty and commends unto your honour,
Beseeching you to use me very kindly,
By the same token your lordship gave him grant
Of a new lease of threescore pounds a year,
Which he and his should forty years enjoy

L Beau The token's true, and for your sake, lady,
'Tis likely to be better'd, not alone the lease,
But the fee simple may be his and yours

Mis Kna I have a suit unto your lordship too, 110
Only myself concerns

L Beau 'Twill be granted, sure,
Though it outvalue thy husband's

Mis Kna Nay, 'tis small charge,
Only your good will and good word, my lord

L Beau The first is thine confirm'd, the second,
then,
Cannot stay long behind

Mrs Kna I love your page, sir

L Beau Love him ' for what ?

Mrs Kna O the great wisdoms that
Our grandsires had ' do you ask me reason for't ?
I love him 'cause I like him, sir

L Beau My page '

Mrs Kna In mine eye he is a most delicate youth,
But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for 120

L Beau Either your eye's blinded or your remem-
brance broken ,
Call to mind wherefore you came hither, lady

Mrs Kna I do, my lord , for love , and I'm in pro-
foundly

L Beau You trifle, sure , do you long for unripe
fruit ?

'Twill breed diseases in you

Mrs Kna Nothing but worms
In my belly, and there's a seed to expel them ,
In mellow, falling fruit I find no relish

L Beau 'Tis true the youngest vines yields the most
clusters,

But the old ever the sweetest grapes

Mrs Kna I can taste of both, sir ,
But with the old I am the soonest cloy'd, 130
The green keep still an edge on appetite

L Beau Sure you're a common creature

Mrs Kna Did you doubt it ?
Wherefore came I hither else ? did you think
That honesty only had been immur'd for you,
And I should bring it as an offertory

Unto your shrine of lust? As 'twas, my lord,
 'Twas meant to you, had not the slippery wheel
 Of fancy turn'd when I beheld your page,
 Nay, had I seen another before him
 In mine eyes better grace, he had been forestall'd, 140
 But as it is—all my strength cannot help—
 Beseech you, your good will and good word, my lord,
 You may command him, sir, if not affection,
 Yet his body, and I desire but that do it,
 And I'll command myself your prostitute

L Beau You're a base strumpet! I succeed my
 page!

Mis Kna O, that's no wonder, my lord, the servant
 oft

Tastes to his master of the daintiest dish
 He brings to him beseech you, my lord—

L Beau You're a bold mischief, and to make me
 your spokesman, 150
 Your procurer to my servant!

Mis Kna Do you shrink at that?
 Why, you've done worse without the sense of ill,
 With a full, free conscience of a libertine
 Judge your own sin,
 Was it not worse, with a damn'd broking fee
 To corrupt¹ a husband, 'state him a pander
 To his own wife, by virtue of a lease
 Made to him and your bastard issue, could you get
 'em?

¹ Old ed a corrupt husband

What a degree of baseness call you this ?
 'Tis a poor sheep steal[er], provok'd by want, 160
 Compar'd unto a capital traitor the master
 To his servant may be recompens'd, but the husband
 To his wife never

L Beau Your husband shall smart for this [Exit

Mis Kna Hang him, do ' you have brought him to
 deserve it ,

Bring him to the punishment, there I'll join with you ,
 I loathe him to the gallows ' hang your page too ,
 One mourning gown shall serve for both of them
 This trick hath kept mine honesty secure ,
 Best soldiers use policy , the lion's skin
 Becomes the ¹ body not when 'tis too great, 170
 But then the fox's may sit close and neat [Exit

SCENE II

A Street

Enter SWEETBALL, FLESH HOOK, and COUNTERBUFF

Sweet Now, Flesh hook, use thy talon, set upon his
 right shoulder, thy sergeant, Counterbuff, at the left,
 grasp in his jugulars , and then let me alone to tickle his
diaphragma

Flesh You are sure he has no protection, sir?

Sweet A protection to cheat and cozen ' there was
 never any granted to that purpose

¹ Old ed "not the body when

Flesh I grant you that too, sir, but that use has been made of 'em

Coun Marry has there, sir? how could else so many broken bankrupts play up and down by their creditors' noses, and we dare not touch 'em? 12

Sweet That's another case, Counterbuff, there's privilege to cozen, but here cozenage went before, and there's no privilege for that to him boldly, I will spend all the scissors in my shop, but I'll have him snap

Coun Well, sir, if he come within the length of large mace once, we'll teach him to cozen

Sweet Marry, hang him! teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already, go gingerly about it, lay your mace¹ on gingerly, and spice him soundly 21

Coun He's at the tavern, you say?

Sweet At the Man in the Moon, above stairs, so soon as he comes down, and the bush² left at his back, Ralph is the dog behind him, he watches to give us notice be ready then, my dear bloodhounds, you shall deliver him to Newgate, from thence to the hangman his body I will beg of the sheriffs, for at the next lecture I am likely to be the master of my anatomy, then will I vex every vein about him, I will find where his disease of cozenage lay, whether in the *vertebræ* or in *os coxendiv*,³ but

¹ See note 3 vol iii p 300

² (1) The bush hung at the vintner's door (2) the bush carried by the Man in the Moon

³ 'Comes nearest to the reading of old ed *Oscov Index* but qy *os coccygis*?' — *Dyce*

I guess I shall find it descend from *humore*, through the *thorax*, and he just at his fingers' ends 33

Enter RALPH

Ral Be in readiness, for he's coming this way, alone too, stand to't like gentlemen and yeomen so soon as he is in sight, I'll go fetch my master

Sweet I have had a conquassation in my *cerebrum* ever since the disaster, and now it takes me agun, if it turn to a megrim, I shall hardly abide the sight of him

Ral My action of defamation shall be clapt on him too, I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white sheet, all embrodered over with *peccavus* look about, I'll go fetch my master [Exit 43

Enter FRANKLIN junior

Coun I arrest you, sir

Frank jun *Ha ! qui va la ? que pensez vous faire, messieurs ? me voulez vous dérober ? je n'ai point d'argent je suis un pauvre gentilhomme François*

Sweet Whoop ! pray you, sir, speak English, you did when you bought cloth of gold at six *nilils* a yard, when Ralph's *præputium* was exulcerated 50

Frank jun *Que voulez vous ? me voulez vous tuer ? les François ne sont point ennemis voilà ma bourse, que voulez vous d'avantage ?*

Coun Is not your name Franklin, sir ?

Frank jun *Je n'ai point de joyaux que cestui ci, et c'est a*

monsieur l'ambassadeur, il m'envoie a ses affaires, et vous empêchez mon service

Coun Sir, we are mistaken, for ought I perceive

Enter WATER CAMLET with RALPH, hastily

W Cam So, so, you have caught him, that's well —
How do you, sir? 60

Frank jun Vous semblez être un homme courtois, je vous prie entendez mes affaires, il y a ici deux ou trois canailles qui m'ont assiégé, un pauvre étranger, qui ne leur a fait nul mal, ni donné mauvaise parole, ni tiré mon épée l'un me prend par une épaule, et me frappe d'un livre pesant, l'autre me tire par le bras, il parle je ne sais quoi je leur ai donné ma bourse, et s'ils ne me veulent point laisser aller, que ferai je, monsieur?

W Cam This is a Frenchman, it seems, sirs

Coun We can find no other in him, sir, and what that is we know not 71

W Cam He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false

Sweet In your shop¹ they may, sir, but here they go true, this is he

Ral The very same, sir, as sure as I am Ralph, this is the rascal

Coun Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further

Flesh I fear we are too far already 80

W Cam I know not what to say to't

¹ See note 4 vol 1 p 247

Enter MARGARITA

Mar Bon jour, bon jour, gentilhommes

Sweet How now? more news from France?

Frank jun Cette femme ici est de mon pays —Madame, je vous prie leur dire mon pays, ils m'ont retargé,¹ je ne sais pourquoi

Mar Etes vous de France, monsieur?

Frank jun Madame, vrai est, que je les ai trompés, et suis arrêté, et n'ai nul moyen d'échapper qu'en changeant mon langage aidez moi en cette affaire, je vous connois bien, ou vous tenez un bordeau, vous et les votres en serez de mieux

Mar Laissez faire à moi Etes vous de Lyons, dites vous? 93

Frank jun De Lyon, ma chère dame

Mar Mon cousin! je suis bien aise de vous voir en bonne disposition [They embrace and compliment

Frank jun Ma cousine!

W Cam This is a Frenchman sure

Sweet If he be, 'tis the likest an Englishman that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions, had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I find it now, for a Frenchman's heart is more quassative and subject to tremor than an Englishman's 103

W Cam Stay, we'll further inquire of this gentle woman —Mistress, if you have so much English to help us with—as I think you have, for I have long seen you about London—pray, tell us, and truly tell us, is this gentleman a natural Frenchman or no?

¹ *Retardé*

Mar Ey, begar, de Frenchman, born a Lyons, my
cozin 110

W Cam Your cousin? if he be not your cousin, he's
my cousin, sure

Mar Ey connosh his *pere*, what you call his fadre, he
sell *poissons*

Sweet Sell poisons? his father was a 'pothecary
then

Mar No, no, *poissons*,—what you call fish, fish

Sweet O, he was a fishmonger

Mar *Ou, ou*

W Cam Well, well, we are mistaken, I see, pray
you, so tell him, and request him not to be offended,
an honest man may look like a knave, and be ne'er the
worse for't the error was in our eyes, and now we find
it in his tongue 124

Mar *J'essayerai encore une fois, monsieur cousin, pour
votre sauvete, allez vous en, votre liberte est suffisante
je gagnerai le reste pour mon devoir, et vous aurez votre
part à mon ecole, j'ai une fille qui parle un peu François,
elle conversera avec vous à la Fleur de Lis en Lurnbull
Street¹ Mon cousin, ayez soin de vous mume, et trompez
ces ignorans* 131

Frank jun *Cousin, pour l'amour de vous, et principale-
ment pour moi, je suis content de m'en aller je trouverai
votre ecole, et si vos ecoliers me sont agreables, je tirerai
à l'epée seule, et si d'aventure je la romps, je payerai dix
sous, et pour ce vieux fol, et ces deux canailles, ce poulain*

¹ A disreputable street in Clerkenwell

snip snap, et l'autre bonnet rond, je les verrai pendre premier que je les vois [Exit

W Cam So, so, she has got him off, but I perceive much anger in his countenance still —And what says he, madam? 141

Mar Moosh, moosh anger, but ey connosh heer lodging shall cool him very well, dere is a kinswomans can moosh allay heer heat and heer spleen, she shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you

W Cam [*giving money*] Look, there is earnest, but thy reward's behind, come to my shop, the Holy Lamb in Lombard Street thou hast one friend more than e'er thou hadst

Mar Tank u, monsieur, shall visit u, ey make all pacifie *a votre service très humblement*,—tree, four, five fool of u [Aside, and exit 152

W Cam What's to be done now?

Coun To pay us for our pains, sir, and better reward us, that we may be provided against further danger that may come upon 's for false imprisonment

W Cam All goes false, I think What do you, neighbour Sweetball?

Sweet I must phlebotomise, sir, but my almanac says the sign is in Taurus, I dare not cut my own throat, but if I find any precedent that ever barber hanged him self, I'll be the second example 162

Ral This was your ill *luximum*, barber, to cause all to be cheated

Coun What say you to us, sir?

W Cam Good friends, come to me at a calmer hour,

My sorrows lie in heaps upon me now
 What you have, keep, if further trouble follow,
 I'll take it on me I would be press'd to death

Coun Well, sir, for this time we'll leave you

Sweet I will go with you, officers, I will walk with
 you in the open street, though it be a scandal to me,
 for now I have no care of my credit, a cacokenny¹ is
 run all over me 174

[*Exeunt* SWEETBALL, FLESH HOOK, and
 COUNTERBUFF

W Cam What shall we do now, Ralph?

Ral Faith, I know not, sir here comes George, it
 may be he can tell you

W Cam And there I look for more disaster still,
 Yet George appears in a smiling countenance

Enter GEORGE

Ralph, home to the shop, leave George and I together

Ral I am gone, sir [Exit 181

W Cam Now George, what better news eastward?
 all goes ill t'other way

Geo I bring you the best news that ever came about
 your ears in your life, sir

W Cam Thou putttest me in good comfort, George

Geo My mistress, your wife, will never trouble you
 more

W Cam Ha! never trouble me more? of this, George,

¹ A corruption of "cacochymy"

may be made a sad construction , that phrase we some times use when death makes the separation , I hope it is not so with her, George ? 192

Geo No, sir, but she vows she'll never come home again to you , so you shall live quietly , and this I took to be very good news, sir

W Cam The worst that could be this, candied poison

I love her, George, and I am bound to do so ,
The tongue's bitterness must not separate
United¹ souls 'twere base and cowardly
For all to yield to the small tongue's assault 200
The whole building must not be taken down
For the repairing of a broken window

Geo Ay, but this is a principal, sir the truth is, she will be divorced, she says, and is labouring with her cousin Knave—what do you call him? I have forgotten the latter end of his name

W Cam Knavesby, George

Geo Ay, Knave, or Knavesby, one I took it to be

W Cam Why, neither rage nor envy can make a cause, George 210

Geo Yes, sir , not only at your person, but she shoots at your shop too , she says you vent ware that is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure , women, you know, look for more than a bare yard and then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door

¹ Old ed the *united*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A Room in Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM'S House

*Enter Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM and Surveyor
severally*

Sur Where's master steward?

Sir F Cres Within what are you, sir?

Sur A surveyor, sir

Sir F Cres And an almanac maker, I take it, can
you tell me what foul weather is toward? ¹

Sur Marry, the foulest weather is, that your land is
flying away *[Exit*

Sir F Cres A most terrible prognostication! All the
resort, all the business to my house is to my lady and
master steward, whilst Sir Francis stands for a cipher, I
have made away myself and my power, as if I had done
it by deed of gift here comes the comptroller of the
game

13

¹ At hand

Enter SAUNDER

Saun What, are you yet resolved to translate this unnecessary land into ready money?

Sir F Cres Translate it!

Saun The conveyances are drawn, and the money ready my lady sent me to you to know directly if you meant to go through in the sale, if not, she resolves of another course

20

Sir F Cres Thou speakest this cheerfully, methinks, whereas faithful servants were wont to mourn when they beheld the lord that fed and cherished them, as¹ by cursed enchantment, removed into another blood Cressingham of Cressingham has continued many years, and must the name sink now?

Saun All this is nothing to my lady's resolution, it must be done, or she'll not stay in England she would know whether your son be sent for, that must likewise set his hand to the sale, for otherwise the lawyers say there cannot be a sure conveyance made to the buyer

32

Sir F Cres Yes, I have sent for him, but, I pray thee, think what a hard task 'twill be for a father to persuade his son and heir to make away his inheritance

Saun Nay, for that, use your own logic, I have heard you talk at the sessions terribly against deer stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the commission

[Exit 40]

¹ Old ed 15

Sir F Cres I do live to see two miseries, one to be commanded by my wife, the other to be censured by my slave

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

G Cres That which I have wanted long, and has been cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you let raise me from the ground [Kneels

Sir F Cres [*raising him and giving money*] Rise, George, there's a hundred pounds for you, and my blessing, with these your mother's favour but I hear your studies are become too licentious of late 50

G Cres Has heard of my cozenage [Aside

Sir F Cres What's that you are writing?

G Cres Sir, not anything

Sir F Cres Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours will be your undoing

G Cres Of mine?

Sir F Cres Yes, of your writing, somewhat you should write will be dangerous to you I have a suit to you

G Cres Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things 61

Sir F Cres I pray, suppose I had committed some fault, for which my life and sole estate were forfeit to the law, and that some great man near the king should labour to get my pardon, on condition he might enjoy my lordship, could you prize your father's life above the grievous loss of your inheritance?

G Cres Yes, and my own life at stake too 68

Sir F Cres You promise fair, I come now to make trial of it. You know I have married one whom I hold so dear, that my whole life is nothing but a mere estate depending upon her will and her affections to me, she deserves so well, I cannot longer merit than *durante bene placita* 'tis her pleasure, and her wisdom moves in't too, of which I'll give you ample satisfaction hereafter, that I sell the land my father left me. you change colour! I have promised her to do't, and should I fail, I must expect the remainder of my life as full of trouble and vexation as the suit for a divorce. it lies in you, by setting of your hand unto the sale, to add length to his life that gave you yours

81

G Cres Sir, I do now ingeniously perceive why you said lately somewhat I should write would be my undoing, meaning, as I take it, setting my hand to this assurance. O, good sir, shall I pass away my birthright? O, remember there is a malediction denounced against it in holy writ! Will you, for her pleasure, the inheritance of desolation leave to your posterity? think how compassionate the creatures of the field, that only live on the wild benefits¹ of nature, are unto their young ones, think likewise you may have more children by this woman, and by this act you undo them too. 'Tis a strange precedent

¹ So Webster in *The Duchess of Malfi*, III 5

The birds that live in the field
On the wild benefit of nature live
Happier than we

Dyce remarks that the expression may be traced to Sir Philip Sidney — "to have for food *the wild benefits of nature*" *Arcadia*, b iv p 426 ed 1633

this, to see an obedient son labouring good counsel to the father, but know, sir, that the spirits of my great grandfather and your father moves at this present in me, and what they bequeathed you on their¹ deathbed, they charge you not to give away in the dalliance of a woman's bed. Good sir, let it not be thought presumption in me that I have continued my speech unto this length, the cause, sir, is urgent, and, believe it, you shall find her beauty as malevolent unto you as a red morning, that doth still foretell a foul day to follow. O sir, keep your land! keep that to keep your name immortal, and you shall see

104

All that her malice and proud will procures
Shall show her ugly heart but hurt not yours

Sir F Cres O, I am distracted, and my very soul sends blushes into my cheeks!

Enter GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD

G Cres See here an object to beget more compassion

110

Geo O, Sir Francis, we have a most lamentable house at home! nothing to be heard in't but separation and divorces, and such a noise of the spiritual court as if it were a tenement upon London Bridge, and built upon the arches²

Sir F Cres What's the matter?

¹ Old ed. you

(1) Arches of London Bridge (2) Court of Arches

Geo All about boarding your children my mistress is departed

Sir F Cres Dead !

Geo In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my master

121

Sir F Cres Whither ?

Geo Seven miles off, into Essex, she vowed never to leave Barking while she lived, till these were brought home again

Sir F Cres O, they shall not offend her I am sorry for't

*Maria*¹ I am glad we are come home, sir, for we lived in the unquietest house !

*Edw*² The angry woman, methought, grutched³ us our victuals, our new mother is a good soul, and loves us, and does not frown so like a vixen as she does

132

Maria I am at home now, and in heaven, methinks what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing !

Edw Indeed, my mother was wont to call me your nestle cock, and I love you as well as she did

Sir F Cres You are my pretty souls !

G Cres Does not the prattle of these move you ?

Re enter SAUNDLER with KNIVESLY, and Surveyor

Saun Look you, sir, here's the conveyance and my lady's solicitor, pray resolve what to do, my lady is

¹ Old ed 1 *Childe*

Old ed 2 *Childe*

³ Grudged

coming down —How now, George ? how does thy mistress, that sits in a wainscot gown,¹ like a citizen's lure to draw in customers? O, she's a pretty mouse trap ! 143

Geo She's ill baited though to take a Welshman, she cannot away with cheese

Sir F Cres And what must I do now?

Kna Acknowledge a fine and recovery of the land, then for possession the course is common

Sir F Cres Carry back the writings, sir, my mind is changed 150

Saun Changed ! do not you mean to seal?

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM

Sir F Cres No, sir, the tide's turned

Saun You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal

L Cres Are you come back again ?—How now, have you done?

Maria How do you, lady mother?

L Cres You are good children —Bid my woman give them some sweetmeats

Maria Indeed, I thank you —is not this a kind mother? 161

G Cres Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this sugar !

[*Exeunt GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD*]

L Cres What, ha'n't you despatched ?

¹ I cannot give any satisfactory meaning to the expression "wain scot gown" Dyce suggests waistcoat gown

Sir F Cres No, sweetest, I'm dissuaded by my son
From the sale o' the land

L Cres Dissuaded by your son¹

Sir F Cres I cannot get his hand to't

L Cres Where's our steward?

Cause presently that all my beds and hangings
Be taken down, provide carts, pack them up
I'll to my house i' the country have I studied 170
The way to your preferment and your children's,
And do you cool i' th' upshot?

G Cres With your pardon,
I cannot understand this course a way
To any preferment, rather a direct
Path to our ruin

L Cres O, sir, you're young sighted —
Show them the project of the land I mean
To buy in Ireland, that shall outvalue yours
Three thousand in a year

Kna [*showing map*] Look you, sir, here is Clungibbon,
a fruitful country, and well wooded 180

Sir F Cres What's this? marsh ground?

Kna No, these are bogs, but a little cost will drain
them this upper part, that runs by the black water,
is the Cossack's land,—a spacious country, and yields
excellent profit by the salmon and fishing for herring,
here runs the Kernesdale, admirable feed for cattle, and
hereabout is St Patrick's Purgatory¹

¹ A cavern at Lough Derg, in the south of Donegal. Pilgrimages were frequently made to it. See note in Dodsley's *Old Plays* ed Hazlitt i. 339

G Cres Purgatory? shall we purchase that too?

L Cres Come, come, will you despatch the other business,

We may go through with this?

Sir F Cres My son's unwilling 190

L Cres Upon my soul, sir, I'll ne'er bed with you
Till you have seal'd

Sir F Cres Thou hear'st her on thy blessing
Follow me to the court, and seal

G Cres Sir, were it my death, were't to the loss of
my estate, I vow to obey you in all things, yet with it
remember there are two young ones living that may
curse you, I pray dispose part of the money on their
generous educations

L Cres Fear no[t] you, sir — The croach there! —
When you have despatched, you shall find me at the
scruvener's, where I shall receive the money 201

G Cres She'll devour that mass too

L Cres How likest thou my power over him?

Saun Excellent

L Cres This is the height of a great lady's sway,
When her night service makes her rule o' the day

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

A Hall in KNAVESBY'S House

Enter KNAVESBY

Kna Not yet, Sib? my lord keeps thee so long, thou'rt
welcome, I see then, and pays sweetly too — a good wench,

Sib, thou'rt, to obey thy husband She's come a hundred mark a year, how fine and easy it comes into mine arms now !—

Enter MISTRESS KNAVESPY

Welcome home ! what says my lord, Sib ?

Mis Kna My lord says you are a cuckold !

Kna Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I thank him for that bob, i'faith, I'll afford it him again at the same price 7 month hence, and let the commodity grow as scarce as it will Cuck old, says his lordship ? ha, ha ! I shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst, name not a hundred [a] year, for then I burst It smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by five parts what has his dalliance taken from thy lips ? 'tis as sweet as e'er 'twas, let me try else, buss me, sugar candy 16

Mis Kna Forbear ! you presume to a lord's pleasure !

Kna How's that ? not I, Sib

Mis Kna Never touch me more, I'll keep the noble stamp upon my lip, No under baseness shall deface it now 20

You taught me the way,
Now I am in, I'll keep it, I have kiss'd
Ambition, and I love it, I loathe the memory
Of every touch my lip hath tasted from thee

Kna Nay, but, sweet Sib, you do forget yourself

Mis Kna I will forget all that I ever was,
And nourish new [thoughts], sirrah, I am a lady

Kna Lord bless us, madam !

Mis Kna I've enjoy'd a lord,
That's real possession, and daily shall,
The which all ladies have not with their lords 30

Kna But, with your patience, madam, who was it
that preferred you to this ladyship?

Mis Kna 'Tis all I am beholding to thee for,
Thou'st brought me out of ignorance into light
Simple as I was, I thought thee a man,
[Un]till I found the difference by a man,
Thou art a beast, a hornèd beast, an ox¹

Kna Are these ladies' terms?

Mis Kna For thy pander's fee,
It shall be laid under the candlestick,
Look for't, I'll leave it for thee

Kna A little lower, 40
Good your ladyship, my cousin Camlet
Is in the house, let these things go no further

Mis Kna 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear, not
thine, thou bugle browed¹ beast thou!

Enter GEORGE, with rolls of paper in his hand

Geo Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden, so, all these
are past, but here's as large a walk to come if I do not
get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner for bidding the
guests, I'm sure

Kna How now? who's this? 49

Geo [reads] *Doctor Ghster et*—what word's this?

¹ Horned

fu x o r—O, *u x o r*—the doctor and his wife—*Master Body et uxor of Bow Lane, Master Knaresby et uxor*

Kna Ha! we are in, whatsoever the matter is

Geo Here's forty couple more in this quarter, but there, the provision bringing in, that puzzles me most [*Reads*] *One ox*,—that will hardly serve for beef too, —*five muttons, ten lambs*,—poor innocents, they'll be devoured too!—*three gross of capons*—

Kna Mercy upon us! what a slaughter house is here!

Geo [*reads*] *Two bushels of small birds, plovers, snipes, woodcocks, partridge[s], larks*,—then for baked meats—

Kna George, George, what feast is this? 'tis not for St George's day? 6,

Geo Cry you mercy, sir, you and your wife are in my roll my master invites you his guests to morrow dinner

Kna Dinner, say'st thou? he means to last a month sure

Geo Nay, sir, you make up but a hundred couple

Kna Why, what ship has brought an Indian home to him, that he's so bountiful? or what friend dead—unknown to us—has so much left to him of uable land, that he means to turn to pasture thus? 7,

Geo Nay, 'tis a vessel, sir, a good estate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether ever he find the bottom or no, a thousand a year, that's the uppermost

Kna A thousand a year!

Geo To go no further about the bush, sir, now the bird is caught, my master is to morrow to be married,

and, amongst the rest, invites you a guest at his wedding dinner the second 82

Kna Married !

Geo There is no other remedy for flesh and blood, that will have leave to play, whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden pastures

Kna Married ! why, he is married, man , his wife is in my house now , thy mistress is alive, George

Geo She that was, it may be, sir, but dead to him , she played a little too rough with him, and he has discarded her , he's divorced, sir 91

Kna He divorced ! then is her labour saved, for she was labouring a divorce from him

Geo They are well parted then, sir

Kna But wilt thou not speak with her ? i'faith, invite her to't

Geo 'Tis not in my commission, I dare not Fare you well, sir , I have much business in hand, and the time is short

Kna Nay, but, George, I prithee, stav , may I report this to her for a certain truth ? 101

Geo Wherefore am I employed in this invitation, sir ?

Kna Prithee, what is she his second choice ?

Geo Truly, a goodly presence, likely to bear great children, and great store , she never saw five and thirty summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French hood , by my fecks, a great match 'tis like to be I am sorry for my old mistress, but cannot help it Pray you, excuse me now, sir , for all

the business goes through my hands, none employed but myself [Exit 112

Kna Why, here is news that no man will believe but he that sees

Mis Kna This and your cuckoldry will be digestion throughout the city dinners and suppers for a month together, there will need no cheese

Kna No more of that, Sib I'll call my cousin Camlet, and make her partaker of this sport

Enter MISTRESS WAILL CAMLET

She's come already—Cousin, take't at once, you're a free woman, your late husband's to be married to morrow 122

Mis W Cam Married! to whom?

Kna To a French hood, byrlakins,¹ as I understand, great cheer prepared, and great guests invited, so far I know

Mis W Cam What a cursed wretch was I to put my nails to day! a Friday too, I looked for some mischief

Kna Why, I did think this had accorded with your best liking, 130
You sought for him what he has sought for you,
A separation, and by divorce too

¹ i e by our lady kin—our little lady So in Fletcher's *Nice Valour* III 1—

byrlakin, s.r. the difference of long tag.
Has cost many a man's life

Mis W Cam I'll divorce 'em ' is he to be married to a French hood? I'll dress it the English fashion ne'er a coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i' the streets as we go?

Kna Will you go home then?

Mis W Cam Good cousin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I sharp the t'other, give me a sour apple to set my teeth a'n edge, I would give five pound for the paring of my nails agun ' have you e'er a bird spit i' the house? I'll dress one dish to the wedding 142

Kna This violence hurts yourself the most

Mis W-Cam I care not who I hurt O my heart, how it beats a' both sides ' Will you run with me for a wager into Lombard Street now?

Kna I'll walk with you, cousin, a sufficient pace, Sib shall come softly after, I'll bring you thorough Bear binder Lane

Mis W Cam Bearbinder Lane cannot hold me, I'll the nearest way over St Mildred's church if I meet any French hoods by the way, I'll make black patches enow for the rheum 153

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS WATER CAMLET and KNAVESBY

Mis Kna So, 'tis to my wish Master Knavesby, Help to make peace abroad, here you'll find wars, I'll have a divorce too, with locks and bars [*Exit*

SCENE III

*A Room in WATER CAMLEY'S House**Enter GEORGE and MARGARITA*

Geo Madam, but stay here a little, my master comes instantly, I heard him say he did owe you a good turn, and now's the time to take it, I'll warrant you a sound reward ere you go

Mar Ey tank u *de bon caur, monsieur*

Enter WATER CAMLEY

Geo Look, he's here already —Now would a skilful navigator take in his sails, for sure there is a storm towards
[*Aside, and exit*

W Cam O madam, I perceive in your countenance—
I am beholding to you—all is perfect? 10

Mar All quiet, good friendship, ey mooch a do, ey stive wid him, give goor worda for you, no more speak a de matra, all es undonne, u no more trobl

*Enter behind MISTRESS WATER CAMLEY and
KNAVESLY*

W Cam Look, there's the price of a fair pair of gloves,
And wear 'em for my sake [Gives money

Mrs W Cam O, O, O! my heart's broke out of my ribs!

Kna Nay, a little patience

Mar Ey tank u artely, shall no bestow en gloves,
shall put moosh more to dees, an bestow your shop
regarde dees stofa, my petticote, u no soosh anodre,
shall deal wid u for moosh, take in your hand 22

W Cam I see it, mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed,
It is a silk rash,¹ I can pattern it

Mis W Cam Shall he take up her coats before my
face? O beastly creature! [*Coming forward*] French
hood, French hood, I will make your han grow
thorough²

W Cam My wife return'd!—O, welcome home,
sweet Rachel!

Mis W Cam I forbid the banes,³ lecher!—and,
strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses! 31

Mar O, *pardonnez moi*, by my trat, ey mean u no
hurta wat u meant by dees?

Mis W Cam I will have thine eyes out, and thy
bastards shall be as blind as puppies!

W Cam Sweet Rachel!—Good cousin, help to pacify

Mis W Cam I forbid the banes, adulterer!

W Cam What means she by that, sir?

¹ A kind of inferior silk. It is mentioned by Hamson p. 163. —
Hallwell

An allusion to a proverbial saying

There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood

That will sure make his hayre growe through his hood

Heywood's *Dialogue* sig. G 2, — *Workes*, ed. 1598

Ray gives *His hair grows through his hood*—He is very poor, his hood
is full of holes. *Proverbs*, p. 57 ed. 1768. — *Dyce*

² Bans

Kna Good cousin, forbid your rage awhile, unless you hear, by what sense will you receive satisfaction? [*Restraining her* 41

Mis W Cam By my hands and my teeth, sir, give me leave! will you bind me whiles mine enemy kills me?

W Cam Here all are your friends, sweet wife

Mis W Cam Wilt have two wives? do, and be hanged, fornicator! I forbid the banes give me the French hood, I'll tread it under feet in a pair of pantofles.

Mar Begar, shall save hood, head, and all, shall come no more heer, ey warran u [*Exit* 51

Kna Sir, the truth is, report spoke it for truth You were to morrow to be married

Mis W Cam I forbid the banes!

W Cam Mercy deliver me!
If my grave embrace me in the bed of death,
I would to church with willing ceremony,
But for my wedlock fellow, here she is,
The first and last that e'er my thoughts look'd on

Kna Why, la, you, cousin, this was nought but error,
Or an assault of mischief

W Cam Whose report was it? 60

Kna Your man George's, who invited me to the wedding

W Cam George! and was he sober? good sir, call him

Enter GEORGE

Geo It needs not, sir, I am here already

W Cam Did you report this, George ?

Geo Yes, sir, I did

W Cam And wherefore did you so ?

Geo For a new suit that you promised me, sir, if I could bring home my mistress, and I think she's come, with a mischief

71

Mis W Cam Give me that villain's ears !

Geo I would give er, if I could hear you talk wisely

Mis W Cam Let me cut off his ears !

Geo I shall hear wiose of you hereafter then, limb for limb, one of my ears for one of your tongues, and I'll lay out for my master

W Cam 'Twas knavery with a good purpose in it
Sweet Rachel, this was even George's meaning,
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me, 80
And now I woo thee to't, a quiet night
Will make the sun, like a fresh bridegroom, rise
And kiss the chaste cheek of the rosy morn,
Which we will imitate, and, like him, create
Fresh buds of love, fresh spreading arms, fresh fruit,
Fresh wedding robes, and George's fresh new suit

Mis W Cam This is fine stuff, have you much on't to sell ?

Geo A remnant of a yard

W Cam Come, come, all's well —

Sir, you must sup, instead of to morrow's dinner

Kna I follow you [*Exeunt all except KNIVRSBY*]

—No, 'tis another way, 90

My lord's reward calls me to better cheer,

Many good meals, a hundred marks a year

My wife's transform'd a lady, tush, she'll come

To her shape again my lord rides the circuit,

If I ride along with him, what need I grutch?¹

I can as easy sit, and speed as much [*Exit*]

¹ Gudge

ACT V

SCENE I

A Street

Enter FRANKLIN senior in mourning, GEORGE CRES SINGHAM, and FRANKLIN junior disguised as an old serving man

G Cres Sir, your son's death, which has apparell'd you

In this darker wearing, is a loss wherein
I've ample share, he was my friend

Frank sen He was my nearest
And dearest¹ enemy, and the perpetua
Fear of a worse end, had he continuèd
His former dissolute course[s], makes me weigh
His death the lighter

G Cres Yet, sir, with your pardon,
If you value him every way as he deserv'd,
It will appear your scanting of his means,

¹ So Hamlet Would I had met my *dearest foe* \c —See Dyce's
Shal espeare Glossary

And the lord Beaufort's most unlordly breach 10
 Of promise to him, made him full upon
 Some courses, to which his nature and mine own—
 Made desperate likewise by the cruelty of
 A mother in law—would else have been as strange
 As insolent greatness is to distress'd virtue

Frank sen Yes, I have heard of that too, your defeat
 Made upon a mercer, I style't modestly,
 The law intends it plain cozenage

G Cres 'Twas no less,
 But my penitence and restitution may
 Come fairly off from't it was no impeachment 20
 To the glory won at Agincourt's great battle,
 That the achiever of it in his youth
 Had been a purse taker, this with all reverence
 To the great example Now to my business,
 Wherein you've made such noble turn of
 Your worth, that in a world so dull as this,
 Where faith is almost grown to be a miracle,
 I've found a friend so worthy as yourself,
 To purchase all the land my father sold
 At the persuasion of a riotous woman, 30
 And charitable, to reserve it for his use
 And the good of his three children, this, I say,
 Is such a deed shall style you our preserver
 And owe the memory of your worth, and pay it
 To all posterity

Frank sen Sir, what I've done
 Looks to the end of the good deed itself,
 No other way i' the world

G Cres But would you please,
 Out of a friendly reprehension,
 To make him sensible of the weighty wrong
 He has done his children? yet I would not have't 40
 Too bitter, for he undergoes already
 Such torment in a woman's naughty pride,
 Too harsh reproof would kill him

Frank sen Leave you that
 To my discretion I have made myself
 My son's executor, and am come up
 On purpose to collect his creditors,
 And where I find his pennyworth conscionable,
 I'll make them in part satisfaction

Enter GEORGE

O, this fellow was born near me, and his trading here i
 the city may bring me to the knowledge of the men my
 son ought¹ money to 51

Geo Your worship's welcome to London, and I pray,
 how does all our good friends i' the country?

Franl sen They are well, George how thou art
 shot up since I saw thee¹ what, I think thou art almost
 out of thy time?

Geo I am out of my wits, sir, I have lived in a kind
 of bedlam these four years, how can I be mine own man
 then?

Franl sen Why, what's the matter? 60

¹ Owed

Geo I may turn soap boiler, I have a loose body
I am turned away from my master

Frank sen How ' turned away ?

Geo I am gone, sir, not in drink, and yet you may
behold my indentures [*showing indenture*] O the
wicked wit of woman ! for the good turn I did bringing
her home, she ne'er left sucking my master's breath, like
a cat, kissing him, I mean, till I was turned away

Frank sen I have heard she's a terrible woman 69

Geo Yes, and the miserablest ! her spaining in house
keeping has cost him somewhat—the Dagger pies¹ can
testify she has stood in's light most miserably, like your
fasting days before red letters in the almanac saying
the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make
him wear scarlet the sooner She had once persuaded
him to have bought spectacles for all his servants, that
they might have worn 'em dinner and supper

Frank sen To what purpose ?

Geo Marry, to have made our victuals seem bigger
than 'twas she shows from whence she came, that my
wind colic can witness 81

Frank sen Why, whence came she ?

Geo Marry, from a courtier, and an officer too, that
was up and down I know not how often

Frank sen Had he any great place ?

Geo Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it,
he was one that blew the organ in the court chapel, our

¹ The Dagger was a tavern in Holborn Dagger ale is frequently
mentioned, in the *Alchemist* v 2 there is a reference to Dagger
furmety "

Puritans,¹ especially your Puritans in Scotland, could ne'er away with him

Frank sen Is she one of the sect? 90

Geo Faith, I think not, for I am certain she denies her husband the supremacy

Frank sen Well, George, your difference may be reconciled I am now to use your help in a business that concerns me, here's a note of men's names here I' the city unto whom my son ought² money, but I do not know their dwelling

Geo [*taking note from FRANK sen*] Let me see, sir
[*reads*] Fifty pound ta'en up at use of Master Waterhinn
the brewer 100

Frank sen What's he?

Geo An obstinate fellow, and one that denied payment of the groats till he lay by the heels for't, I know him [*reads*] Item, fourscore pair of provant³ breeches, a' the new fashion, to Pinchbuttol, a hosier in Birchen Lane,⁴ so much

Frank sen What the devil did he with so many pair of breeches?

¹ A pair of organs says Sir Thomas Overbury in his character of *A Puritan*, "blow him out o' the parish and are the only glister pipes to cool him"

² Owed

³ 'Provender provision ammunition, *provente* French Thus *provant* put in apposition with any other thing implied that such an article was supplied for mere provision as we say ammunition bread, &c, meaning a common sort —*Nares*

⁴ Here dwelt the fripperers or upholders that sold old apparel and household stuff (Stow's *Survey of London* ed Thoms p 7.)

Frank jun Supply a captain, sir, a friend of his went over to the Palatinate 110

Geo [reads] *Item, to my tailor, master Weatherwise, by St Clement's church*

G Cres Who should that be? it may be 'tis the new prophet, the astrological tailor¹

Frank jun No, no, no, sir, we have nothing to do with him

Geo Well, I'll read no further, leave the note to my discretion, do not fear but I'll inquire them all 118

Frank sen Why, I thank thee, George²—Sir, rest assured I shall in all your business be faithful to you, and at better leisure find time to imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done you

G Cres You are worthy in all things —

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior, and GEORGE*]

(*Scene changes³ to a room in Sir F CRESSINGHAM'S House*)

Enter SAUNDER

Is my father stirring?

Saun Yes, sir my lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct yourself unto

¹ The allusion is to a certain prophet Ball who is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News* iii 1 and *Execution of Vulcan*. See note in Gifford's *Ben Jonson* ed 1875 v 228

² George is the prefix to 'Sir rest you' &c in the old ed

³ This necessary stage direction was inserted by Dyce

some gainful study, may quit him of your dependence

G Cres What study? 129

Saun Why, the law, that law that takes up most a' the wits i' the kingdom, not for most good but most gain, or divinity, I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a singular fine churchman

G Cres I should prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benefices

Saun My lady, now she has money, is studying to do good works, she talked last night what a goodly act it was of a countess—Northamptonshire breed belike, or thereabouts—that to make Coventry a corporation, rode through the city naked, and by daylight 140

G Cres I do not think but you have ladies living would discover as much in private, to advance but some member of a corporation

Saun Well, sir, your wit is still goring at my lady's projects here's your father

Enter Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM

Sir F Cres Thou comest to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled since the sale of my land

G Cres No, sir, but to turn your eyes into your own bosom 149

Sir F Cres Why, I am become my wife's pensioner, am confined to a hundred mark a year, t' one suit, and one man to attend me

Saun And is not that enough for a private gentle man?

That come from an enemy, but those are deadly
 That come from a friend, for we see commonly 180
 Those are ta'en most to heart She comes
G Cres What a terrible eye she darts on us !

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM

Sir F Cres O, most natural for lightning to go before
 the thunder

L Cres What ! are you in council ? are ye levying
 faction against us ?

Sir F Cres Good friend——

L Cres Sir, sir, pray, come hither, there is winter
 in your looks, a latter winter, do you complain to your
 kindred ? I'll make you fear extremely, to show you
 have any cause to fear—Are the bonds sealed for the
 six thousand pounds I put forth to use ? 192

Saun Yes, madam

L Cres The bonds were made in my uncle's name ?

Saun Yes

L Cres 'Tis well

Sir F Cres 'Tis strange though

L Cres Nothing strange, you'll think the allowance
 I have put you to as strange, but your judgment cannot
 reach the aim I have in't you were pricked last year to
 be high sheriff, and what it would have cost you I under-
 stand now, all this charge, and the other by the sale
 of your land, and the money at my dispose, and your
 pension so small, will settle you in quiet, make you
 master of a retired life, and our great ones may think

you a politic man, and that you are aiming at some strange business, having made all over 207

Sir F Cres I must leave you man is never truly awake till he be dead !

[*Exeunt Sir F CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER*]

G Cres What a dream have you made of my father !

L Cres Let him be so, and keep the proper place of dreams, his bed, until I raise him

G Cres Raise him ! not unlikely, 'tis you have ruined him

L Cres You do not come to quarrel ?

G Cres No, certain, but to persuade you to a thing, that, in the virtue of it, nobly carries its own commendation, and you shall gain much honour by it, which is the recompence of all virtuous actions,—to use my father kindly 220

L Cres Why, does he complain to you, sir ?

G Cres Complain ? why should a king complain for anything, but for his sins to heaven ? the prerogative of husband is like to his over his wife

L Cres I'm full of business, sir, and will not mind you

G Cres I must not leave you thus, I tell you, mother,

'Tis dangerous to a woman when her mind

Raises her to such height, it makes her only

Capable of her own merit, nothing of duty

O, 'twas a strange, unfortunate o'erprizing 230

Your beauty, brought him, otherwise discreet,

Into the fatal neglect of his poor children !

What will you give us of the late sum you received ?

L Cres Not a penny, away, you are troublesome and saucy

G Cres You are too cruel denials even from princes,
Who may do what they list, should be supplied
With a gracious verbal usage, that, though they do
Not cure the sore, they may abate the sense o't
The wealth you seem to command over is his, 240
And he, I hope, will dispose of 't to our use

L Cres When he can command my will

G Cres Have you made him so miserable, that he must take a law from his wife?

L Cres Have you not had some lawyers forced to groan under the burden?

G Cres O, but the greater the women, the more visible are their vices!

L Cres So, sir,
You've been so bold by all can bind an oath, 250
And I'll not break it, I'll not be the woman
To you hereafter you expected

G Cres Be not,
Be not yourself, be not my father's wife,
Be not my lady Cressingham, and then
I'll thus speak to you, but you must not answer
In your own person

L Cres A fine puppet play!

G Cres Good madam, please you, pity the distress of a poor gentleman, that is undone by a cruel mother in law, you do not know her, nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one, for she does not know her

self, you would sigh for her that e'er she took you[r]
sex, if you but heard her qualities 262

L Cres This is a fine crotchety

G Cres Envy and pride flow in her painted breasts,
she gives no other suck, all her attendants do not belong
to her husband, his money is hers, marry, his debts are
his own she bears such sway, she will not suffer his
religion be his own, but what she please to turn it to

L Cres And all this while I am the woman you libel
against 270

G Cres I remember, ere the land was sold, you
talked of going to Ireland, but should you touch there,
you would die presently

L Cres Why, man?

G Cres The country brooks no poison ¹ go,
You'll find how difficult a thing it is
To make a settled or assur'd estate
Of things ill gotten when my father's dead,
The curse of lust and riot follow you!
Marry some young gallant that may rifle you,
Yet add one blessing to your needy age, 280
That you may die full of repentance

L Cres Ha, ha, ha!

G Cres O, she is lost to any kind of goodness!

[*Exeunt severally*]

¹ See note 1 vol iv p 250

SCENE II

*A Room**Enter* LORD BEAUFORT *and* KNAVESBY*L Beau* Sirrah, begone! you're base*Kna* Base, my good lord?

'Tis a ground¹ part in music, trebles, means,
 All is² but fiddling your honour bore a part,
 As my wife says, my lord

L Beau Your wife's a strumpet!

Kna Ah ha! is she so? I am glad to hear it,
 Open confession, open payment,
 The wager's mine then, a hundred a year, my lord,
 I said so before, and stak'd my head against it
 Thus after darksome night the day is come, my lord

L Beau Hence, hide thy branded head, let no day
 see thee, 10

Nor thou any but thy execution day

Kna That's the day after washing day, once a week
 I see't at home, my lord

L Beau Go home and see
 Thy prostituted wife—for sure 'tis so—
 Now folded in a boy's adultery,
 My page, on whom the hot rein'd harlot doats
 This night he hath been her attendant, my house
 He is fled from, and must no more return

¹ An old musical term for an air or musical subject on which variations and divisions were to be made —*Nares*

Old ed 'his but sidling'

Go, and make haste, sir, lest your reward be lost
For want of looking to

Kna My reward lost? 20

Is there nothing due for what is past, my lord?

L Beau Yes, pander, wittol,¹ macro, basest of
knaves,

Thou bolster bawd to thine own infamy!

Go, I've no more about me at this time,

When I am better stor'd thou shalt have more,

Where'er I meet thee

Kna Pander, wittol, macro, base knave, bolster
bawd! here is but five mark toward a hundred a year,
this is poor payment. If lords may be trusted no better
than thus, I will go home and cut my wife's nose off, I
will turn over a new leaf, and hang up the page, lastly,
I will put on a large pair of wet leather boots, and drown
myself, I will sink at Queenhite, and rise again at
Charing Cross, contrary to the statute in *Edwardo primo*

[*Exit*

*Enter FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior disguised as
before, GEORGE, and several Creditors*

Frank sen Good health to your lordship! 35

L Beau Master Franklin, I heard of your arrival, and
the cause of this your sad appearance

Frank sen And 'tis no more than as your honour says,
indeed, appearance, it has more form than feeling

¹ Tame cuckold

² Pander

³ Queenhite — The allusion is to the well known legend that Elinor
wife of Edward I, sank into the earth at Charing Cross and rose from
the Thames at Queenhite

sorrow, sir, I must confess there's none of these gentlemen, though aliens in blood, but have as large cause of grief as I 42

First C No, by your favour, sir, we are well satisfied, there was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance

Sec C Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus, fifty in the hundred comes fairly home wards

Frank jun Considering hard bargains, and dead commodities, sir

Sec C Thou say'st true, friend—and from a dead debtor, too 51

L Beau And so you have compounded and agreed all your son's riotous debts?

Frank sen There's behind but one cause of worse condition, that done, he may sleep quietly

First C Yes, sure, my lord, this gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that so fairly, with half a loss, could satisfy those debts were dead, even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claimed

Frank sen I showed my reason, I would have a good name live after him, because he bore my name 61

Sec C May his tongue perish first—and that will spoil his trade—that first gives him a syllable of ill!

L Beau Why, this is friendly

Enter WATER CAMLET

W Cam My lord!

L Beau Master Camlet! very welcome

W Cam Master Franklin, I take it these gentlemen

I know well, good master Pennystone, master Philip,¹
 master Cheyney I am glad I shall take my leave of so
 many of my good friends at once Your hand first, my
 lord—fare you well, sir—nay, I must have all your hands
 to my pass [Taking their hands 72

Geo Will you have mine too, sir?

W Cam Yes, thy two hands, George, and, I think,
 two honest hands of a tradesman, George, as any between
 Cornhill and Lombard Street

Geo Take heed what you say, sir, there's Birch in Lane
 between 'em

L Beau But what's the cause of this, master Camlet?

W Cam I have the cause in handling now, my lord,
 George, honest George, is the cause, yet no cause of
 George's, George is turned away one way, and I must
 go another 83

L Beau And whither is your way, sir?

W Cam E'en to seek out a quiet life, my lord I do
 hear of a fine peaceable island

L Beau Why, 'tis the same you live in

W Cam No, 'tis so fam'd,
 But we th' inhabitants find it not so
 The place I speak of² has been kept with thunder,
 With frightful lightnings, amazing noises, 90

¹ "Master Philip master Cheyney"—There was a fashionable
 material called Philip and Cheyney See Dyce's Beaumont and
 Fletcher iv 26

² The Bermudas, which were supposed to be infested with devils and
 vexed with storms See Malone's Essay on the Origin of *The Tempest*
 (and the accompanying Appendix) in vol xv of the 1821 Variorum
 Shakespeare

But now, th' enchantment broke, 'tis the land of peace,
Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase

L Beau This is a little wild, methinks

W Cam Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the Bermudas

L Beau Nay, good sir, stay and is that your only cause, the loss of George?

W Cam The loss of George, my lord? make you that no cause? why, but examine, would it not break the stout heart of a nobleman to lose his george,¹ much more the tender bosom of a citizen? 101

L Beau Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should run back to lightness thus you go to the Bermoothes!²

Fran^t sen Better to Ireland, sir

W Cam The land of Ire? that's too near home, my wife will be heard from Hellbree to Divelin.³

Fran^t sen Sir, I must of necessity a while detain you I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you, you were cheated of some goods of late—come, I'm a cunning man, and will help you to the most put again, or some reasonable satisfaction 111

W Cam That's another cause of my unquiet life, sir, can you do that, I may chance stay another tide or two

¹ The insignia of the order of St George

² Or *Bermoothes*—an old form of *Bermudas* —*Dyce* Dyce should have reminded the reader that *Bermudas* was the name of a disreputable cluster of alleys (the resort of thieves and diabs and fraudulent creditors) in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden See Gifford's *Ben Jonson* ed 1875 iv 407, v 81

³ Dublin

Enter MISTRESS WATER CAMLET

My wife ! I must speak more private with you—by forty foot, pain of death, I dare not reach her ! no words of me, sweet gentlemen [*Slips behind the arras*]

Geo I had need hide too [*Follows W CAMLET*]

Mis W Cam O, my lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to tell you—my husband, my husband's gone from me ! your warrant, good my lord ! I never had such need of your warrant, my husband's gone from me ! 121

L Beau Going he is, 'tis true, has given his leave of me and all these gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards

Mis W Cam A warrant, good my lord !

L Beau You turn away his servants such on whom his estate depends, he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers the form and order of all his affairs you make orderless—chiefly, his George you have banished from him 130

Mis W Cam My lord, I will call George again

Geo [*behind the arras*] Call George again !

L Beau Why, hark you, how high voiced you are, that raise an echo from my cellarage, which we with modest loudness cannot !

Mis W Cam My lord, do you think I speak too loud ?

Geo [*behind the arras*] Too loud !

L Beau Why, hark, your own tongue answers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth ! 140

Mis W Cam I will speak lower all the days of my

life, I never found the fault in myself till now your warrant, good my lord, to stay my husband !

L Beau Well, well, it shall o'ertake him ere he pass Gravesend, provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone again

Frank sen And withal to call George again

Mis W Cam I will call George again

Geo [*behind the arras*] Call George again !

L Beau See, you are rais'd again, the echo tells you !

Mis W Cam I did forget myself indeed, my lord this is my last fault I will go make a silent inquiry after George, I will whisper half a score porters in the ear, that shall run softly up and down the city to seek him Be wi' ye, my lord—bye all, gentlemen [*Exit*]

L Beau George, your way lies before you now [*George comes from behind the arras*], cross the street, and come into her eyes, your master's journey will be stayed

Geo I'll warrant you bring it to better subjection yet [*Exit*]

L Beau These are fine flashes ! [*WATER CAMLET comes from behind the arras*]—How now, master Camlet ?

W Cam I had one ear lent to youward, my lord, And this o' th' other¹ side, both sounded sweetly 162 I've whole recover'd my late losses, sir, The one half paid, the other² is forgiven

L Beau Then your journey is stayed ?

W Cam Alas, my lord, that was a trick of age !

¹ Old ed "oth to ther "

Old ed "to ther "

For I had left never a trick of youth
Like it, to succour me

Enter SWEETLALL with KNAVE SPY

L Beau How now? what new object's here?

Sweet The next man we meet shall judge us 170

Kna Content, though he be but a common council
man

L Beau The one's a knave, I could know him at
twelve score distance

Fran/ sen And t'other's a barber surgeon, my lord

Kna I'll go no further, here is the honourable lord
that I know will grant my request My lord—

Sweet Peace, I will make it plain to his lordship
My lord, a covenant by *jus jurandum* is between us, he
is to suffocate my respiration by his *capistrum*, and I to
make incision so far as mortification by his jugulars 181

L Beau This is not altogether so plain neither, sir

Sweet I can speak no plainer, my lord, unless I wrong
mine art

Kna I can, my lord, I know some part of the law I
am to take him in this place where I find him, and lead
him from hence to the place of execution, and thence to
hang him till he dies, he in equal courtesy is to cut my
throat with his razor, and there's an end of both on's

Sweet There is the end, my lord, but we want the
beginning I stand upon it to be strangled first, before I
touch either his *gula* or *cervix* 192

Kna I am against it, for how shall I be sure to have
my throat cut after he's hanged?

L Beau Is this a condition betwixt you ?

Kna A firm covenant, signed and sealed by oath and handfast, and wants nothing but agreement

L Beau A little pause what might be the cause on either part ?

Sweet My passions are grown to putrefaction, and my griefs are gangrened, master Camlet has scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new brush 202

Kna I am kept out of mine own castle, my wife keeps the hold against me, your page, my lord, is her champion I summoned a parle at the window, was answered with defiance they confess they have lain together, but what they have done else, I know not

L Beau Thou canst have no wrong that deserves pity, thou art thyself so bad

Kna I thank your honour for that, let me have my throat cut then 211

W Cam Sir, I can give you a better remedy than his *capistrum*,—your ear a little

*Enter MISTRESS KNAVESBY, and MISTRESS GEORGE
CRESSINGHAM in female attire*

Mis Kna I come with a bold innocence to answer
The best and worst that can accuse me here

L Beau Your husband

Mis Kna He's the worst, I dare his worst

Kna Your page, your page

Mis Kna We lay together in bed,

It is confess'd, you and your ends of law
Make¹ worser of't, I did it for reward

L Beau I'll hear no more of this — Come, gentlemen,
will you walk? 221

Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM

G Cres My lord, a little stay, you'll see a sight
That neighbour amity will be much pleas'd with
It is already come,² my father, sir

Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM *in rich apparel*

L Beau There must be cause, certain, for this good
change —

Sir, you are bravely met,
This is the⁴ best I ever saw you at

Sir F Cres My lord, I am amazement to myself
I slept in poverty, and am awake
Into this wonder how I came⁵ thus brave, 230
My dreams did not so much as tell me of,
I am of my kind son's new making up,
It exceeds the pension much that yesternight
Allow'd me, and my pockets centupled,
But I'm my son's child, sir, he knows of me
More than I do myself

¹ Old ed makes '

² Old ed come already "

³ In handsome attire

⁴ The best &c Old ed 'at the best I ever saw you

⁵ Old ed 'can

G Cres Sir, you yet have
 But earnest of your happiness, a pinnace
 Fore riding a goodly vessel, by this near anchor,
 Bulk'd like a castle, and with jewels fraught—
 Joys above jewels, sir—from deck to keel 240
 Make way for the receipt, empty your bosom
 Of all griefs and troubles, leave not a sigh
 To beat her back again, she is so stor'd,
 Y'had need have room enough to take her liding

Sir F Cres If one commodity be wanting now
 All this is nothing

G Cres Tush, that must out too
 There must be no remembrance, not the thought
 That ever youth in woman did abuse you,
 That e'er your children had a stepmother,
 That you sold lands to please your punishment, 250
 That you were circumscrib'd and taken in,
 Abridg'd the large extendure of your grounds,
 And put into the pin fold that belong'd to't,
 That your son did cheat for want of maintenance
 That he did beg you shall remember only,
 For I have begg'd off all these troubles from you

L Beau This was a good week's labour

G Cres Not an hour's, my lord, but 'twas a happy one —
 See, sir, a new day shines on you

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM in civil habit, MARIA and
 EDWARD very gallant, and SAUNDER*

L Cres O sir,
 Your son has robb'd me——

Sir F Cres Ha, that was I instructed ²

2100

G Cres Nay, hear her, sir

L Cres Of my good purpose, sir,

He hath forc'd out of me what lay conceal'd,

Ripen'd my pity with his dews of duty

Forgive me, sir, and but keep the number

Of every grief that I have pun'd you with,

I'll tenfold pay with fresh obedience

W Cam O that my wife were here to learn this
lesson!

267

L Cres Your state is not abated, what was yours is
still your own, and take the cause withal of my harsh
seeming usage,—it was to reclaim faults in yourself the
swift consumption of many large revenues, gaming, that
of not much less speed, burning up house and land, not
casual, but cunning fire, which, though it keeps the
chimney, and outward shows like hospitality, is only
devourer on't, consuming chemistry,—there I have made
you a flat bankrupt,¹ all your stillatories and labouring
minerals are demolished—that part of hell in your house
is extinct,

Put out your desire with them, and then these feet

Shall level with my hands until you raise

280

My stoop'd humility to higher grace,

To warm these lips with love, and duty do

To every silver hair, each one shall be

A senator to my obedience

¹ Bankrupt

Sir F Cies All this I knew¹ before whoe'er of you
That had but one ill thought of this good woman,
You owe a knee to her, and she is merciful
If she forgive you

Re enter GEORGE and MISTRESS WATER CAMLET

L Beau That shall be private penance, sir, we'll all
joy in public with you 290

Geo On the conditions I tell you, not else

Mis W Cam Sweet George, dear George, any con-
ditions

W Cam My wife !

Fran^t sen Peace, George is bringing her to condi-
tions

W Cam Good ones, good George !

Geo You shall never talk your voice above the key
sol, sol, sol

Mis W Cam Sol, sol, sol,—ay, George 300

Geo Say, Welcome home, honest George, in that
pitch

Mis W Cam Welcome home, honest George !

Geo Why, this is well now

W Cam That's well indeed, George

Geo *Rogue* nor *rascal* must never come out of your
mouth

Mis W Cam They shall never come in, honest
George

Geo Nor I will not have you call my master plain

¹ Old ed know

husband, that's too coarse, but as your gentlewomen in the country use, and your parsons' wives in the town,— 'tis comely, and shall be custom'd in the city,—call him *master Camlet* at every word 314

Mis W Cam At every word, honest George

Geo Look you, there he is, salute him then

Mis W Cam Welcome home, good master Camlet!

W Cam Thanks, and a thousand,¹ sweet—*wife*, I may say, honest George?

Geo Yes, sir, or *bird*, or *chuck*, or *heart's ease*, or plain *Rachel*, but call her *Rac* no more, so long as she is quiet 322

W Cam God a mercy, sha't have thy new suit a' Sunday, George

Mis W Cam George shall have two new suits, master Camlet

W Cam God a mercy, i'faith, chuck

Sweet Master Camlet, you and I are friends, all even betwixt us?

W Cam I do acquit thee, neighbour Sweetball 330

Sweet I will not be hang'd then—Knavesby, do thy worst, nor I will not cut thy throat

Ana I must do't myself

Sweet If thou comest to my shop, and usurpest my chair of maintenance, I will go as near as I can, but I will not do't

G Cres No, 'tis I must cut Knavesby's throat, for slandering a modest gentlewoman and my wife, in shape

¹ Thanks and a thousand = a thousand thanks

of your page, my lord, in her own I durst not place her
so near your lordship 340

L Beau No more of that, sir, if your ends have
acquired their own events, crown 'em with your own
joy

G Cres Down a' your knees, Knavesby, to your wife,
she's too honest for you

Sweet Down, down, before you are hanged, 'twill be
too late afterwards, and long thou canst not 'scape it

[KNAVESBY *kneels*

Mis Kna You'll play the pander no more, will you?

Kna O, that's an inch into my throat!

Mis Kna And let out your wife for hire? ¹ 350

Kna O, sweet wife, go no deeper

Mis Kna Dare any be bail for your better beha-
viour?

L Beau Yes, yes, I dare, he will mend one day

Mis Kna And be worse the next

Kna Hang me the third then, dear, merciful wife,
I will do anything for a quiet life [Rises

L Beau All then is reconciled

Sweet Only my brush is lost, my dear new brush

Frank sen I will help you to satisfaction for that too,
sir 361

Sweet O spermaceti! I feel it heal already

Frank sen Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied my dead
son's debts?

Creditors All pleased, all paid, sir

Frank sen Then once more here I bring him back to life,

From my servant to my son nay, wonder not,
I have not dealt by fallacy with any
My son was dead, whoc'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man, for when you hear of spirits 570
That walk in real bodies, to th' amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,
And all would shun, those are men of vices,
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so, by consequence, they have no souls,
But if the soul return, he lives again,
Created newly, such my son appears,
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears

Creditors You have beguiled us honestly, sir

Frank jun And you shall have your brush again 580

Sweet My basins shall all ring for joy

L Beau Why, this deserves a triumph,¹ and my cost
Shall begin a feast to it, to which I do
Invite you all, such happy reconcilements
Must not be past without a health of joy
Discorded friends aton'd,² men and their wives,
This hope proclaims your after quiet lives

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ A public show

Reconciled

EPILOGUE

I am sent t' inquire your censure,¹ and to know
How you stand affected ? whether we do owe
Our service to your favours, or must strike
Our sails, though full of hope, to your dislike ?
Howe'er, be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well,
And from my fellows thus much I must tell
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And, to redeem it, we'll take any way

¹ Judgment

THE WITCH

*A Tragi Comodie Called the Witch long since acted by His
Majties Servants at the Black Friers Written by Tho Muddleton*

The MS of *The Witch* is a small quarto of forty eight leaves, very neatly written. The dedication is in the same handwriting as the play. I judge that the handwriting is not Middleton's, but a copyist's, for, though the play is unusually free from serious corruptions, we occasionally find errors that appear to be a copyist's misreadings of the author's manuscript rather than slips of the pen—e.g., p. 368 "Dentaphillon" for 'Pentaphyllon,' p. 372 "Silence for 'Sylvans'.

From a note on the fly leaf we learn that the MS belonged to the actor Benjamin Griffin (b. 1680, d. 1740) and afterwards to Lockyer Davis, a bookseller, who sold it to Major Pearson. At the Majors auction Steevens purchased it for £2 14s. In 1778 one hundred copies of it were printed for private circulation by Isaac Reed. At the sale of Steevens' books, on 20th May 1800, it was purchased by Malone "at the enormous price of £7, 10s." and in 1821 it passed with Malone's other MSS to its resting place in the Bodleian Library.

Some of the incidents in *The Witch* were suggested by the following passage of Machiavel's *Florentine History*: "Then [the Lombards] kingdom descending upon Alboinus a bold and warlike man, they passed the Danube and encountering Comundus King of the Lepides then possessed of Pannonia, overthrew and slew him. Amongst the captives Alboinus finds Rosamund the daughter of Comundus and taking her to wife becomes Lord of Pannonia, but out of a brutish fierceness in his nature, he makes a drinking cup of Comundus's skull, and out of it used to carouse in memory of that victory. Invited now by Narsetes, with whom he had been in league during the Gothick war, he leaves Pannonia to the Huns, who as we have said, were after the death of Attila

returned into their own Countrey, and comes into Italy, which finding so strangely divided, he in an instant possesses himself of Pavia, Milan, Verona, Vicenza, all Tuscany, and the greatest part of Flaminia, at this day called Romania. So that by these great and sudden victories judging himself already Conquerour of Italy, he makes a solemn feast at Verona, and in the heat of wine growing merry, causes Comundus's skull to be filled full of wine, and would needs have it presented to Queen Rosamund, who sate at table over against him, telling her so loud that all might hear, that in such a time of mirth he would have her drink with her father; those words were as so many darts in the poor ladies bosome, and consulting with revenge, she bethought her self, how Almachildis a noble Lombard, young and valiant, courted one of the Ladies of her bed-chamber; with her she contrives that she should promise Almachildis the kindness of admitting him by night to her chamber; and Almachildis according to her assignation being received into a dark room, lyes with the Queen, whilst he thought he lay with the Lady, who after the fact discovers herself, offering to his choice either the killing of 'Alboinus and enjoying her and the Crown, or the being made his sacrifice for defiling his bed. Almachildis consents to kill Alboinus; but they seeing afterwards their designs of seizing the kingdom prove unsuccessful, nay rather fearing to be put to death by the Lombards (such love bore they to Alboinus) they fled with all the Royal Treasure to Longinus at Ravenna,' &c. *English translation, 1674, pp. 17, 18.*

"See also *Histoires Tragiques* de Belleforest, 1616, t. iv. Hist., lxxiii."—*Dyce.*

TO THE
TRULY WORTHY AND GENEROUSLY AFFECTED

THOMAS HOLMES, ESQUIRE

NOBLE SIR,

As a true testimony of my ready inclination to your service, I have, merely upon a taste of your desire, recovered¹ into my hands, though not without much difficulty, this ignorantly ill fated labour of mine

Witches are, *ipso facto*, by the law condemned, and that only, I think, hath made her lie so long in an imprisoned obscurity For your sake alone she hath thus far conjured herself abroad, and bears no other charms about her but what may tend to your recreation, nor no other spell but to possess you with a belief, that as she, so he that first taught her to enchant, will always be

Your devoted

THO MIDDLETON

¹ i.e. from the King's Company at the Blackfriars Theatre

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke

Lord Governor of Ravenna

SEBASTIAN, *contrived to Isabella*

FERNANDO, *his friend*

ANTONIO, *husband to Isabella*

ABERZANES, *a gentleman neither honest, wise, nor valiant*

ALMACHIDES, *a fantastical gentleman*

GASPARO, } *servants to Antonio*

HERMIO, }

FIRSTONL, *the clown and Heate's son*

Servants, &c

Duchess

ISABELLA, *wife to Antonio, and niece to the governor*

FRANCISCA, *sister to Antonio*

AMONETTA, *the duchess's woman*

FLORENZA, *a courtesan*

ELCATH, *the chief witch*

SIADIN, } *witches*

HOPIO, }

Other witches, &c

SCENE, RAVENNA and its neighbourhood

THE WITCH



ACT I

SCENE I

*An Apartment in the house of the Lord Governor
a banquet set out*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO

Seb My three years spent in war has now undone
My peace for ever

Fer Good, be patient, sir

Seb She is my wife by contract before heaven
And all the angels, sir

Fer I do believe you ,
But where's the remedy now ? you see she's gone,
Another has possession

Seb There's the torment !

Fer This day, being the first of your return,
Unluckily proves the first too of her fastening
Her uncle, sir, the governor of Ravenna,

Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom, 10
As he's fair spoken, sir, and wondrous mild——

Seb There goes the devil in a sheep skin !

Fir With all speed

Clapp'd it up suddenly I cannot think, sure,
That the maid over loves him, though being married,
Perhaps, for her own credit, now she intends
Performance of an honest, duteous wife

Seb Sir, I've a world of business question nothing,
You will but lose your labour, 'tis not fit

For any, hardly mine own secrecy,

To know what I intend I take my leave, sir 20

I find such strange employments in myself,

That unless death pity me and lay me down,

I shall not sleep these seven years, that's the least sir

[*L ut*

Fir That sorrow's dangerous can abide no counsel

'Tis like a wound past cure wrongs done to love

Strike the heart deeply, none can truly judge on't

But the poor sensible sufferer whom it racks

With unbeliev'd pains, which men in health,

That enjoy love, not possibly can act,

Nay, not so much as think In troth, I pity him 30

His sighs drink life blood in this time of feasting

A banquet towards too ! not yet hath riot

Play'd out her last scene ? at such entertainments still

Forgetfulness obeys, and surfeit governs

Here's marriage sweetly honour'd in gorg'd stomachs

And overflowing cups !

Enter GASPARO and Servant

Gas Where is she, sirrah?

Ser Not far off

Gas Prithce, where? go fetch her hither
I'll rid him away straight — [*Exit Servant*]

The duke's¹ now risen, sir

Fer I am a joyful man to hear it, sir,
It seems h'as drunk the less, though I think he 40
That has the least has certainly enough [*Exit*]

Gas I have observ'd this fellow all the feast time
He hath not pledg'd one cup, but look'd most wickedly
Upon good Malaga, flies to the black jack² still,
And sticks to small drink like a water rat
O, here she comes

Enter FLORIDA

Alas, the poor whore weeps!
'Tis not for grace now, all the world must judge,
It is for spleen and madness 'gainst this marriage
I do but think how she could beat the vicar now,
Scratch the man horribly that gave the woman, 50
The woman worst of all if she durst do it [*Aside*]
Why, how now, mistress? this weeping needs not, for
though
My master marry for his reputation,
He means to keep you too

¹ MS kings

² A leather can for holding beer

Flo How, sir?

Gas He doth indeed

He swore 't to me last night Are you so simple,
And have been five years traded, as to think
One woman would serve him? fie, not an empress!
Why, he'll be sick o' th' wife within ten nights,
Or never trust my judgment

Flo Will he, think'st thou?

Gas Will he!

Flo I find thee still so comfortable, 60
Beshrew my heart, if I know¹ how to miss thee
They talk of gentlemen, perfumers, and such things
Give me the kindness of the master's man
In my distress, say I

Gas 'Tis your great love, forsooth
Please you withdraw yourself to yond private parlour,
I'll send you venison, custard, parsnip pie,
For banquetting stuff, as suckets, jellies, sirups,
I will bring in myself

Flo I'll take 'em kindly, sir [Exit

Gas Sh'as your grand strumpet's complement to a tittle
'Tis a fair building it had need, it has 70
Just at this time some one and twenty inmates,
But half of 'em are young merchants, they'll depart
shortly

They take but rooms for summer, and away they
When 't grows foul weather marry, then come the
termers,³

¹ MS knew

² Sweetmeats

³ Dissolute persons who frequented the metropolis in term time
Cf vol iii p 7

And commonly they're well booted for all seasons
But peace, no word, the guests are coming in

[*Retires*

Enter ALMACHILDES *and* AMORETTA

Alm The fates have bless'd me, have I met you
privately?

Am Why, sir, why, Almachildes!—

Alm Not a kiss?

Am I'll call aloud, i'faith

Alm I'll stop your mouth

Am Upon my love to reputation, 80
I'll tell the duchess once more

Alm 'Tis the way
To make her laugh a little

Am She'll not think
That you dare use a maid of honour thus

Alm Amsterdam¹ swallow thee for a puritan,
And Geneva cast thee up again¹ like she that sunk²
At Charing Cross, and rose again at Queenhithe¹

Am Ay, these are the silly fruits of the sweet vine,
sir [Retires

Alm Sweet venery be with thee, and I at the tail
Of my wish¹ I am a little headstrong, and so
Are most of the company I will to the witches 90
They say they have charms and tricks to make
A wench fall backwards, and lead a man herself

¹ See note 1 vol II p 96

² See note 3 p 334

To a country house, some mile out of the town
 Like a fire drake There be such whoreson kind of
 And such bawdy witches, and I'll tie conclusions

*Enter Duke, Duchess, Lord Governor, ANTONIO,
 ISABELLA, and FRANCISCA*

Duke A banquet yet! why surely, my lord governor
 Bacchus could ne'er boast of a day till now,
 To spread his power and make his glory known

Duch Sir, you've done nobly though in modesty
 You keep it from us, know, we understand so much, 100
 All this day's cost 'tis your great love bestows,
 In honour of the bride, your virtuous niece

Gov In love to goodness and your presence, madam
 So understood, 'tis rightly

Duch Now will I
 Have a strange health after all these

Gov What's that, my lord?

Duch A health in a strange cup, and 't shall go
 round

Gov Your grace need not doubt that, sir, having
 seen

So many pledg'd already this fair company
 Cannot shrink now for one, so it end there 100

Duke It shall, for all ends here here's a full period
 [*Produces a skull set as a cup*]

Gov A skull, my lord?

Duke Call it a soldier's cup, man
 Fie, how you fright the women! I have sworn

It shall go round, excepting only you, sir,
For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
Whose health it is

Isa Marry, I thank heaven for that !

Duke Our duchess, I know, will pledge us, though
the cup

Was once her father's head, which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death in memory of that conquest
He was the greatest foe our steel e'er strook at,
And he was bravely slain then took we thee 120
Into our bosom's love thou mad'st the peace
For ill thy country, thou, that beauty, did
We're dearer than a father, are we not ?

Duch Yes, sir, by much

Duke And we shall find that straight

Ant That's an ill bride cup for a marriage day,
I do not like the face on't

Gov Good my lord,
The duchess looks pale let her not pledge you
there

Duke Pale ?

Duch Sir, not I

Duke See how your lordship fails now,
The rose not fresher, nor the sun at rising
More comfortably pleasing

Duch Sir, to you, 130
The lord of this day's honour [Drinks

Ant All first moving
From your grace, madam, and the duke's great favour,
Since it must [Drinks

Fran This the worst fright that could come
 To a conceal'd great belly ! I'm with child ,
 And this will bring it out, or make me come
 Some seven weeks sooner than we midwifery reckon

[*Aside*]

Duch Did ever cruel barbarous art match this ?
 Twice hath his surfeits brought my father's memory
 Thus spitefully and scornfully to mine eyes ,
 And I'll endure 't no more , 'tis in my heart since 140
 I'll be reveng'd as far as death can lead me ¹ [*Aside*]

Alm Am I the last man, then ? I may deserve
 To be first one day [*Drum's*]

Gov Sir, it has gone round now

Duke The round ? ² an excellent way to train up
 soldiers !

Where's bride and bridegroom ?

Ant At your happy service

Duke A boy to night at least , I charge you look to't,
 Or I'll renounce you for industrious subjects

Ant Your grace speaks like a worthy and tried
 soldier

Gas And you'll do well for one that ne'er toss'd pike,
 sir [*Exeunt*]

¹ Reed and Dyce give "one," but the reading of the MS is plainly
 me'

² See note 3 vol III p 99

SCENE II

*The abode of HECATE**Enter HECATE*¹

Hec Titty and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgen, Liard and Robin¹ white spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits¹ devil toad, devil ram, devil cat, and devil dam¹ why, Hoppo² and Stadlin, Hellwain³ and Puckle¹⁴

Stad [*within*] Here, sweating at the vessel

Hec Boil it well

Hop [*within*] It gallops now

Hec Are the flames blue enough?
Or shall I use a little seething more?

Stad [*within*] The nips of fairies⁵ upon maids' white hips

Are not more perfect azure

¹ The stage direction in the MS is —“*Enter Heccat and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting)*”

The names of these spirits are borrowed from Reginald Scot. See the quotations on pp. 372-373

³ MS Hellwin

⁴ MS Puckle

⁵ It was one of the commonest of superstitions that elves pinched sluttish maids. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor* v. 5—

‘Where fires thou find’st unraked and hearths unswept
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry

So Herrick in a charming little poem—

‘If ye will with Mab find grace
Set each platter in his place,

Hec Tend it carefully
 Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish, 10
 That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
 And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour
 Why, when?¹

Enter STADLIN with a dish

Stad Here's Stadlin and the dish

Hec There, take this unbaptized brat,²

[*Giving the dead body of a child*]

Rake the fire up and get
 Water in ere sun be set
 Wash your pails and cleanse your daines
 Sluts are loathsome to the faines
 Sweep your house who doth not so
 Mab will pinch her by the toe

¹ An exclamation of impatience

² Here, and in the next three speeches of Hecate Middleton follows Reginald Scot using sometimes the very words of that curious writer. In the *Discoverie of Witchcraft* Scot gives from John Bapt Neap's *ve* Porta, the following receipts for the miraculous transportation of witches: 'R_e *The fat of yooing children and seeth it with water in a brazen vessell*, reseruing the thickest of that which remaineth boiled in the bottome which they laie vp and keepe vntill occasion serueth to vse it *They put herewnto Eleoselinum, Aconitum, frondes populeas and soote* R_e *Sium acarum vulgare, pentaphyllon the bloud of a fitter mouse solanum somniferum et oleum* They stampe all these together and then they rubbe all parts of their bodies exceedinglie till they looke red and be verie hot so as the pores may be opened and their flesh soluble and loose They ioine herewithall either fat or oile in steed thereof that the force of the ointment maie the rather pearse inwardly and so be more effectual By this means (saith he) *in a moone light night they seeme to be carried in the aire to feastin singing dansing, kissing culling and other acts of venerie with such youths as they loue and desire most*, &c B x c viii p 184 ed 1584—See the original of this in Porta's *Magna Naturalis s ve De Mira*

Boil it well, preserve the fat
 You know 'tis precious to transfe:
 Our 'nointed flesh into the an,
 In moonlight nights, on steeple tops,
 Mountains, and pine trees, that like pricks or stops
 Seem to our height, high towers and roofs of princes 20
 Like wrinkles in the earth, whole provinces

culs Rerum Naturalium Libri iii 1561 12mo p 180 Porta omitted the passage in (at least some) later and enlarged editions of his work —*Dyce* At the trial of the Lancashire witches in 1612 Grace Sowerbutts a girl of 14 deposed that Janet Bierly caused the death of a child by thrusting a nail into its navel and the next night after the burial thereof the said Janet Bierly and Ellen Bierly taking this examine with them went to Sulmesbury Church and there did take up the said child and the said Janet did carry it out of the church yard in her arms and then did put it in her lap and carried it home to her own house and having it there did boil some thereof in a pot and some did broil on the coals of both which the said Janet and Ellen did eat and would have had this examine, and one Grace Bierly daughter of the said Ellen to have eaten with them but they refused so to do And afterwards the said Janet and Ellen did seethe the bones of the said child in a pot and with the fat that came out of the said bones they said they would anoint themselves that thereby they might sometimes change themselves into other shapes And after all this being done they said they would lay the bones again in the grave the next night following but whether they did so or not this examine knoweth not —*Potts Wonderful Discovery of Witches in the county of Lancashire* 1613, sig 1 2 The girl afterwards confessed that she had told a pack of lies On 9th June, 1604 a statute was passed which enacted that if any person shall practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit or take up any man woman or child out of his, her or their grave or the skin bone, or any other part of any dead person to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft or shall practise any witchcraft whereby any person shall be killed wasted pined, or lamed in his or her body or any part thereof, such offender shall suffer the pains of death as felons without benefit of clergy or sanctuary

Appear to our sight then even leek ¹
 A russet mole upon some lady's cheek
 When hundred leagues in air, we feast and sing,
 Dance, kiss, and coll,² use everything
 What young man can we wish to pleasure us,
 But we enjoy him in an incubus?³
 Thou know'st it Stadlin?

Stad Usually that's done

Hec Last night thou got'st the mayor of Whelpie's³
 son,

I knew him by his black cloak lin'd with yellow, 30
 I think thou'st spoil'd the youth, he's but seventeen
 I'll have him the next mounting Away, in
 Go, feed the vessel for the second hour

Stad Where be the magical herbs?

Hec They're down his throat,
 His mouth cramm'd full, his ears and nostrils stuff'd
 I thrust in eleoselinum lately,
 Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot—
 You may see that, he looks so b[l]ack i' th' mouth—
 Then sium, acorum vulgare too,
 Pentaphyllon,⁴ the blood of a flutter mouse, 40
 Solanum somnificum et oleum

Stad Then there's all, Hecate

Hec Is the heart of wax
 Stuck full of magic needles?

¹ Like

² Embrace

³ What place is meant by this word I know not

⁴ MS 'Dentaphyllon'

⁵ Bat

Stad 'Tis done, Hecate

Hec And is the farmer's picture¹ and his wife's
Laid down to th' fire yet?

Stad They're a roasting both too

Hec Good [*exit* STADLIN], then their marrows are
a melting subtly,

And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em
They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,²
Their brew locks, nor their batches, nor forespoke 50
Any of their breedings Now I'll be meet³ with 'em
Seven of their young pigs I've bewitch'd already,
Of the last litter,
Nine ducklings, thirteen goslings, and a hog,
Fell lame last Sunday after even song too,
And mark how their sheep prosper, or what sup
Each milch kine gives to th' pail I'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all

¹ He being further demanded to what end the spirits in the likeness of toads and the pictures of man in wax or clay do serve he said that pictures made in wax will cause the party (for whom it is made) to continue sick two whole years because it will be two whole years ere the wax will be consumed And as for the pictures of clay their confection is after this manner They used to take the earth of a new made grave the rib bone of a man or woman burned to ashes if it be for a woman they take the bone of a woman if for a man the bone of a man and a black spider with an inner pith of an elder tempered all in water in the which water the said toads must first be washed And after all ceremonies ended they put a prick that is a pin or a thorn in any member where they would have the party grieved And if the said prick be put to the heart the party dieth within nine dayes, which image they burn in the most moist place they can find' — *The Examination of John Waish touching Witchcraft* 1566

² MS "charmings"

³ Even

Beforehand, the dew skirted¹ dairy wenches
Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home cursing, 60
I'll mar their sillabubs, and swathy² feastings
Under cows' bellies with the parish youths
Where's Firestone, our son Firestone?

Enter FIRESTONE

Fire Here am I, mother

Hec Take in this brazen dish full of dear ware

[*Gives dish*]

Thou shalt have all when I die, and that will be
Even just at twelve a'clock at night come three year

Fire And may you not have one a'clock in to th'
dozen, mother?

Hec No

69

Fire Your spirits are, then, more unconscionable than
bakers You'll have lived then, mother, sixscore year
to the hundred, and, methinks, after sixscore years, the
devil might give you a cast, for he's a fruiterer, too, and
has been from the beginning, the first apple that e'er
was eaten came through his fingers the costermongers,³
then, I hold to be the ancientest trade, though some
would have the tailor pricked down before him

Hec Go, and take heed you shed not by the way,
The hour must have her portion! 'tis dear sirup,

¹ MS dew d skirted

² *see* (I suppose) feastings among the *swaths*—the mown rows of
grass —*Dyce*

³ Apple sellers

Each charmed drop is able to confound 80
A family consisting of nineteen
Or one and twenty feeders

Fire Marry, here's stuff indeed !
Dear sirup call you it ? a little thing
Would make me give you a dram on't in a posset,
And cut you three years shorter [*Aside*

Hec Thou art now
About some villany

Fire Not I, forsooth —
Truly the devil's in her, I think how one villain smells
out another straight ! there's no knavery but is nosed
like a dog, and can smell out a dog's meaning [*Aside*]
—Mother, I pray, give me leave to ramble abroad to
night with the Nightmare, for I have a great mind to
overlay a fat parson's daughter 92

Hec And who shall lie with me, then ?

Fire The great cat
For one night, mother, 'tis but a night
Make shift with him for once

Hec You're a kind son !
But 'tis the nature of you all I see that ,
You had rather hunt after strange women still
Than lie with your own mothers Get thee gone
Sweat thy six ounces out about the vessel,
And thou shalt play at midnight , the Nightmare 100
Shall call thee when it walks

Fire Thanks, most sweet mother [*Exit*

Hec Urchins, Elves, Hags, Satyrs, Pans, Fawns

Sylvans,¹ Kitt with the candlestick, Tritons, Centaurs, Dwarfs, Imps, the Spoorne, the Mare, the Man i' th' oak, the Hellwain, the Fire drake, the Puckle ! A ab hur hus !

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb Heaven knows with what unwillingness and hate
 I enter this damn'd place but such extremes
 Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
 That were I led by this disease to deaths 110
 As numberless as creatures that must die,
 I could not shun the way I know what 'tis
 To pity madmen now, they're wretched things
 That ever were created, if they be
 Of woman's making, and her faithless vows
 I fear they're now a kissing what's a'clock ?
 'Tis now but supper time, but night will come,
 And all new married couples make short suppers —
 Whate'er thou art, I've no spare time to fear thee,
 My horrors are so strong and great already, 120
 That thou seemest nothing Up, and laze not

¹ MS Silence — Here again Middleton borrows from Reginald Scot And they haue so fraied vs with bull beggers spirits witches *vrchens elues hags, faimes satyrs pans faunes sylens* [sylvans] *kitt with the cansticke tritons centaurs dwarfes giants imps calcars conuorors, nymphes changlings Incubus Robin good fellowe, the spoorne the mare, the man in the oke the hell waine the fierdrake the puckle* Tom thombe hob goblin, Tom tumbler boneles and such other bugs that we are afraid of our owne shadowes — *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, b vii c xv p 153 ed 1584 The words with which Hecate concludes this speech, A ab hur hus ! are also borrowed from R Scot's work, b xii c xiv p 244, where they are mentioned as a charm against the toothache — *Dyce*

Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so,
 'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
 Beyond thy ointments I would I were read
 So much in thy black power as¹ mine own griefs!
 I'm in great need of help, wilt give me any?

Hec Thy boldness takes me bravely, we're all sworn
 To sweat for such a spirit see, I regard thee,
 I rise and bid thee welcome What's thy wish now?

Seb O, my heart swells with't! I must take breath first

Hec Is't to confound some enemy on the seas? 131
 It may be done to night Stadlin's² within,
 She raises all your sudden ruinous storms,
 That shipwreck barks and tears up growing oaks,
 Flies over houses, and takes *Anno Domini*³
 Out of a rich man's chimney—a sweet place for't!
 He'd be hang'd ere he would set his own years there,

¹ MS and '

² "From R Scot 'It is constanthe affirmed in M Mal that Stafus
 vsed alwaies to hide himselfe in a monshoall [mouse hole] and had a
 disciple called Hoppo who made Stadlin a maister witch, and could all
 when they list inuisible transferre the third part of their neighbours
 doong, hay corne &c into their owne ground make haile tempests
 and flouds with thunder and lightning and kill children cattell &c
 reueale things hidden and many other tricks when and where they list
Discouerie of Witchcraft b xii c v p 222 ed 1584 —See Sprenger's
Malleus Maleficarum Pars Sec quæst 1 cap xv p 267 ed 1576,
 where the name *Stadio* not *Stadlin* is found but the latter occurs at
 p 210 —*Dyce* Bodin relates that a man named Stadlin belonging
 to the diocese of Lausanne confessa avoir tue sept enfans au ventre
 de la mère' Stadlin buried a live serpent at the entrance to the poor
 woman's house when the ground was dug up the serpent made his
 escape and the woman had no more still born children (*De la Démono-
 manie des Sorciers*, lib ii cap 8) The same tale is told in Sprenger's
Malleus Maleficarum, pars 1 quæst 1 cap 6

The date affixed to the house

They must be chamber'd in a five pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on't,
His rotten, diseas'd years ¹—or dost thou envy 140
The fat prosperity of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle,
Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows, or in one night
Transport his dung, hay corn, by reeks,¹ whole stacks,
Into thine own ground

Seb This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier, but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or wines
'I will trouble your best powers to give me ease

Hec Is it to starve up generation? 150
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?

Seb Hah!

Hec Hah, did you feel me there? I knew your
grief

Seb Can there be such things done?

Hec Are these the skins
Of serpents? these of snakes?

Seb I see they are

Hec So sure into what house these are convey'd,

[*Giving serpent skins, &c., to SEBASTIAN*

Knit with these charms and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets nor woman breeds,
No, nor performs the least desires of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty I could give thee 160

¹ Ricks

Chirocineta,¹ adincantida,
 Archimедon, marmaritin, calicia,
 Which I could sort to villanous barren ends,
 But this leads the same way More I could instance,
 As, the same needles thrust into their pillows
 That sews and socks up dead men in their sheets,
 A privy gristle² of a man that hangs
 After sunset, good, excellent, yet all's there, sir

Seb You could not do a man that special kindness
 To part 'em utterly now? could you do that? 170

Hec No, time must do't we cannot disjoin wedlock,
 'Tis of heaven's fastening Well may we raise jars,
 Jealousies, strifes, and heart burning disagreements,
 Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
 Upon that patient miracle,³ but the work itself
 Our power cannot disjoint

Seb I depart happy
 In what I have then, being constrain'd to this —
 And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
 I hat I may never need this hag agen! [*Aside, and exit*]

¹ Pythagoras and Democritus giue vs the names of a great manie
 magicall hearbs and stones whereof now both the vertue and the things
 themselues also are vnknowne as *Marmaritin*, whereby spirits might
 be raised *Archimедon* which would make one bewraie in his sleepe
 all the secrets in his heart *Adincantida Calicia* Meua's *Chirocineta*
 &c which had all their seuerall vertues or rather poisons R
Scots Discoverie of Witchcraft b vi c iii p 117 ed. 1584

² Cf *The Masque of Queens* —

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
 The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins,
 I bit off a sinew, I clipped his hair
 I brought off his rags that danced in the air

³ That patient miracle —Job

Hec I know he loves me not,¹ nor there's no hope
on't, 180

Re enter FIRESIDE

Fire There's the bravest² young gentleman within,
and the finest drunk! I thought he would have fallen
into the vessel, he stumbled at a pipkin of child's
grease, reeled against Stadlin, overthrew her, and in the
tumbling cast struck up old Puckle's heels with her
clothes over her ears

Hec Hoyday! 190

Fire I was fain to throw the cat upon her to save
her honesty, and all little enough, I cried out still, I
pray, be covered³ See where he comes now, mother

Enter ALMACHILDES

Alm Call you these witches? they be tumblers
methinks,
Very flat tumblers

¹ And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do
Loves for his own ends not for you —Macbeth III 5

² The most handsomely dressed

³ The ordinary meaning of "be covered" was put on your hat

Hec 'Tis Almachildes—fresh blood stirs in me—
The man that I have lusted to enjoy ,
I've had him thrice in incubus already *Aside*

Alm Is your name Goody Hag?

Hec 'Tis anything
Call me the horrid'st and unhallow'd thing^c 200
That life and nature trembles at, for the
I'll be the same Thou com'st for a lo 10W²

Alm Why, thou'rt a witch, I think

Hec Thou shalt have choice of twentv, wet or dry

Alm Nay, let's have dry ones

Hec If thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
I'll give thee a remora¹ shall bewitch her straight

Alm A remora? what's that?

Hec A little suck stone ,
Some call it a sea lamprey, a small fish
Alm And must be butter'd² 210
Hec The bones of a green frog too, wondrous pre-
cious,

The flesh consum'd by pismires

Alm Pismires? give me a chamber pot¹

Fire You shall see him go nigh to be so unmannerly,
he'll make water before my mother anon *[Aside*

Alm And now you talk of frogs, I've somewhat here ,
I come not empty pocketed from a banquet,
I learn'd that of my haberdasher's wife
Look, goody witch, there's a toad in marchpane² for
you *[Gives marchpane*

¹ See note vol iv p 179

² 'Marchpane was a composition of almonds and sugar, &c

Hec O sir, you've fitted me?

Alm And here's a spawn or two 220
Of the same paddock brood too, for your son

[Gives other pieces of marchpane]
thank your worship, sir how comes your

thus beray'd? ¹ sure 'tis wet sucket, ² sir

Alm 'Tis nothing but the sirup the toad spit,
Take all, I prithee

Hec This was kindly done, sir,
And you shall sup with me to night for this

Alm How? sup with thee? dost think I'll eat fried
rats

And pickled spiders?

Hec No, I can command, sir,
The best meat i' th' whole province for my friends,
And reverently serv'd in too

Alm How?

Hec In good fashion 230

Alm Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you
*[HECATE conjures, and enter a Cat playing
on a fiddle, and Spirits with meat]*

The Cat and Fiddle's an excellent ordinary
You had a devil once in a fox skin?

pounded and baked together It was a constant article at *banquets*
[i.e. desserts] and was wrought into various figures Taylor the water
poet, mentions

Conserus and *Marchpanes* made in sundry shapes,
As Castles, Towres, Horses, Beares and Apes

The Siege of Jerusalem, p 15—*Workes*, 1630 —*Dyce*

¹ Befouled

² Sweetmeat

Hec O, I have him still come, walk with me, sir

[Exeunt all except FIRESSTONE]

Fire How apt and ready is a drunkard now to reel
to the devil ! Well, I'll even in and see how he eats, and
I'll be hanged if I be not the fatter of the
laughing at him

ACT II

SCENE I

A hall in ANTONIO's house

Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO

Gas Good sir, whence springs this sadness? trust
me, sir,

You look not like a man was married yesterday
There could come no ill tidings since last night
To cause that discontent I was wont to know all,
Before you had a wife, sir you ne'er found me
Without those parts of manhood, trust and secrecy

Ant I will not tell thee this

Gas Not your true servant, sir?

Ant True? you'll all flout according to your talent,
The best a man can keep of you and a hell 'tis

For masters to pay wages to be laugh'd at 10
Give order that two cocks be boil'd to jelly

Gas How? two cocks boil'd to jelly?

Ant Fetch half an ounce of pearl [Exit

Gas This is a cullis ¹

¹ A rich broth in the composition of which pearls and gold were used In Nares' *Glossary* sub CULLIS there is a curious receipt from the *Haven of Health* for making a coleise of a cocke

For a consumption , and I hope one night
Has not brought you to need the cook already,
And some part of the goldsmith what, two trades
In four and twenty hours, and less time ?
Pray heaven, the surgeon and the pothecary
Keep out ! and then tis well You'd better fortune,
As far as I see, with your strumpet sojourner, 20
Your little four nobles¹ a week I ne'er knew you
Eat one panado² all the time you've kept her ,
And is't in one night now come up to two cock broth ?
I wonder at the alteration strangely

Enter FRANCISCA

Fran Good morrow, Gaspar
Gas Your hearty wishes, mistress,
And your sweet dreams come upon you !
Fran What's that, sir ?
Gas In a good husband , that's my real meaning
Fran Saw you my brother lately ?
Gas Yes
Fran I met him now,
As sad, methought, as grief could make a man
Know you the cause ?

¹ Gold coins worth 6s 8d

² " To make *panado* after the best fashion —Take a quart of spring water which bring hot on the fire, put into it slices of fine bread, as thin as may be then add half a pound of currants a quarter of an ounce of mace boil them well and then season them with rose water and fine sugar and serve them up *Closet of Rarities* 1706 —Nares *Glossary* ed Halliwell

Gas Not I I know nothing, 30
But half an ounce of pearl, and kitchen business,
Which I will see perform'd with all fidelity
I'll break my trust in nothing, not in porridge, I [*Exit*
Fran I have the hardest fortune, I think, of a hundred gentlewomen
Some can make merry with a friend seven year,
And nothing seen, as perfect a maid still,
To the world's knowledge, as she came from rocking
But 'twas my luck, at the first hour, forsooth,
To prove too fruitful, sure I'm near my time, 40
I'm yet but a young scholar, I may fail
In my account, but certainly I do not
These bastards come upon poor venturing gentlewomen
ten to one faster than your legitimate children if I had
been married, I'll be hanged if I had been with child so
soon now When they are our husbands, they'll be
whipt ere they take such pains as a friend will do, to
come by water to the back door at midnight, there stay
perhaps an hour in all weathers, with a pair of reeking
watermen laden with bottles of wine, chewets,¹ and
currant custards I may curse those egg pies, they are
meat that help forward too fast 52
This hath been usual with me night by night,
Honesty forgive me! when my brother has been
Dreaming of no such junkets, yet he hath far'd
The better for my sake, though he little think
For what, nor must he ever My friend promis'd me

¹ Minced meat pies

To provide safely for me, and devise
A means to save my credit here i' th' house
My brother sure would kill me if he knew't, 60
And powder up my friend, and all his kindred,
For an East Indian voyage

Enter ISABELLA

Isa Alone, sister?

Fran No, there's another with me, though you see't
not — [Aside

Morrow, sweet sister how have you slept to night?

Isa More than I thought I should, I've had good
rest

Fran I am glad to hear't

Isa Sister, methinks you are too long alone,
And lose much good time, sociable and honest
I'm for the married life, I must praise that now

Fran I cannot blame you, sister, to commend it, 70
You've happen'd well, no doubt, on a kind husband,
And that's not every woman's fortune, sister
You know if he were any but my brother,
My praises should not leave him yet so soon

Isa I must acknowledge, sister, that my life
Is happily blest with him he is no gamester,¹
That ever I could find or hear of yet,
Nor midnight surfeiter, he does intend
To leave tobacco too

Fran Why, here's a husband!

¹ Profligate

Isa He saw it did offend me, and swore freely 80
He'd ne'er take pleasure in a toy¹ again
That should displease me some knights' wives in town
Will have great hope, upon his reformation,
To bring their husbands' breaths into th' old fashion,
And make 'em kiss like Christians, not like Pagans

Fran I promise you, sister, 'twill be a worthy work
To put down all these pipers, 'tis great pity
There should not be a statute against them,
As against fiddlers

Isa These good offices,
If you had a husband, you might exercise, 90
To th' good o' th' commonwealth, and do much profit
Beside, it is a comfort to a woman
T' have children, sister, a great blessing certainly

Fran They will come fast enough

Isa Not so fast neither
As they're still welcome to an honest woman

Fran How near she comes to me! I protest she
grates
My very skin [Aside

Isa Were I conceiv'd with child,
Beshrew my heart, I should be so proud on't !

Fran That's natural, pride is a kind of swelling —
But yet I've small cause to be proud of mine [Aside

Isa You are no good companion for a wife 101
Get you a husband, prithee, sister, do,
That I may ask your counsel now and then

¹ Trifle

'Twill mend your discourse much, you maids know
nothing

Fran No, we are fools, but commonly we prove
Quicker mothers than you that have husbands —
I'm sure I shall else I may speak for one [*Aside*]

Re enter ANTONIO

Ant I will not look upon her, I'll pass by,
And make as though I see her not [*Aside*]

Isa Why, sir,—
Pray, your opinion, by the way, with leave, sir 110
I'm counselling your sister here to marry

Ant To marry? soft, the priest is not at leisure
yet,
Some five year hence —Would you fain marry, sister?

Fra I've no such hunger to't, sir,—for I think
I've a good bit that well may stay my stomach,
As well as any that broke fast, a sinner [*Aside*]

Ant Though she seem tall of growth, she's short in
years
Of some that seem much lower —How old, sister?
Not seventeen, for a yard of lawn!

Fran Not yet, sir

Ant I told you so 120

Fran I would he'd laid a wager of old shirts rather,
I shall have more need of them shortly, and yet,
A yard of lawn will serve for a christening cloth,
I've use for everything, as my case stands [*Aside*]

Isa I care not if I try my voice this morning,
But I have got a cold, sir, by your means

Ant I'll strive to mend that fault

Isa I thank you, sir

[*Sings*

*In a maiden time profest,
Then we say that life is best,
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow of these three
The middle's best, and that give me*

130

Ant There's thy reward

[*Kisses her*

Isa I will not grumble, sir,

Like some musician, if more come, 'tis welcome

Fran Such tricks has made me do all that I have
done

Your kissing married folks spoils all the maids

That ever live i' th' house with 'em O, here

140

He comes with his bags and bottles, he was born

To lead poor watermen¹ and I

[*Aside*

*Enter ABERZANES, and Servants carrying baked meats
and bottles*

Aber Go, fellows, into th' larder, let the bake meats
Be sorted by themselves

Ant Why, sir—

Aber Look the canary bottles be well stopt,
The three of claret shall be drunk at dinner

[*Exeunt Servants*

¹ Cf 1 50

Ant My good sir, you're too plenteous of these
courtesies,
Indeed you are, forbear 'em, I beseech ye
I know no merit in me, but poor love
And a true friend's well wishing, that can cause 150
This kindness in excess—I' th' state that I am,
I shall go near to kick this fellow shortly,
And send him down stairs with his bag and baggage
Why comes he now I'm married? there's the point
[*Aside*

I pray, forbear these things

Aber Alas! you know, sir,
These idle toys, which you call courtesies,
They cost me nothing but my servants' travail!
One office must be kind, sir, to another
You know the fashion What! the gentlewoman
Your sister's sad, methinks

Ant I know no cause she has 160

Fran Nor shall you, by my good will [*Aside*]

What do you mean, sir?

Shall I stay here, to shame myself and you?
The time may be to night, for aught you know

Aber Peace, there's means wrought, I tell thee

Enter SEBASTIAN and Gentleman

Fran Ay, sir, when?

Ant How now? what's he?

Isa O, this is the man, sir,
I entertain'd this morning for my service,
Please you to give your liking

Ant Yes, he's welcome,
I like him not amiss —Thou wouldst speak business,
Wouldst thou not?

Seb Yes, may it please you, sir, 170
There is a gentleman from the northern parts
Hath brought a letter, as it seems, in haste

Ant From whom?

Gent Your bonny lady mother, sir

[*Giving letter to ANTONIO*]

Ant You are kindly welcome, sir how doth she?

Gent I left her heal¹ varray well, sir

Ant [*reads*] *I pray send your sister down with all speed
to me I hope it will prove much for her good in the way
of her preferment Fail me not, I desire you, son, nor let
any excuse of hers withhold her I have sent, ready furnished,
horse and man for her* 180

Aber Now, have I thought upon you?

Fran Peace, good sir,
You're worthy of a kindness another time

Ant Her will shall be obey'd —Sister, prepare your
self,

You must down with all speed

Fran I know, down I must,
And good speed send me!

[*Aside*]

Ant 'Tis our mother's pleasure

Fran Good sir, write back again, and certify her
I'm at my heart's wish here, I'm with my friends,
And can be but well, say

"e, health—*Scotch*—at Ravenna!"—*Dyce*

Ant You shall pardon me, sister,
I hold it no wise part to contradict her,
Nor would I counsel you to't

Fran 'Tis so uncouth 190
Living i' th' country, now I'm us'd to th' city,
That I shall ne'er endure't

Aber Perhaps, forsooth,
'Tis not her meaning you shall live there long
I do not think but after a month or so
You'll be sent up again, that's my conceit
However, let her have her will

Ant Ay, good sir,
Great reason 'tis she should

Isa I'm sorry, sister,
'Tis our hard fortune thus to part so soon

Fran The sorrow will be mine

Ant Please you walk in, sir, 200
We'll have one health unto those northern parts
Though I be sick at heart

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO, ISABELLA, and Gentleman

Aber Ay, sir, a deep one—
Which you shall pledge too

Fran You shall pardon me,
I have pledg'd one too deep already, sir

Aber Peace, all's provided for thy wine's laid in,
Sugar and spice, the place not ten mile hence
What cause have maids now to complain of men,
When a farmhouse can make all whole agen?

[*Exeunt* ABERZANES and FRANCISCA

Seb It takes, has no content how well she bears
it yet !

Hardly myself can find so much from her
That am acquainted with the cold disease 210
O honesty's a rare wealth in a woman !
It knows no want, at least will express none,
Not in a look Yet I'm not thoroughly happy
His ill does me no good, well may it keep me
From open rage and madness for a time,
But I feel heart's grief in the same place still
What makes the greatest torment 'mongst lost
souls ?

'Tis not so much the horror of their pains,
Though they be infinite, as the loss of joys,
It is that deprivation is the mother 220
Of all the groans in hell, and here on earth
Of all the red sighs in the hearts of lovers
Still she's not mine, that can be no man's else
Till I be nothing, if religion
Have the same strength for me as 't has for others
Holy vows, witness that our souls were married !

*Re enter GASPARO, ushering in Lord Governor
attended by Gentlemen*

Gas Where are you, sir ? come, pray, give your at
tendance,
Here's my lord governor come
Gov Where's our new kindred ?
Not stirring yet, I think

Gas Yes, my good lord
Please you, walk near

Gov Come, gentlemen, we'll enter 230

Seb I ha' done't upon a breach, this is a less venture
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

A Gallery in the Duke's House

Enter ALMACHILDES

Alm What a mad toy¹ took me to sup with witches!
Fie of all drunken humours! by this hand,
I could beat myself when I think on't and the rascals
Made me good cheer too, and to my understanding then
Eat some of every dish, and spoil'd the rest
But coming to my lodging, I remember
I was as hungry as a tired foot post
What's this? [Takes from his pocket a ribbon

O, 'tis the charm her hagship gave me
For my duchess' obstinate woman, round about
A threepenny silk ribbon of three colours, 10
Necte tribus nodis ternos Amoretta colores
Amoretta! why, there's her name indeed
Necte Amoretta, again, two boughts,²
Nodo et Veneris dic vincula necte,
Nay, if *Veneris* be one, I'm sure there's no dead flesh in't

¹ Fancy

Knots

If I should undertake to construe this now,
 I should make a fine piece of work of it,
 For few young gallants are given to good construction
 Of anything, hardly of their best friends' wives,
 Sisters, or nieces Let me see what I can do now 20
Necte tribus nodis,—Nick of the tribe of noddies
Ternos colores,—that makes turned colours,
Nodo et Veneris,—goes to his venery like a noddy,
Dic vincula,—with Dick the vintner's boy
 Here were a sweet charm now, if this were the meaning
 on't, and very likely to overcome an honourable gentle
 woman The whorson old hellcat would have given me
 the brain of a cat¹ once in my handkercher, I bade her
 make sauce with't, with a vengeance¹ and a little bone
 in the hithermost part of a wolf's tui, I bade her pick
 her teeth with't, with 2 pestilence¹ Nay, this is some
 what cleanly yet and handsome, a coloured ribbon,
 fine, gentle charm¹ a man may give't his sister, his
 brother's wife, ordinarily See, here she comes, luckily

Enter AMORETTA

Amo Blest powers, what secret sin have I committed
 That still you send this punishment upon me ? 36

Alm 'Tis but a gentle punishment, so take it

¹ Cf Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens* —

"I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch
 Did snatch these bones and then leap'd the ditch
 Yet went I back to the house again
 Kill'd the black cat and here's the brain

Amo Why, sir, what mean you ? will you ravish me ?

Alm What, in the gallery, and the sun peep in ?
There's fitter time and place —

[As he embraces her, he thrusts the ribbon into her bosom

'Tis in her bosom now *[Aside*

Amo Go, you're the rudest thing e'er came at court !

Alm Well, well , I hope you'll tell me another tale
Ere you be two hours older a rude thing ?

I'll make you eat your word , I'll make all split ¹ else

[Exit

Amo Nay, now I think on't better, I'm to blame too ,
There's not a sweeter gentleman in court ,
Nobly descended too, and dances well
Beshrew my heart, I'll take him when there's time ,
He will be catch'd up quickly The duchess says
Sh'as some employment for him, and has sworn me 50
To use my best art in't life of my joys,
There were good stuff ! I will not trust her with him
I'll call him back again , he must not keep
Out of my sight so long , I shall grow mad then

Enter Duchess

Duch He lives not now to see to morrow spent,
If this means take effect, as there's no hardness in't
Last night he play'd his horrid game again,
Came to my bedside at the full of midnight,
And in his hand that fatal, fearful cup ,

¹ See note 3, vol iv p 104

Wak'd me, and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling
And my dead father's scorn that wounds my sight, 61
That his remembrance should be rais'd in spite
But either his confusion or mine ends it — [Aside
O, Amoretta,—hast thou met him yet?
Speak, wench, hast done that for me?

Amo What, good madam?

Duch Destruction of my hopes! dost ask that now?
Didst thou not swear to me, out of thy hate
To Almachildes, thou'dst dissemble him
A loving entertainment, and a meeting
Where I should work my will?

Amo Good madam, pardon me 70
A loving entertainment I do protest
Myself to give him, with all speed I can too,
But, as I'm yet a maid, a perfect one
As the old time was wont to afford, when
There was few tricks and little cunning stirring,
I can dissemble none that will serve your turn,
He must have even a right one and a plain one

Duch Thou mak'st me doubt thy health, speak, art
thou well?

Amo O, never better! if he would make haste
And come back quickly! he stays now too long 80

[*The ribbon falls out of her bosom*

Duch I'm quite lost in this woman what's that fell
Out of her bosom now? some love token?

Amo Nay, I'll say that for him, he's the uncivil'st
gentleman,
And every way desertless

Duch Who's that now
She discommends so fast ?

Amo I could not love him, madam,
Of any man in court

Duch What's he now, prithee ?

Amo Who should it be but Almachildes, madam ?
I never hated man so deeply yet

Duch As Almachildes ?

Amo I am sick, good madam,
When I but hear him nam'd

Duch How is this possible ? 90
But now thou saidst thou lov'dst him, and didst raise him
'Bove all the court in praises

Amo How great people
May speak their pleasure, madam ! but surely I
Should think the worse of my tongue while I liv'd then

Duch No longer have I patience to forbear thee,
Thou that retain'st an envious soul to goodness !
He is a gentleman deserves as much
As ever fortune yet bestow'd on man,
The glory and prime lustre of our court,
Nor can there any but ourself be worthy of him 100
And take you notice of that now from me,
Say you have warning on't, if you did love him,
You must not now

Amo Let your grace never fear it

Duch Thy name is Amoretta, as ours is,
'Thas made me love and trust thee

Amo And my faithfulness
Has appear'd well i' th' proof still, has't not, madam ?

Duch But if't fail now, 'tis nothing

Amo Then it shall not

I know he will not be long from fluttering
'Bout this place, now has had a sight of me ,
And I'll perform

110

In all that I vow'd, madam, faithfully

Duch Then am I blest both in revenge and love,
And thou shalt taste the sweetness

[*Exit*

Amo What your aims be

I list not to inquire , all I desire
Is to preserve a competent honesty,
Both for mine own and his use that shall have me,

Re enter ALMACHILDES

Whose luck soe'er it be O, he's return'd already ,
I knew he would not fail

Alm It works by this time,

Or the devil's in't, I think , I'll ne'er trust witch else,
Nor sup with 'em this twelvemonth

[*Aside*

Amo I must soothe him now ,

120

And 'tis great pain to do't against one's stomach

[*Aside*

Alm Now, Amoretta ¹

Amo Now you're welcome, sir,
If you'd come always thus

Alm O, am I so ?

Is the case alter'd ¹ since ?

¹ *The case is altered* was a proverbial expression

Amo If you'd be ru[l']d,
And know your times, 'twere somewhat, a great comfort
'Las, I could be as loving and as venturous
As any woman—we're all flesh and blood, man—
If you could play the game out modestly,
And not betray your hand I must have care, sir ,
You know I have a marriage time to come, 130
And that's for life your best folks will be merry,
But look to the main chance, that's reputation,
And then do what they list

Alm Wilt hear my oath ?
By the sweet health of youth, I will be careful,
And never prate on't, nor, like a cunning snarer,
Make thy clipp'd ¹ name the bird to call in others

Amo Well, yielding then to such conditions
As my poor bashfulness shall require from you,
I shall yield shortly after

Alm I'll consent to 'em ,
And may thy sweet humility be a pattern 140
For all proud women living ¹

Amo They're beholding to you [Exeunt

¹ *Cleped*—called

SCENE III

The Neighbourhood of Ravenna

Enter ABERZANES, and Old Woman carrying an infant

Aber So, so, away with him ! I love to get 'em,
But not to keep 'em Dost thou know the house ?

Old Wom No matter for the house, I know the porch

Aber There's sixpence more for that away, keep
close — [*Exit* Old Woman

My tailor told me he sent away a maid servant
Well ballast of all sides within these nine days,
His wife ne'er dream'd on't, gave the drab ten pounds,
And she ne'er troubles him a common fashion
He told me 'twas to rid away a scape,
And I have sent him this for't I remember 10
A friend of mine once serv'd a prating tradesman
Just on this fashion, to a hair, in troth
'Tis a good ease to a man you can swell a maid up,
And rid her for ten pound, there's the purse back
again,

Whate'er becomes of your money or your maid
This comes of bragging, now It's well for the boy too,
He'll get an excellent trade by't, and on Sundays
Go like a gentleman that has pawn'd his rapier
He need not care what countryman his father was,
Nor what his mother was when he was gotten 20
The boy will do well certain give him grace
To have a quick hand and convey things cleanly !

Enter FRANCISCA

'Twill be his own another day O, well said !
Art almost furnish'd ? there's such a toil always
To set a woman to horse, a mighty trouble
The letter came to your brother's hands, I know,
On Thursday last by noon you were expected there
Yesterday night

Fran It makes the better, sir

Aber We must take heed we ride through all the
puddles

'Twixt this and that now, that your safeguard¹ there 30
May be most probably dabbled

Fran Alas ! sir,

I never mark'd till now—I hate myself—
How monstrous thin I look !

Aber, Not monstrous neither,
A little sharp i' th' nose, like a country woodcock

Fran Fie, fie, how pale I am ! I shall betray myself
I would you'd box me well and handsomely,
To get me into colour

Aber Not I, pardon me,
That let a husband do when he has married you
A friend at court will never offer that
Come, how much spice and sugar have you left now, 40
At this poor one month's voyage ?

Fran Sure, not much, sir,

¹ See note 2, vol iv p 38

I think some quarter of a pound of sugar,
And half an ounce of spice

Aber Here's no¹ sweet charge¹

And there was thirty pound good weight and true,
Beside what my man stole when 'twas a weighing,
And that was three pound more, I'll speak with least
The Rhenish wine, is't all run out in caudles too?

Fran Do you ask that, sir? 'tis of a week's departure
You see what 'tis now to get children, sir

Enter Boy

Boy Your mares are ready both, sir

Aber Come, we'll up, then — 50

Youth, give my sister a straight wand there's twopence

Boy I'll give her a fine whip, sir

Aber No, no, no,

Though we have both deserv'd it

Boy Here's a new one

Aber Prithce, talk to us of no whips, good boy,
My heart aches when I see 'em — Let's away [*Exeunt*]

¹ Ironical

ACT III

SCENE I

*An Apartment in the Duke's House**Enter Duchess, leading ALMACHILDES blindfold*

Alm This you that was a maid? how are you born
 To deceive men? I'd thought to have married you
 I had been finely handled, had I not?
 I'll say that man is wise ever hereafter
 That tries his wife beforehand 'Tis no marvel
 You should profess such bashfulness, to blind one,
 As if you durst not look a man i' th' face,
 Your modesty would blush so Why do you not run
 And tell the duchess now? go, you should tell all
 Let her know this too —Why, here's the plague now 10
 'Tis hard at first to win 'em, when they're gotten,
 There's no way to be rid on 'em, they stick
 To a man like bird lime —My oath is out
 Will you release me? I'll release myself else

Duch Nay, sure, I'll bring you to your sight again

[Taking off the bandage from his eyes]

Say, thou must either die, or kill the duke ,
For one of them thou must do

Alm How, good madam?

Duch Thou hast thy choice, and to that purpose, sir,
I've given thee knowledge now of what thou hast,
And what thou must do, to be worthy on't 20
You must not think to come by such a fortune
Without desert , that were unreasonable
He that's not born to honour must not look
To have it come with ease to him , he must win't
Take but unto thine actions wit and courage,
That's all we ask of thee But if through weakness
Of a poor spirit thou deniest me this,
Think but how thou shalt die ' as I'll work means for't,
No murderer ever like thee , for I purpose
To call this subtle, sinful snare of mine 30
An act of force from thee Thou'rt proud and youthful ,
I shall be believ'd besides, thy wantonness
Is at this hour in question 'mongst our women,
Which will make ill for thee

Alm I had hard chance

To light upon this pleasure that's so costly ,
'Tis not content with what a man can do,
And give him breath, but seeks to have that too

Duch Well, take thy choice

Alm I see no choice in't, madam,

For 'tis all death, methinks

Duch Thou'st an ill sight then

Of a young man 'Tis death if thou refuse it, 40
And say, my zeal has warn'd thee But consenting,

'I will be new life, great honour, and my love
Which in perpetual bands I'll fasten to thee

Alm How, madam?

Duch I'll do't religiously,
Make thee my husband, may I lose all sense
Of pleasure in life else, and be more miserable
Than ever creature was¹ for nothing lives
But has a joy in somewhat

Alm Then by all
The hopeful fortunes of a young man's rising,
I will perform it, madam

Duch There's a pledge then 50
Of a duchess' love for thee, and now trust me
For thy most happy safety I will choose
That time shall never hurt thee when a man
Shows resolution, and there's worth in him,
I'll have a care of him Part now for this time,
But still be near about us, till thou canst
Be nearer, that's ourself

Alm And that I'll venture hard for

Duch Good speed to thee¹ [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

An Apartment in ANTONIO'S House

Enter GASPARO and FLORIDA

Flo Prithce, be careful of me, very careful now¹

Gas I warrant you he that cannot be careful of a

quean, can be careful of nobody, 'tis every man's humour that I should never look to a wife half so handsomely

Flo O softly, sweet sir ' should your mistress meet me now

In her own house, I were undone for ever

Gas Never fear her she's at her pick song close,
There's all the joy she has, or takes delight in
Look, here's the garden key, my master gave't me, 10
And will'd me to be careful doubt not you on't

Flo Your master is a noble complete gentleman,
And does a woman all the right that may be

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb How now? what's she?

Gas A kind of doubtful creature
I'll tell thee more anon

[*Exeunt* GASPARO and FLORIDA]

Seb I know that face

To be a strumpet's, or mine eye is envious,
And would fain wish it so where I would have it
I fail, if the condition ¹ of this fellow
Wears not about it a strong scent of baseness
I saw her once before here, five days since 'tis, 20
And the same wary panderous diligence
Was then bestow'd on her she came alter'd then,
And more inclining to the city tuck ²

¹ Disposition character

² So MS —Qu ' city truck'

Whom should this piece of transformation visit,
After the common courtesy of frailty,
In our house here? surely not any servant,
They are not kept so lusty, she so low
I'm at a strange stand love and luck assist me!

Re enter GASPARO

The truth I shall win from him by false play
He's now return'd —Well, sir, as you were saying,— 30
Go forward with your tale

Gas What? I know nothing

Seb The gentlewoman

Gas She's gone out at the back door now

Seb Then farewell she, and you, if that be all

Gas Come, come, thou shalt have more I have no
power

To lock myself up from thee

Seb So methinks

Gas You shall not think, trust me, sir, you shall not
Your ear, she's one o' th' falling family,
A quean my master keeps, she lies at Rutney's

Seb Is't possible? I thought I'd seen her somewhere

Gas I tell you truth sincerely Sh'as been thrice here
By stealth within these ten days, and departed still 41
With pleasure and with thanks, sir, 'tis her luck
Surely I think if ever there were man
Bewitch'd in this world, 'tis my master, sirrah

Seb I hink'st thou so, Gaspar?

Gas O sir, too apparent

Seb This may prove happy 'tis the likeliest means
That fortune yet e'er show'd me [Aside]

Enter ISABELLA with a letter

Isa You're both here now,
And strangers newly lighted ' where's your attendance?

Seb I know what makes you waspish a pox on't
She'll every day be angry now at nothing [Aside]

[*Exeunt GASPARO and SEBASTIAN*]

Isa I'll call her stranger ever in my heart 51
Sh'as kill'd the name of sister through base lust,
And fled to shifts O how a brother's good thoughts
May be beguil'd in woman! here's a letter,
Found in her absence, reports strangely of her,
And speaks her impudence sh'as undone herself—
I could not hold from weeping when I read it—
Abus'd her brother's house and his good confidence
'Twas done not like herself, I blame her much
But if she can but keep it from his knowledge, 60
I will not grieve him first, it shall not come
By my means to his heart —

Re enter GASPARO

Now, sir, the news

Gas You called 'em strangers, 'tis my master's sister,
madam

Isa O, is it so? she's welcome who's come with
her?

Gas I see none but Aberzanes [Exit]

Isa He's enough
To bring a woman to confusion,
More than a wiser man or a far greater
A letter came last week to her brother's hands,
To make way for her coming up again,
After her shame was lighten'd, and she writ there, 70
The gentleman her mother wish'd her to,
Taking a violent surfeit at a wedding,
Died ere she came to see him what strange cunning
Sin helps a woman to! Here she comes now —

Enter FRANCISCA and ALLRZANES

Sister, you're welcome home again

Fran Thanks, sweet sister

Isa You've had good speed

Fran What says she? [*Aside*]—I have made
All the best speed I could

Isa I well believe you —

Sir, we're all much beholding to your kindness

Aber My service ever, madam, to a gentlewoman
I took a bonny mare I keep, and met her 80
Some ten mile out of town,—eleven, I think —
'Twas at the stump I met you, I remember,
At bottom of the hill

Fran 'Twas thereabout, sir

Aber Full eleven then, by the rod, if they were
measur'd

Isa You look ill, methinks have you been sick of
late?—

Troth, very bleak, doth she not? how think you, sir?

Aber No, no, a little sharp with riding, sh'as rid sore

Fran I ever look lean after a journey, sister,
One shall do that has travell'd, travell'd hard

Aber Till evening I commend you to yourselves,
ladies [Exit 90

Isa And that's best trusting to, if you were hanged —
[Aside

You're well acquainted with his hand went out now?

Fran His hand?

Isa I speak of nothing else, I think 'tis there
[Giving letter

Please you to look upon't, and when you've done,
If you did weep, it could not be amiss,
A sign you could say grace after a full meal
You had not need look paler, yet you do
'I was ill done to abuse yourself and us,
To wrong so good a brother, and the thoughts 100
That we both held of you I did doubt you much
Before our marriage, but then my strangeness¹
And better hope still kept me off from speaking
Yet may you find a kind and peaceful sister of me,
If you desist here, and shake hands with folly,
Which you ha' more cause to do than I to wish you
As truly as I bear a love to goodness,
Your brother knows not yet on't, nor shall ever
For my part, so you leave his company
But if I find you impudent in sinning, 110
I will not keep't an hour, nay, prove your enemy,

¹ Coyness

And you know who will aid me As you've goodness,
You may make use of this, I'll leave it with you

[*Exit*

Eran Here's a sweet churching after a woman's
labour,

And a fine Give you joy ! why, where the devil
Lay you to be found out ? the sudden hurry
Of hastening to prevent shame brought shame forth
That's still the curse of all lascivious stuff,
Misdeeds could never yet be wary enough
Now must I stand in fear of every look, 120
Nay, tremble at a whisper She can keep it secret ?
That's very likely, and a woman too !
I'm sure I could not do t, and I am made
As well as she can be for any purpose
'Twould ne'er stay with me two days—I have cast ¹ it—
The third would be a terrible sick day with me,
Not possible to bear it should I then
Trust to her strength in't, that lies every night
Whispering the day's news in a husband's ear?
No, and I've thought upon the means blest fortune !
I must be quit with her in the same fashion, 131
Or else 'tis nothing there is no way like it,
To bring her honesty into question cunningly
My brother will believe small likelihoods,
Coming from me too I lying now i' th' house
May work things to my will, beyond conceit too
Disgrace her first, her tale will ne'er be heard,

¹ Cast = (1) devise (2) vomit

I learn'd that counsel first of a sound guard
I do suspect Gaspar, my brother's squire there,
Had some hand in this mischief, for he's cunning, 140
And I perhaps may fit him

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Your sister told me you were come, thou'lt
welcome

Fran Where is she?

Ant Who, my wife?

Fran Ay, sir

Ant Within

Fran Not within hearing, think you?

Ant Within hearing?

What's thy conceit in that? why shak'st thy head so,
And look'st so pale and poorly?

Fran I'm a fool indeed

To take such grief for others, for your fortune, sir

Ant My fortune? worse things yet? farewell life then!

Fran I fear you're much deceiv'd, sir, in this woman

Ant Who? in my wife? speak low, come hither,
softly, sister 150

Fran I love her as a woman you made choice of,
But when she wrongs you, natural love is touch'd,
brother,

And that will speak, you know

Ant I trust it will

Fran I held a shrewd suspicion of her lightness
At first, when I went down, which made me haste the
sooner,

But more, to make amends, at my return now,
I found apparent signs

Ant Apparent, sayst thou?

Fran Ay, and of base lust too that makes th'
affliction

Ant There has been villany wrought upon me then ,
'Tis too plain now

Fran Happy are they, I say still, 160
That have their sisters living i' th' house with 'em,
Their mothers, or some kindred , a great comfort
To all poor married men , it is not possible
A young wife can abuse a husband then ,
'Tis found straight But swear service to this, brother

Ant To this, and all thou wilt have

Fran Then this follows, sir [*Whispers him*

Ant I praise thy counsel well, I'll put't in use
straight

See where she comes herself [*Exit FRANCISCA*

Re enter ISABELLA

Kind, honest lady,
I must now borrow a whole fortnight's leave of thee

Isa How, sir, a fortnight's? 170

Ant It may be but ten days, I know not yet ,
'Tis business for the state, and 't must be done

Isa I wish good speed to't then

Ant Why, that was well spoke
I'll take but a foot boy , I need no more ,
The rest I'll leave at home to do you service

Isa Use your own pleasure, sir

Ant Till my return

You'll be good company, my sister and you

Isa We shall make shift, sir

Ant I'm glad now she's come,

And so the wishes of my love to both !

Isa And our good prayers with you, sir !

[*Exit* ANTONIO]

Re enter SEBASTIAN

Seb Now, my fortune !—

[*Aside* 180]

By your kind favour, madam

Isa With me, sir ?

Seb The words shall not be many, but the faithfulness
And true respect that is included in 'em

Is worthy your attention, and may put upon me
The fair repute of a just, honest servant

Isa What's here to do, sir,
There's such great preparation toward ?

Seb In brief, that goodness in you is abus'd, madam,
You have the married life, but 'tis a strumpet
That has the joy on't and the fruitfulness, 190
There goes away your comfort

Isa How ? a strumpet ?

Seb Of five years' cost and upwards, a dear mischief,
As they are all of 'em, his fortnight's journey
Is to that country if it be not rudeness
To speak the truth, I've found it all out, madam

Isa Thou'st found out thine own ruin, for to my
knowledge

Thou dost belie him basely I dare swear
He's a gentleman as free from that folly
As ever took religious life upon him

Seb Be not too confident to your own abuse, madam
Since I've begun the truth, neither your frowns— 201
The only curses that I have on earth,
Because my means depends upon your service—
Nor all the execration of man's fury,
Shall put me off though I be poor, I'm honest,
And too just in this business I perceive now
Too much respect and faithfulness to ladies
May be a wrong to servants

Isa Art thou yet
So impudent to stand in't?

Seb Are you yet so cold, madam,
In the belief on't? there my wonder's fix'd, 210
Having such blessed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mighty

Isa Why, I tell thee,
It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
To find out such a thing, thou dost not look
As if thou'rt made for't By the sweets of love,
I would give half my wealth for such a bargain,
And think 'twere bought too cheap thou canst not guess
Thy means and happiness, should I find this true
First I'd prefer thee to the lord my uncle,
He's governor of Ravenna, all th' advancements 220
I' th' kingdom flows from him what need I boast that
Which common fame can teach thee?

Seb Then thus, madam

Since I presume now on your height of spirit,
And your regard to your own youth and fruitfulness,
Which every woman naturally loves and covets,
Accept but of my labour in directions,
You shall both find your wrongs, which you may right
At your own pleasure, yet not miss'd to night
Here in the house neither, none shall take notice
Of any absence in you, as I've thought on't 230
Isa Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever
Seb As I deserve, I wish 'em, and will serve you
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A Field

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other Witches,
FIRESTONE in the background

Hec The moon's a gallant, see how brisk she rides !

Stad Here's a rich evening, Hecate

Hec Ay, is't not, wenches,

To take a journey of five thousand mile ?

Hop Ours will be more to night

Hec O 'twill be precious !

Heard you the owl yet ?

Stad Briefly in the copse,

As we came through now

Hec 'Tis high time for us then

Stad There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill
Old Puckle saw her

Hec You are fortunate still,
The very screech owl lights upon your shoulder 10
And woos you, like a pigeon Are you furnish'd?
Have you your ointments?

Stad All

Hec Prepare to flight then,
I'll overtake you swiftly

Stad Hie thee, Hecate,
We shall be up betimes

Hec I'll reach you quickly

[*Exeunt all the Witches except HECATE*]

Fire They are all going a birding to night they talk
of fowls i' th' air that fly by day, I am sure they'll be a
company of foul sluts there to night if we have not
mortality after't, I'll be hanged, for they are able to
putrefy it, to infect a whole region She spies me now

Hec What, Firestone, our sweet son? 20

Fire A little sweeter than some of you, or a dunghill
were too good for me [Aside]

Hec How much hast here?

Fire Nineteen, and all brave plump ones,
Besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs

Hec Dear and sweet boy! what herbs hast thou?

Fire I have some marmartin and mandragon

Hec Marmartin and mandragora, thou wouldst
say

Fire Here's panax too—I thank thee—my pan aches,
I'm sure,

With kneeling down to cut 'em

Hec And selago,

Hedge hyssop too how near he goes my cuttings¹ 30
 Were they all cropt by moonlight?

Fire Every blade of 'em,
 Or I'm a moon calf, mother

Hec Hie thee home with 'em
 Look well to the house to night, I'm for aloft

Fire Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break
 your neck once, that I might have all quickly! [*Aside*]
 —Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already,
 flying over your head with a noise¹ of musicians

Hec They're they indeed Help, help me, I'm too
 late else

Song above¹

Come away, come away,
 Hecate, Hecate, come away!

40

Hec I come, I come, I come, I come,
 With all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may

Where's Stadlin?

[*Voice above*] Here

Hec Where's Puckle?

[*Voice above*] Here,

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too,
 We lack but you, we lack but you,
 Come away, make up the count

Hec I will but 'noint, and then I mount

[*A Spirit like a cat descends*]

¹ Company

See remarks in the *Introduction*, pp lv–lviii

[*Voice above*] There's one comes down to fetch his
dues, 50

A kiss, a coll,¹ a sip of blood,

And why thou stay'st so long

I muse, I muse,

Since the air's so sweet and good

Hec O, art thou come?

What news, what news?

Spirit All goes still to our delight

Either come, or else

Refuse, refuse

Hec Now I'm furnished for the flight

Fire Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her
own language! 60

Hec [*going up*] Now I go, now I fly,

Malkin my sweet spirit and I

O what a dainty pleasure 'tis

To ride in the air

When the moon shines fair,

And sing and dance, and toy and kiss

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over² seas, our mistress' fountains,

Over steep³ towers and turrets,

We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits 70

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,

¹ Embrace

² In Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth* the reading is— Over hills and misty fountains

³ Davenant gives— Over *steeples* towers, and turrets, which is probably what Middleton wrote Cf p 367 In moonlight nights on steeple tops

No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds,
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach

[*Voices above*] No ring of bells, &c

Fire Well, mother, I thank your kindness you must
be gambolling i' th' air, and leave me to walk here like a
fool and a mortal

[*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I

*An Apartment in the Duke's House**Enter ALMACHILDES*

Alm Though the fates have endued me with a pretty kind of lightness, that I can laugh at the world in a corner on't, and can make myself merry on fasting nights to rub out a supper (which were a precious quality in a young formal student), yet let the world know there is some difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary state of madness I am not quite out of my wits I know a bawd from an aqua vitæ shop, a strumpet from wildfire, and a beadle from brimstone Now shall I try the honesty of a great woman soundly She reckoning the duke's made away, I'll be hanged if I be not the next now If I trust her, as she's a woman, let one of her long hairs wind about my heart, and be the end of me, which were a piteous lamentable tragedy, and might be entituled *A fair warning for all hair bracelets*

Already there's an insurrection
Among the people, they are up in arms
Not out of any reason, but their wills,
Which are in them their saints, sweating and swearing 20
Out of their zeal to rudeness, that no stranger,
As they term her, shall govern over them,
They say they'll raise a duke among themselves first

Enter Duchess

Duch O Almachildes, I perceive already
Our loves are born to curses! we're beset
By multitudes, and, which is worse, I fear me
Unfriended too of any my chief care
Is for thy sweet youth's safety

Alm He that believes you not
Goes the right way to heaven, o' my conscience [*Aside*

Duch There is no trusting of 'em, they're all as
barren 30

In pity as in faith he that puts confidence
In them, dies openly to the sight of all men,
Not with his friends and neighbours in peace private,
But as his shame, so his cold farewell is,
Public and full of noise But keep you close, sir,
Not seen of any, till I see the way
Plain for your safety I expect the coming
Of the lord governor, whom I will flatter
With fair entreaties, to appease their wildness,
And before him take a great grief upon me 40
For the duke's death, his strange and sudden loss,
And when a quiet comes, expect thy joys

Alm I do expect now to be made away
'Twixt this and Tuesday night if I live Wednesday,
Say I have been careful, and shunn'd spoon meat

[*Aside and exit*]

Duch This fellow lives too long after the deed,
I'm weary of his sight, he must die quickly,
Or I've small hope of safety My great aim's
At the lord governor's love, he is a spirit
Can sway and countenance, these obey and crouch 50
My guiltiness had need of such a master,
That with a beck can suppress multitudes,
And dim misdeeds with radiance of his glory,
Not to be seen with dazzled popular eyes
And here behold him come

Enter Lord Governor, attended by Gentlemen

Gov Return back to 'em,
Say we desire 'em to be friends of peace
Till they hear farther from us [*Exeunt Gentlemen*]

Duch O my lord,
I fly unto the pity of your nobleness,
The grieved'st lady that was e'er beset
With storms of sorrows, or wild rage of people¹ 60
Never was woman's grief for loss of lord
Dearer¹ than mine to me

Gov There's no right done
To him now, madam, by wrong done to yourself,
Your own good wisdom may instruct you so far
And for the people's tumult, which oft grows

¹ More intense more grievous

From liberty, or rankness of long peace,
I'll labour to restrain, as I've begun, madam

Duch My thanks and praises shall ne'er forget you, sir,
And, in time to come, my love

Gov Your love, sweet madam ?
You make my joys too happy , I did covet 70
To be the fortunate man that blessing visits,
Which I'll esteem the crown and full reward
Of service present and deserts to come
It is a happiness I'll be bold to sue for,
When I have set a calm upon these spirits
That now are up for ruin

Duch Sir, my wishes
Are so well met in yours, so fairly answer'd,
And nobly recompens'd, it makes me suffer
In those extremes that few have ever felt ,
To hold two passions in one heart at once 80
Of gladness and of sorrow

Gov Then, as the olive
Is the meek ensign of fair fruitful peace,
So is this kiss of yours

Duch Love's power be with you, sir !

Gov How sh'as betray'd her ! may I breathe no longer
Than to do virtue service, and bring forth
The fruits of noble thoughts, honest and loyal !
This will be worth th' observing , and I'll do't

[*Aside and exit*]

Duch What a sure happiness confirms joy to me,
Now in the times of my most imminent dangers !
I look'd for ruin, and increase of honour 90

Meets me auspiciously But my hopes are clogg'd now
With an unworthy weight, there's the misfortune!¹
What course shall I take now with this young man?
For he must be no hinderance I have thought on't,
I'll take some witch's counsel for his end,
That will be sur'st mischief is mischief's friend

[*Exit*

SCENE II

An Apartment in FERNANDO'S House

Enter SEBASTIAN and FERNANDO

Seb If ever you knew force of love in life, sir,
Give to mine pity

Fer You do ill to doubt me

Seb I could make bold with no friend seemlier
Than with yourself, because you were in presence
At our vow making

Fer I'm a witness to't

Seb Then you best understand, of all men living,
This is no wrong I offer, no abuse
Either to faith or friendship, for we're register'd
Husband and wife in heaven, though there wants that
Which often keeps licentious men¹ in awe 10
From starting from their wedlocks, the knot public,
'Tis in our souls knit fast, and how more precious
The soul is than the body, so much judge

¹ MS man

The sacred and celestial tie within us
More than the outward form, which calls but witness
Here upon earth to what is done in heaven
Though I must needs confess the least is honourable ,
As an ambassador sent from a king
Has honour by th' employment, yet there's greater
Dwells in the king that sent him , so in this 20

Enter FLORIDA

Fer I approve all you speak, and will appear to you
A faithful, pitying friend

Seb Look, there is she, sir,
One good for nothing but to make use of ,
And I'm constrain'd t' employ her to make all things
Plain, easy, and probable , for when she comes
And finds one here that claims him, as I've taught
Both this to do't, and he to compound with her,
'Twill stir belief the more of such a business

Fer I praise the carriage well

Seb Hark you, sweet mistress,
I shall do you a simple turn in this , 30
For she disgrac'd thus, you are up in favour
For ever with her husband

Flo That's my hope, sir,
I would not take the pains else Have you the keys
Of the garden-side, that I may get betimes in
Closely, and take her lodging?

Seb Yes, I've thought upon you
Here be the keys [Giving keys

Flo Marry, and thanks, sweet sir
Set me to work so still

Seb Your joys are false ones,
You're like to lie alone you'll be deceiv'd
Of the bed fellow you look for, else my purpose
Were in an ill case he's on his fortnight's journey, 40
You'll find cold comfort there, a dream will be
Even the best market you can make to night [*Aside*
She'll not be long now you may lose no time neither,
It she but take you at the door, 'tis enough
When a suspect doth catch once, it burns mainly
There may you end your business, and as cunningly
As if you were i' th' chamber, if you please
To use but the same art

Flo What need you urge that
Which comes so naturally I cannot miss on't?
What makes the devil so greedy of a soul, 50
But 'cause has lost his own, to all joys lost?
So 'tis our trade to set snares for other women,
'Cause we were once caught ourselves [*Exit*

Seb A sweet allusion!
Hell and a whore it seems are partners then
In one ambition yet thou'rt here deceiv'd now,
Thou canst set none to hurt or wrong her honour,
It rather makes it perfect Best of friends
That ever love's extremities were bless'd with,
I feel mine arms with thee, and call my peace
The offspring of thy friendship I will think 60
This night my wedding night, and with a joy
As reverend as religion can make man's,

[*Aside*

Fer We are so oft deceiv'd that let out lodgings,
We know not whom to trust 'tis such a world,
There are so many odd tricks now a days
Put upon housekeepers

Isa Why, do you think I d wrong
You or the reputation of your house ?
Pray, show me the way to him

Fer He's asleep, lady,
The curtains drawn about him

Isa Well, well, sir,
I'll have that care I'll not disease ¹ him much, 90
Tread you but lightly —O, of what gross falsehood
Is man's heart made of ¹ had my first love liv'd
And return'd safe, he would have been a light
To all men's actions, his faith shin'd so bright
[*Aside, and exit with FERNANDO*

Re enter SEBASTIAN

Seb I cannot so deceive her, 'twere too sinful,
There's more religion in my love than so
It is not treacherous lust that gives content
T' an honest mind, and this could prove no better
Were it in me a part of manly justice,
That have sought strange hard means to keep her chaste
To her first vow, and I t' abuse her first? 101
Better I never knew what comfort were
In woman's love than wickedly to know it
What could the falsehood of one night avail him

¹ Disturb

That must enjoy for ever, or he's lost ?
'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me ,
For, known, 'tis as impossible she should love me,
As youth in health to doat upon a grief,
Or one that's robb'd and bound t' affect the thief
No, he that would soul's sacred comfort win 110
Must burn in pure love, like a seraphin

Re enter ISABELLA

Isa Celio !

Seb Sweet madam ?

Isa Thou hast deluded me ,
There's nobody

Seb How ? I wonder he would miss, madam,
Having appointed too 'twere a strange goodness
If heaven should turn his heart now by the way

Isa O, never, Celio !

Seb Yes, I ha' known the like
Man is not at his own disposing, madam ,
The bless'd powers have provided better for him,
Or he were miserable He may come yet ,
'Tis early, madam if you would be pleas'd 120
T' embrace my counsel, you should see this night over,
Since you've bestow'd this pains

Isa I intend so

Seb That strumpet would be found, else she should go
I curse the time now I did e'er make use
Of such a plague sin knows not what it does [*Exeunt*

SCENE III

*A Hall in ANTONIO'S House**Enter FRANCISCA*

Fran 'Tis now my brother's time, even much about it,
For though he dissembled a whole fortnight's absence,
He comes again to night, 'twas so agreed
Before he went I must bestir my wits now,
To catch this sister of mine, and bring her name
To some disgrace first, to preserve mine own
There's profit in that cunning She cast off
My company betimes to night by tricks and slights,
And I was well contented I'm resolv'd
There's no hate lost between us, for I know 10
She does not love me now, but painfully,
Like one that's forc'd to smile upon a grief,
To bring some purpose forward, and I'll pay her
In her own metal They're now all at rest,
And Gaspar there, and all list' fast asleep,
He cries¹ it hither I must disease you straight, sir
For the maid servants and the girls o' th' house,
I spic'd them lately with a drowsy posset,²
They will not hear in haste [*Noise within*] My
brother's come

¹ Snores² Cf *Macbeth*, ii 2 —

The surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores, I have drugged their possets ”

O, where's this key now for him? here 'tis, happily 20
But I must wake him first — Why, Gaspar, Gaspar!

Gas [*within*] What a pox gasp you for?

Fran Now I'll throw't down

Gas [*within*] Who's that call'd me now? somebody
call'd Gaspar?

Fran O, up, as thou'rt an honest fellow, Gaspar!

Gas [*within*] I shall not rise to night then What's
the matter?

Who's that? young mistress?

Fran Ay, up, up, sweet Gaspar!

Enter GASPARO

My sister hath both knock'd and call'd this hour,
And not a maid will stir

Gas They'll stir enough sometimes

Fran Hark, hark, again! Gaspar, O, run, run, prithee!

Gas Give me leave to clothe myself

Fran Stand'st upon clothing 30

In an extremity? Hark, hark again!

She may be dead ere thou com'st O, in quickly!—

[*Exit* GASPARO]

He's gone he cannot choose but be took now,
Or met in his return, that will be enough —

Enter ANTONIO

Brother? here, take this light

Ant My careful sister!

Fran Look first in his own lodging ere you enter

[*Exit* ANTONIO]

Ant [*within*] O abus'd confidence! there's nothing
of him

But what betrays him more

Fran Then 'tis too true, brother?

Ant [*within*] I'll make base lust a terrible example,
No villany e'er paid dearer

*Flo*¹ [*within*] Help! hold, sir! 40

Ant [*within*] I'm deaf to all humanity

Fran List, list!

A strange and sudden silence after all

I trust has spoil'd 'em both, too dear a happiness!

O how I tremble between doubts and joys!

Ant [*within*] There perish both, down to the house of
falsehood,

Where perjurous wedlock weeps!

[*Re entering with his sword drawn*
O perjurous woman!

Sh'ad took the innocence of sleep upon her

At my approach, and would not see me come,

As if sh'ad lain there like a harmless soul,

And never dream'd of mischief What's all this
now? 50

I feel no ease, the burden's not yet off

So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge

O, 'tis a pain of hell to know one's shame!

Had it been hid and done, 't had been done happy,

For he that's ignorant lives long and merry

Fran I shall know all now [*Aside*]—Brother!

Ant Come down quickly,
For I must kill thee too

Fran Me?

Ant Stay not long
If thou desir'st to die with little pain,
Make haste I'd wish thee, and come willingly,
If I be forc'd to come, I shall be cruel 60
Above a man to thee

Fran Why, sir!—my brother!—

Ant Talk to thy soul, if thou wilt talk at all,
To me thou'rt lost for ever

Fran This is fearful in you
Beyond all reason, brother, would you thus
Reward me for my care and truth shown to you?

Ant A curse upon 'em both, and thee for company!
'Tis that too diligent, thankless care of thine
Makes me a murderer, and that ruinous¹ truth
That lights me to the knowledge of my shame
Hadst thou been secret, then had I been happy, 70
And had a hope, like man, of joys to come
Now here I stand a stain to my creation,
And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
The understanding of this base adultery,
And that thou toldst me first, which thou deserv'st
Death worthily for

Fran If that be the worst, hold, sir,
Hold, brother, I can ease your knowledge straight,
By my soul's hopes, I can! there's no such thing

Ant How?

¹ MS ruynes

Fran Bless me but with life, I'll tell you all
Your bed was never wrong'd

Ant What? never wrong'd? 80

Fran I ask but mercy as I deal with truth now
'Twas only my deceit, my plot, and cunning,
To bring disgrace upon her, by that means
To keep mine own hid, which none knew but she
To speak troth, I had a child by Aberzanes, sir

Ant How? Aberzanes?

Fran And my mother's letter
Was counterfeited, to get time and place
For my delivery

Ant O, my wrath's redoubled!

Fran At my return she could speak all my folly,
And blam'd me, with good counsel I, for fear 90
It should be made known, thus rewarded her,
Wrought you into suspicion without cause,
And at your coming rais'd up Gaspar suddenly,
Sent him but in before you, by a falsehood,
Which to your kindled jealousy I knew
Would add enough what's now confess'd is true

Ant The more I hear, the worse it fares with me
I ha' kill'd 'em now for nothing, yet the shame
Follows my blood still Once more, come down

Look you, my sword goes up [Sheathing sword

Call Hermio to me 100

Let the new man alone, he'll wake too soon

[Exit FRANCISCA above

To find his mistress dead, and lose a service
Already the day breaks upon my guilt,

Enter HERMIO

I must be brief and sudden —Hermio

Her Sir?

Ant Run, knock up Aberzanes speedily,
Say I desire his company this morning

To yonder horse race, tell him, that will fetch him

O, hark you, by the way——

[*Whispers*]

Her Yes, sir

Ant Use speed now,

Or I will ne'er use thee more, and, perhaps,

I speak in a right hour My grief o'erflows,

110

I must in private go and vent my woes

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I

A Hall in ANTONIO'S House

Enter ANTONIO¹ and ABERZANES

*Ant*² You're welcome, sir

Aber I think I'm worthy on't,

For, look you, sir, I come untruss'd,³ in troth

*Ant*² The more's the pity—honest men go to't—
That slaves should 'scape it What blade have you got
there ?

Aber Nay, I know not that, sir I am not acquainted
greatly with the blade, I am sure 'tis a good scabbard,
and that satisfies me

Ant 'Tis long enough indeed, if that be good

Aber I love to wear a long weapon, 'tis a thing
commendable

10

Ant I pray, draw it, sir

Aber It is not to be drawn

¹ MS Sebastian

² MS "Seb "

³ With the breeches tags untied

Ant Not to be drawn?

Aber I do not care to see't to tell you troth, sir,
'tis only a holyday thing, to wear by a man's side

Ant Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to
navel,

Though there's small glory in't

Aber Are you in earnest, sir?

Ant I'll tell thee that anon

Aber Why, what's the matter, sir?

Ant What a base misery is this in life now!

This slave had so much daring courage in him 20

To act a sin would shame whole generations,

But hath not so much honest strength about him

To draw a sword in way of satisfaction

This shows thy great guilt, that thou dar'st not fight

Aber Yes, I dare fight, sir, in an honest cause

Ant Why, come then, slave! thou'st made my sister
a whore

Aber Prove that an honest cause, and I'll be hang'd

Ant So many starting holes? can I light no way?

Go to, you shall have your wish, all honest play —

Come forth, thou fruitful wickedness, thou seed 30

Of shame and murder! take to thee in wedlock

Baseness and cowardice, a fit match for thee! —

Come, sir, along with me

Enter FRANCISCA

Aber 'Las, what to do?

I am too young to take a wife, in troth

Ant But old enough to take a strumpet though

You'd fain get all vour children beforehand,
And marry when you've done , that's a strange course,
sir

This woman I bestow on thee what dost thou say ?

Aber I would I had such another to bestow on you,
sir ?

Ant Uncharitable slave ! dog, coward as thou art, 40
To wish a plague so great as thine to any !

Aber To my friend, sir, where I think I may be
bold

Ant Down, and do't solemnly , contract yourselves
With truth and zeal, or ne'er rise up again
I will not have her die i' th' state of strumpet,
Though she took pride to live one —Hermio, the wine !

Enter HERMIO with wine

Her 'Tis here, sir —Troth, I wonder at some things
But I'll keep honest [Aside

Ant So, here's to you both now, [They drin!
And to your joys, if't be your luck to find 'em
I tell you, you must weep hard, if you do 50
Divide it 'twixt you both , you shall not need
A strong bill of divorcement after that,
If you mislike your bargain Go, get in now ,
Kneel and pray heartily to get forgiveness
Of those two souls whose bodies thou hast murder'd —

[*Exeunt ABERZANES and FRANCISCA*
Spread, subtle poison ! Now my shame in her
Will die when I die , there's some comfort yet
I do but think how each man's punishment

Proves still a kind of justice to himself
I was the man that told this innocent gentlewoman, 60
Whom I did falsely wed and falsely kill,
That he that was her husband first by contract
Was slain i' th' field, and he's known yet to live
So did I cruelly beguile his heart,
For which I'm well rewarded, so is Gaspar,
Who, to befriend my love, swore fearful oaths
He saw the last breath fly from him I see now
'Tis a thing dreadful t' abuse holy vows,
And falls most weight[il]y
Her Take comfort, sir,
You're guilty of no death, they're only hurt, 70
And that not mortally

Enter GASPARO

Ant I hou breath'st untruths
Her Speak, Gaspar, for me then
Gas Your unjust rage, sir,
Has hurt me without cause
Ant 'Tis changed to grief for't
How faies my wife?
Gas No doubt, sir, she fares well,
For she ne'er felt your fury The poor sinner
That hath this seven year kept herself sound for you,
'Tis your luck to bring her into th' surgeon's hands now
Ant Florida?
Gas She I know no other, sir,
You were ne'er at charge yet but with one light horse

Ant Why, where's your lady? where's my wife
to night then? 80

Gas Nay, ask not me, sir, your struck doe within
Tells a strange tale of her

Ant This is unsufferable!
Never had man such means to make him mad
O that the poison would but spare my life
Till I had found her out!

Her Your wish is granted, sir
Upon the faithfulness of a pitying servant,
I gave you none at all, my heart was kinder
Let not conceit abuse you, you're as healthful,
For any drug, as life yet ever found you

Ant Why, here's a happiness wipes off mighty sorrows
The benefit of ever pleasing service 91
Bless thy profession!—

Enter Lord Governor, *attended by* Gentlemen

O my worthy lord,
I've an ill bargain, never man had worse!
The woman that, unworthy, wears your blood
To countenance sin in her, your niece, she's false

Gov False?

Ant Impudent, adulterous

Gov You're too loud,
And grow too bold too with her virtuous meekness

Enter FLORIDA

Who dare accuse her?

Flo Here's one dare and can

She lies this night with Celio, her own servant,
In the place, Fernando's house

Gov Thou dost amaze us 100

Ant Why, here's but lust translated from one baseness
Into another here I thought t' have caught 'em,
But lighted wrong, by false intelligence,
And made me hurt the innocent But now
I'll make my revenge dreadfuller than a tempest,
An army should not stop me, or a sea
Divide 'em from my revenge [Exit

Gov I'll not speak

To have her spar'd, if she be base and guilty
If otherwise, heaven will not see her wrong'd,
I need not take care for her Let that woman 110
Be carefully look'd to, both for health and sureness —
It is not that mistaken wound thou wear'st
Shall be thy privilege

Flo You cannot torture me

Worse than the surgeon does so long I care not

[Exit with GASPARO and a Gentleman]

[Gov] If she be adulterous, I will never trust
Virtues in women, they're but veils for lust

[Exit with Gentlemen]

Her To what a lasting ruin mischief runs!
I had thought I'd well and happily ended all,
In keeping back the poison, and new rage now
Spreads a worse venom My poor lady grieves me 120
'Tis strange to me that her sweet seeming virtues
Should be so meanly overtook with Celio,
A servant 'tis not possible

Enter ISABELLA and SEBASTIAN

Isa Good morrow, Hermio
My sister stirring yet ?

Her How ? stirring, forsooth !
Here has been simple stirring Are you not hurt, madam ?
Pray, speak , we have a surgeon ready

Isa How ? a surgeon !

Her Hath been at work these five hours

Isa How he talks !

Her Did you not meet my master ?

Isa How, your master ?
Why, came he home to night ?

Her Then know you nothing, madam ? 129
Please you but walk in, you shall hear strange business

Isa I'm much beholding to your truth now, am I not ?
You've serv'd me fair , my credit's stain'd for ever !

[Exit with HERMIO]

Seb This is the wicked'st fortune that e'er blew
We're both undone, for nothing there's no way
Flatters recovery now, the thing's so gross
Her disgrace grieves me more than a life's loss *[Exit]*

SCENE II

The Abode of HECATE a caldron in the centre

Enter Duchess, HECATE, and FIRESTONE

Hec What death is't you desire for Almachildes ?

Duch A sudden and a subtle

Hec Then I've fitted you
 Here lie the gifts of both, sudden and subtle
 His picture made in wax, and gently molten
 By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,
 Will waste him by degrees

Duch In what time, prithee?

Hec Perhaps in a moon's progress

Duch What, a month?

Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious!

Give me things with some life

Hec Then seek no farther

Duch This must be done with speed, despatch'd this
 night,

10

If it may possible

Hec I have it for you,

Here's that will do't stay but perfection's time,

And that's not five hours hence

Duch Canst thou do this?

Hec Can I!

Duch I mean, so closely

Hec So closely

Do you mean too!

Duch So artfully, so cunningly

Hec Worse and worse, doubts and incredulities!

They make me mad Let scrupulous creatures know

*Cum*¹ *volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes*

¹ "Ovid *Met* vii 199 where the first line is

'Quorum ope *cum volui ripis mirantibus amnes*'

but I find it quoted, as in our text, by Corn Agrippa *Occult Philos*
 lib 1 cap lxxii p 113, *Opp* t 1 ed Lugd by R Scot, *Discoveru of*

*In fontes rediere suos , concussaque sisto,
 Stantia concutio cantu freta , nubila pello,* 20
*Nubilaque induco , ventos abigoque vocoque ,
 Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces ,
 Et silvas moveo , jubeoque tremiscere montes,
 Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris
 Te [quo] que, luna, traho* Can you doubt me then,
 daughter,

That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk,
 Whole earth's foundations bellow, and the spirits
 Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles,
 Nay, draw yond moon to my involv'd designs?

Fie I know as well as can be when my mother's
 mad, and our great cat angry, for one spits French then,
 and th' other spits Latin [Aside 32

Duch I did not doubt you, mother

Hec No! what did you?

My power's so firm, it is not to be question'd

Duch Forgive what's past and now I know th'
 offensiveness

That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever

Hec Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter
 It shall be convey'd in at howlet time ,
 Take you no care my spirits know their moments ,
 Raven or screech owl never fly by th' door 40

Witchcraft l xii c vii p 225 ed 1584, and by Bodinus, *De Magorum
 Dæmonomania* lib ii cap ii p 150, ed 1590 From the last men-
 tioned work, indeed, Middleton seems to have transcribed the passage
 since he omits as Bodinus does, a line after *Vipereas rumpo* &c "—
Dyce

But they call in—I thank 'em—and they lose not by't,
 I give 'em barley soak'd in infants' blood
 They shall have *semina cum sanguine*,
 Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our
 house,

We are no niggard [Exit Duchess

Fire They fare but too well when they come hither,
 they eat up as much t'other night as would have made
 me a good conscionable pudding

Hec Give me some lizard's brain, quickly, Firestone
[FIRESTONE brings the different ingredients for
 the charm, as HECATE calls for them

Where's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?

Fire All at hand, forsooth 51

Enter STADLIN, HOPPO, and other Witches

Hec Give me marmaritin, some bear breech when?¹

Fire Here's bear breech and lizard's brain, forsooth

Hec Into the vessel,

And fetch three ounces of the red hair'd girl
 I kill'd last midnight

Fire Whereabouts, sweet mother?

Hec Hip, hip or flank Where is the acopus?²

Fire You shall have acopus, forsooth

Hec Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm

¹ An exclamation of impatience

² Pliny *Hist Nat* 27 4 13 mentions a plant of this name It was
 so called from its soothing qualities (Gr *δκουρος*)

A Charm Song about a Vessel¹

Black¹ spirits and white, red spirits and gray, 60
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may !

litty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in ,
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky ,
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in

Round, around, around, about, about !

All ill come running in, all good keep out !

First Witch Here's the blood of a bat! 70

Hec Put in that, O, put in that !

Sec Witch Here's libbard's bane

Hec Put in again !²

First Witch The juice of toad, the oil of adder

Sec Witch Those will make the younker madder

Hec Put in—there's all—and rid the stench

Fire Nay, here's three ounces of the red hair'd
wench

All the Witches Round, around, around, &c

Hec So, so, enough into the vessel with it

There, 't hath the true perfection I'm so light 80

At any mischief ! there's no villany

But is a tune, methinks

Fire A tune ? 'tis to the tune of damnation then I war-
rant you, and that song hath a villanous burthen [*Aside*

¹ See *Introduction* pp lvi-lviii

² For 'again' Davenant gives "a grain

Hec Come, my sweet sisters, let the air¹ strike our
tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon
[*They dance the Witches' Dance, and exeunt*]

¹ Cf *Macbeth* iv 1 — 'I'll charm the air to give a sound'

² Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in *Macbeth* and the incantations in this play which is supposed[?] to have preceded it this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakespeare. His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with *Macbeth*, he is spell bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body those have power over the soul. *Hecate* in Middleton has a son a low buffoon the hags of Shakespeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies of whom we know not whence they are sprung nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except *Hecate*, they have no names which heightens their mysteriousness. The names and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags excite smiles. The weird sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot coexist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree the witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is in some measure over the mind. They rouse jars jealousies, strifes *like a thick surf over life*. — *Lamb's Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*

SCENE III

An Apartment in the House of the Lord Governor

*Enter Lord Governor, ISABELLA, FLORIDA, SEBASTIAN
GASPARO, and Servants*

Isa My lord, I've given you nothing but the truth
Of a most plain and innocent intent
My wrongs being so apparent in this woman—
A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort,
Where'er she fastens—I could do no less
But seek means privately to shame his folly
No farther reach'd my malice, and it glads me
That none but my base injurer is found
To be my false accuser

Gov This is strange,
That he should give the wrongs, yet seek revenge — 10
But, sirrah, you, you are accus'd here doubly
First, by your lady, for a false intelligence
That caus'd her absence, which much hurts her name,
Though her intents were blameless, next, by this
woman,
For an adulterous design and plot
Practis'd between you to entrap her honour,
Whilst she, for her hire, should enjoy her husband
Your answer

Seb Part of this is truth, my lord,
To which I'm guilty in a rash intent,

But clear in act, and she most clear in both, 20
Not sanctity more spotless

Enter HERMIO

Her O my lord !

Gov What news breaks there ?

Her Of strange destruction

Here stands the lady that within this hour
Was made a widow

Gov How ?

Her Your niece, my lord
A fearful, unexpected accident
Brought death to meet his fury for my lord
Entering Fernando's house, like a rais'd tempest,
Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,
From a false trap door fell into a depth 30
Exceeds a temple's height, which takes into it
Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
Under the castle

Gov O you seed of lust,
Wrongs and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
You do present yourselves to wretched man
When his soul least expects you !

Isa I forgive him
All his wrongs now, and sign it with my pity

Flo O my sweet servant ! [Swoons

Gov Look to yond light mistress

Gas She's in a swoon, my lord

Gov Convey her hence

It is a sight would grieve a modest eye 40
To see a strumpet's soul sink into passion¹
For him that was the husband of another —

[*Servants remove FLORIDA*

Yet all this clears not you

Seb Thanks to heaven

That I am now of age to clear myself then

[*Discovers himself*

Gov Sebastian¹

Seb The same, much wronged, sir

Isa Am I certain

Of what mine eye takes joy to look upon?

Seb Your service cannot alter me from knowledge,
I am your servant ever

Gov Welcome to life, sir —

Gaspar, thou swor'st his death

Gas I did indeed, my lord,

And have been since well paid for't one forsworn
mouth 50

Hath got me two or three more here

Seb I was dead, sir,

Both to my joys and all men's understanding,

Till this my hour of life, for 'twas my fortune

To make the first of my return to Urbino

A witness to that marriage, since which time

I've walk'd beneath myself, and all my comforts

Like one on earth whose joys are laid above

And though it had been offence small in me

T' enjoy mine own, I left her pure and free

¹ Passionate sorrow

Gov The greater and more sacred is thy blessing,
For where heaven's bounty holy ground work finds, 61
'Tis like a sea, encompassing chaste minds

Her The duchess comes, my lord

Enter Duchess and AMORETTA

Gov Be you then all witnesses
Of an intent most horrid

Duch One poor night,
Ever¹ Almachildes now
Better his meaner fortunes wept than ours,
That took the true height of a princess' spirit
To match unto their greatness Such lives as his
Were only made to break the force of fate
Ere it came at us, and receive the venom 70
'Tis but a usual friendship for a mistress
To lose some forty years' life in hopeful time,
And hazard an eternal soul for ever
As young as he has done['t], and more desertful [*Aside*

Gov Madam

Duch My lord?

Gov This is the hour that I've so long desir'd,
The tumult's full appeas'd, now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm,
And practise to make love knots, thus

*[A curtain is drawn, and the Duke discovered
on a couch, as if dead]*

¹ Some words have dropped out

Duch My lord !

80

Gov Thus, lustful woman and bold murderess, thus
Blessed powers,

To make my loyalty and truth so happy !

Look thee, thou shame of greatness, stain of honour,

Behold thy work, and weep before thy death !

If thou be'st blest with sorrow and a conscience,

Which is a gift from heaven, and seldom knocks

At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort,

See this thy worthy and unequal'd piece ,

A fair encouragement for another husband !

90

Duch Bestow me upon death, sir , I am guilty,
And of a cruelty above my cause

His injury was too low for my revenge

Perform a justice that may light all others

To noble actions life is hateful to me,

Beholding my dead lord Make us an one

In death, whom marriage made one of two living,

Till cursed fury parted us my lord,

I covet to be like him

Gov No, my sword

Shall never stain the virgin brightness on't

100

With blood of an adulteress

Duch There, my lord,

I dare my accusers, and defy the world,

Death, shame, and torment blood I'm guilty of,

But not adultery, not the breach of honour

Gov No ?—Come forth, Almachildes !

Enter ALMACHILDES

Duch Almachildes?

Hath time brought him about to save himself
By my destruction? I am justly doom'd

Gov Do you know this woman?

Alm I've known her better, sir, than at this time

Gov But she defies you there 110

Alm That's the common trick of them all

Duch Nay, since I'm touch'd so near, before my
death then,

In right of honour's innocence, I'm bold

To call heaven and my woman here to witness

My lord, let her speak truth, or may she perish!

Amo Then, sir, by all the hopes of a maid's comfort

Either in faithful service or blest marriage,

The woman that his blinded folly knew

Was only a hir'd strumpet, a professor

Of lust and impudence, which here is ready 120

To approve what I have spoken

Alm A common strumpet?

This comes of scarfs I'll never more wear

An haberdasher's shop before mine eyes again

Gov My sword is proud thou'rt lighten'd of that sin
Die then a murderess only!

Duke [*rising and embracing her*] Live a duchess!
Better than ever lov'd, embrac'd, and honour'd

Duch My lord!

Duke Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Vanish all wrongs, thy former practice dies!—

I thank thee, Almachildes, for my life, 1,0
This lord for truth, and heaven for such a wife,
Who, though her intent sinn'd, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends —
What griev'd you then shall never more offend you,
Your father's skull with honour we'll inter,
And give the peace due to the sepulchre
And in all times may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy, and honest love ! [*Exeunt omnes*]

END OF VOL. V